

THE  
FIFTY-THIRD VOLUME  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS;  
CONTAINING  
PITT'S VIRGIL;  
ÆNEID, BOOK IV.—XII.



V I R G I L' S

Æ N E I D.

B O O K IV.

## A R G U M E N T.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno with the consent of Venus, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incident to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.



## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID

## BOOK IV.

**B**UT love inflam'd the queen ; the raging pain  
 Preys on her heart, and glows in every vein.  
 Much she revolves the hero's deeds divine,  
 And much the glories of his godlike line ;  
 Each look, each accent breaks her golden rest,      5  
 Lodg'd in her soul, and imag'd in her breast.

The morn had chas'd the dewy shades away,  
 And o'er the world advanc'd the lamp of day ;  
 When to her sister thus the royal dame  
 Disclos'd the secret of her growing flame.      10

Anna, what dreams are these that haunt my rest ?  
 Who is this hero, this our godlike guest ?  
 Mark but his graceful port, his manly charms ;  
 How great a prince ! and how renown'd in arms !  
 Sure he descends from some celestial kind ;      15  
 For fear attends the low degenerate mind.  
 But oh ! what wars, what battles he relates !  
 How long he struggled with his adverse fates !  
 Did not my soul her purpose still retain,  
 Fix'd and determin'd ne'er to wed again,      20  
 Since from my widow'd arms the murdering sword  
 Untimely snatch'd my first unhappy lord ;

Did not my thoughts the name of marriage dread,  
 And the bare mention of the bridal bed—  
 Forgive my frailty---but I seem inclin'd 25  
 To yield to this one weakness of my mind.  
 For oh! my sister, unreserv'd and free  
 I trust the secret of my soul to thee;  
 Since poor Sichæus, by my brother slain,  
 Dash'd with his blood the consecrated fane, 30  
 And stain'd the gods; my firm resolves, I own,  
 This graceful prince has shook, and this alone.  
 I feel a warmth o'er all my trembling frame,  
 Too like the tokens of my former flame.  
 But oh! may earth her dreadful gulf display, 35  
 And gaping snatch me from the golden day;  
 May I be hurl'd, by heav'n's almighty fire,  
 Transfix'd with thunder and involv'd in fire,  
 Down to the shades of hell from realms of light,  
 The deep, deep shades of everlasting night; 40  
 Ere, sacred honour! I betray thy cause  
 In word, or thought, or violate thy laws.  
 No!---my first lord, my first ill-fated spouse,  
 Still, as in life, is lord of all my vows.  
 My love he had, and ever let him have, 45  
 Interr'd with him, and buried in the grave.  
 Then, by her rising grief o'erwhelm'd, she ceas'd:  
 The tears ran trickling down her heaving breast.  
 Sister, the fair replies, whom far above  
 The light of heav'n, or life itself I love; 50  
 Still on your bloom shall endless sorrow prey,  
 And waste your youth in solitude away?

And

And shall no pleasing theme your thoughts employ?  
 The prattling infant, or the bridal joy?  
 Think you such cares disturb your husband's shade, 55  
 Or stir the sacred ashes of the dead?

What though before, no lover won your grace,  
 Among the Tyrian, or the Libyan race?  
 With just disdain you pass'd Iarbas o'er,  
 And many a king whom warlike Afric bore, 60  
 But will you fly the hero you approve?

And steel your heart against a prince you love?  
 Nor will you once reflect what regions bound  
 Your infant empire, and your walls surround?  
 Here proud Gætulian cities tow'r in air, 65

Whose swarthy sons are terrible in war;  
 There the dread Syrtes stretch along the main,  
 And there the wild Barcæans range the plain;  
 Here parch'd with thirst a smoking region lies,  
 There fierce in arms the brave Numidians rise. 70

Why should I urge our vengeful brother's ire?  
 The war just bursting from the gates of Tyre?  
 Sure, every god, with mighty Juno, bore  
 The fleets of Ilion to the Libyan shore.

From such a marriage, soon your joyful eyes 75  
 Shall see a potent town and empire rise.

What scenes of glory Carthage must enjoy,  
 When our confederate arms unite with Troy?  
 Go then, propitiate heav'n; due off'rings pay;  
 Carefs, invite your godlike guest to stay, 80  
 And fludy still new causes of delay.

Tell him, that, charg'd with deluges of rain,  
 Orion rages on the wintry main;  
 That still unrigg'd his shatter'd vessels lie,  
 Nor can his fleet endure so rough a sky. 85

These words soon scatter'd the remains of shame;  
 Confirm'd her hopes, and fann'd the rising flame.  
 With speed they seek the temples, and implore  
 With rich oblations each celestial pow'r:  
 Selected sheep with holy rites they lay 90  
 To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.  
 But chief, to Juno's name the victims bled,  
 To Juno, guardian of the bridal bed.  
 The queen before the snowy heifer stands,  
 Amid the shrines, a goblet in her hands; 95  
 Between the horns she sheds the sacred wine,  
 And pays due honours to the pow'rs divine;  
 Moves round the fane in solemn pomp, and loads,  
 Day after day, the altars of the gods.  
 Then hovering o'er, the fair consults in vain 100  
 The panting entrails of the victims slain:  
 But ah! no sacred rites her pain remove;  
 Priests, pray'rs, and temples! what are you to love?  
 With passion fir'd, her reason quite o'erthrown,  
 The hapless queen runs raving through the town. 105  
 Soft flames consume her vitals, and the dart,  
 Deep, deep within, lies festering in her heart.  
 So sends the heedless hunter's twanging bow  
 The shaft that quivers in the bleeding doe;  
 Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain, 110  
 She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;

Shoots

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Shoots o'er the Cretan lawns with many a bound,  
The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound !

Now the fond princess leads her hero on,  
Shows him her Tyrian wealth, and growing town ; 115  
Displays her pompous tow'rs that proudly rise,  
And hopes to tempt him with the glorious prize ;

Now as she tries to tell her raging flame,  
Stops short,---and falters, check'd by conscious shame :  
Now, at the close of evening, calls her guest, 120  
To share the banquet, and renew the feast :

She fondly begs him to repeat once more  
The Trojan story that she heard before ;  
Then to distraction charm'd, in rapture hung  
On every word, and dy'd upon his tongue. 125

But when the setting stars to rest invite,  
And fading Cynthia veils her beamy light ;  
When all the guests retire to soft repose ;  
Left in the hall, she sighs, and vents her woes,

Lies on his couch, bedews it with her tears, 130 }  
In fancy sees her absent prince, and hears  
His charming voice still sounding in her ears,  
Fir'd with the glorious hero's graceful look,

The young Ascanius on her lap she took,  
With trifling play her furious pains beguil'd ; 135  
In vain !---the father charms her in the child,

No more the tow'rs, unfinish'd, rise in air : }  
The youth, undisciplin'd no more prepare  
Ports for the fleet, or bulwarks for the war ;  
The works and battlements neglected lie, 140

And the proud structures cease to brave the sky.

The fair thus rages with the mighty pain,  
 That fir'd her soul; and honour pleads in vain.  
 This Juno saw, and thus the bride of Jove,  
 In guileful terms address'd the queen of love : 145  
 A high exploit indeed ! a glorious name,  
 Unfading trophies and eternal fame,  
 You, and your son have worthily pursu'd !  
 Two gods a single woman have subdu'd !  
 To me your groundless jealousies are known, 150  
 And dark suspicions of this Tyrian town.  
 But why, why goddess, to what aim or end  
 In lasting quarrels should we still contend ?  
 Hence then from strife resolve we both to cease,  
 And by the nuptial band confirm the peace. 155  
 To crown your wish, the queen with fond desire  
 Dies for your son, and melts with amorous fire.  
 Let us with equal sway protect the place,  
 The common guardians of the mingled race.  
 Be Tyre the dow'r to seal the glad accord, 160  
 And royal Dido serve this Phrygian lord.  
 To whom the queen; (who mark'd with piercing eyes  
 The goddess labouring, in the dark disguise,  
 To Libyan shores from Latium to convey  
 The destin'd feat of universal sway;) 165  
 Who this alliance madly would deny ?  
 Or war with thee, dread empress of the sky ?  
 And oh ! that fortune in the work would join,  
 With full success to favour the design !  
 But much I doubt, O goddess, if the Fates, 170  
 Or Jove permit us to unite the states.

You,

You, as his comfort, your request may move,  
 And search the will, or bend the mind of Jove,  
 Go then---your scheme before the father lay;  
 Go;---and I follow, where you lead the way. 175

Be mine the care, th' imperial dame replies,  
 To gain the god, the sovereign of the skies,  
 Then heed my counsel---when the dawning light  
 Drives from the opening world the shades of night;  
 The prince and queen, transfix'd with amorous flame,  
 Bend to the woods to hunt the savage game; 181

There, while the crowds the forest-walks beset,  
 Swarm round the woods, and spread the waving net;  
 The skies shall burst upon the sportive train  
 In forms of hail, and deluges of rain: 185

The gather'd tempest o'er their heads shall roll,  
 And the long thunders roar from pole to pole.

On ev'ry side shall fly the scattering crowds,  
 Involv'd and cover'd in a night of clouds.

To the same cave for shelter shall repair 190  
 The Trojan hero and the royal fair.

The lovers, if your will concurs with mine,

Ourself in Hymen's nuptial bands will join.

The goddess gave consent, the compact bound,  
 But smil'd in secret at the fraud she found. 195

Scarce had Aurora left her orient bed,  
 And rear'd above the waves her radiant head,

When, pouring through the gates, the train appear, }  
 Massylian hunters with the steely spear, 199 }  
 Sagacious hounds, and toils, and all the sylvan war. }

The

The queen engag'd in drefs,—with reverence wait  
The Tyrian peers before the regal gate.  
Her fteed, with gold and purple cover'd round,  
Neighs, champs the bit, and foaming paws the ground.  
At length ſhe comes, magnificently dreſt 205  
(Her guards attending) in a Tyrian veſt:  
Back in a golden caul her locks are ty'd;  
A golden quiver rattles at her ſide;  
A golden clasp her purple garments binds,  
And robes, that flew redundant in the winds. 210  
Next with the youthful Trojans to the ſport  
The fair Aſcanius iſſues from the court.  
But far the faireſt, and ſupremely tall,  
Tow'rs great Æneas, and outſhines them all.  
As when from Lycia bound in wintry froſt, 215  
Where Xanthus' ſtreams enrich the ſmiling coaſt,  
The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,  
And hears in Delos the triumphant quires;  
The Cretan crowds and Dryopes advance,  
And painted Scythians round his altars dance; 220  
Fair wreaths of vivid bays his head inſold,  
His locks bound backward and adorn'd with gold;  
The god majeſtic moves o'er Cynthus' brows,  
His golden quiver rattling as he goes:  
So mov'd Æneas; ſuch his charming grace; 225  
So glow'd the purple bloom, that ſuſh'd his godlike face,  
Soon as the train amid the mountains came,  
And ſtorm'd the covert of the ſavage game;  
The goats flew bounding o'er the craggy brow  
From rock to rock, and fought the fields below. 230  
Here



Here the fleet stags chas'd down the tow'ring steep,  
 In clouds of dust through the long valley sweep :  
 While there, exulting, to his utmost speed  
 The young Ascanius spurs his fiery steed,  
 Outstrips by turns the flying social train, 235  
 And scorns the meaner triumphs of the plain :  
 The hopes of glory all his soul inflame ;  
 Eager he longs to run at nobler game,  
 And drench his youthful javelin in the gore  
 Of the fierce lion, or the mountain boar. 240

Meantime loud thunders rattle round the sky,  
 And hail and rain, in mingled tempest, fly ;  
 While floods on floods, in swelling turbid tides,  
 Roll roaring down the mountain's channel'd sides.  
 The young Ascanius, and the hunting train, 245  
 To close retreats fled diverse o'er the plain.  
 To the same gloomy cave with speed repair  
 The Trojan hero and the royal fair.  
 Earth shakes, and Juno gives the nuptial signs ;  
 With quivering flames the glimmering grotto shines : 250  
 With light'nings all the conscious skies are spread ;  
 The nymphs run shrieking round the mountain's head.  
 From that sad day, unhappy Dido ! rose  
 Shame, death, and ruin, and a length of woes.  
 Nor fame nor censure now the queen can move, 255  
 No more she labours to conceal her love.  
 Her passion stands avow'd ; and wedlock's name  
 Adorns the crime, and sanctifies the shame.

Now Fame, tremendous fiend ! without delay  
 Through Libyan cities took her rapid way. 260  
 Fame

Fame, the swift plague, that every moment grows,  
 And gains new strength and vigour as she goes,  
 First small with fear, she swells to wond'rous size,  
 And stalks on earth, and tow'rs above the skies;  
 Whom, in her wrath to heav'n, the teeming earth 265  
 Produc'd the last of her gigantic birth;  
 A monster huge, and dreadful to the eye,  
 With rapid feet to run, or wings to fly.  
 Beneath her plumes the various fury bears  
 A thousand piercing eyes and list'ning ears; 270  
 And with a thousand mouths and babbling tongues  
 appears. }

Thund'ring by night, through heaven and earth she flies;  
 No golden slumbers seal her watchful eyes;  
 On tow'rs of battlement she sits by day,  
 And shakes whole towns with terror and dismay; 275  
 Alarms the world around, and, perch'd on high,  
 Reports a truth, or publishes a lye.  
 Now both she mingled with malignant joy,  
 And told the nations, that a prince from Troy  
 Inflam'd with love the Tyrian queen, who led 280  
 The godlike stranger to her bridal bed;  
 That both, indulging to their soft desires,  
 And deaf to censure, melt in amorous fires;  
 From every thought the cares of state remove,  
 And the long winter pass'd away in love. 285

This tale the Fury glories to display,  
 Then to the king Iarbas bent her way;  
 With jealous rage the furious prince inspires,  
 And all his soul with indignation fires.

This

This monarch sprung from Ammon's warm embrace  
 With a fair nymph of Garamantic race. 291  
 The mighty king a hundred temples rais'd;  
 An hundred altars that with victims blaz'd,  
 Through all his realms, in honour of his fire;  
 And watch'd the hallow'd everlasting fire; 295  
 With various wreaths adorn'd the holy door,  
 And drench'd the soil with consecrated gore.  
 Amid the statues of the gods he stands,  
 And, spreading forth to Jove his lifted hands,  
 Fir'd with the tale, and raving with despair, 300  
 Prefers in bitterness of soul his pray'r.

Almighty Jove! to whom our Moorish line  
 In large libations pour the generous wine,  
 And feast on painted beds; say, father, say,  
 If yet thy eyes these flagrant crimes survey. 305  
 Or do we vainly tremble and adore,  
 When through the skies the pealing thunders roar?  
 Thine are the bolts? or idly do they fall,  
 And rattle through the dark ærial hall?  
 A wand'ring woman, who on Libya thrown, 310  
 Rais'd on a purchas'd spot a slender town;  
 On terms ourself prescrib'd, was glad to gain  
 A barren tract that runs along the main;  
 The proffer'd nuptials of thy son abhorr'd;  
 But to her throne receives a Dardan lord. 315  
 And lo! this second Paris come again,  
 With his unmanly, soft, luxurious train,  
 In scented tresses and a mitre gay,  
 To bear my bride, his ravish'd prize, away;

While

While still in vain we bid thy altars flame, 329  
And pay our vows to nothing but a name.

Him, as he grasp'd his altars, and prefer'd  
His wrathful pray'r, th' almighty father heard;  
Then to the palace turn'd his awful eye,  
Where, careless of their fame, the lovers lie. 325  
The god, that scene offended to survey,  
Charg'd with his high command the son of May :

Fly, fly, my son, our orders to perform;  
Mount the fleet wind, and ride the rapid storm;  
Fly—to yon Dardan chief in Carthage bear 330  
Our awful mandate through the fields of air,  
Who idly ling'ring in the Tyrian state,  
Neglects the promis'd walls decreed by fate.  
Not such a prince, the beauteous queen of love  
(When twice she fav'd him) promis'd him to Jove;  
A prince she promis'd who by deeds divine 336  
Should prove he sprung from Teucer's martial line;  
Whose sword imperial Italy should awe,  
A warlike realm ! and give the world the law.  
If no such glories can his mind inflame, 340  
If he neglects his own immortal fame;  
What has his heir the young Ascanius done ?  
Why should he grudge an empire to his son ?  
What scheme, what prospect can the chief propose,  
So long to loiter with a race of foes ? 345  
The promis'd kingdom to regard no more,  
And quite neglect the destin'd Latian shore ?  
Haste—bid him sail—be this our will; and bear  
With speed this mandate through the fields of air.

Swift

Swift at the word, the duteous son of May      350  
 Prepares th' almighty's orders to obey ;  
 First round his feet the golden wings he bound,  
 That speed his progress o'er the seas profound,  
 Or earth's unmeasur'd regions, as he flies,  
 Wrap'd in a rapid whirlwind, down the skies.      355  
 Then grasp'd the wand ; the wand that calls the ghosts  
 From hell, or drives 'em to the Stygian coasts,  
 Invites or chafes sleep with wond'rous pow'r,  
 And opes those eyes that death had seal'd before.  
 Thus arm'd, on wings of winds sublimely rode      360  
 Through heaps of opening clouds the flying god.  
 From far huge Atlas' rocky sides he spies,  
 Atlas, whose head supports the starry skies :  
 Beat by the winds and driving rains, he shrouds  
 His shady forehead in surrounding clouds ;      365  
 With ice his horrid beard is crusted o'er ;  
 From his bleak brows the gushing torrents pour ;  
 Out-spread, his mighty shoulders heave below  
 The hoary piles of everlasting snow.  
 Here on pois'd pinions stoop'd the panting god ;      370  
 Then, from the steep, shot headlong to the flood.  
 As the swift sea-mew, for the fishy prey,  
 In low excursions skims along the sea,      }  
 By rocks and shores, and wings th' aerial way ;      }  
 So, from his kindred mountain, Hermes flies      375  
 Between th' extended earth and starry skies ;  
 Thus through the parting air his course he bore,  
 And, gliding, skim'd along the Libyan shore.

Soon

Soon as the winged god to Carthage came,  
 He finds the prince forgetful of his fame : 380  
 The rising domes employ his idle hours,  
 Th' unfinish'd palaces and Tyrian Tow'rs.  
 A sword all starr'd with gems, and spangled o'er  
 With yellow jaspers, at his side he wore ;  
 A robe refulgent from his shoulders flow'd 385  
 That, flaming, deep with Tyrian crimson glow'd ;  
 The work of Dido ; whose unrivall'd art  
 With flow'rs of gold embroider'd every part.

To whom the god :—These hours canst thou employ  
 To raise proud Carthage, heedless prince of Troy ? 390  
 Thus for a foreign bride to build a town  
 And form a state, forgetful of thy own ?  
 The lord of heav'n and earth, almighty Jove,  
 With this command dispatch'd me from above ;  
 What are thy hopes from this thy long delay ? 395  
 Why thus in Libya pass thy hours away ?  
 If future empire cease thy thoughts to raise,  
 Or the fair prospect of immortal praise ;  
 Regard Ascanius, prince, the royal boy ;  
 The last, the best surviving hope of Troy ; 400  
 To whom the Fates decree, in time to come,  
 The long, long glories of imperial Rome.  
 He spoke, and speaking left him gazing there ;  
 And all the fluid form dissolv'd in air.

The prince astonish'd stood, with horror stung ; 405  
 Fear rais'd his hair, and wonder chain'd his tongue :  
 Struck and alarm'd with such a dread command,  
 He longs to leave the dear enchanting land.

But

But ah ! with what address shall he begin,  
 How speak his purpose to the raving queen ? 410  
 A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,  
 That turns each way, and strains on every side :  
 A thousand projects labouring in his breast,  
 On this at last he fixes as the best :  
 Mnestheus and brave Cloanthus he commands 415  
 To rig the fleet, to summon all the bands  
 In secret silence to the shore, and hide  
 The sudden cause, that bids them tempt the tide.  
 Then while fair Dido, sick with fond desire,  
 Thinks such a boundless love can ne'er expire, 420  
 Himself the proper measures will prepare  
 To move the queen, and seize with watchful care  
 The softest moments to address the fair. }  
 With speed impatient fly the chiefs away,  
 And, fir'd with eager joy, the prince obey. 425  
 But soon the fraud unhappy Dido spies ;  
 (For what can 'scape a lover's piercing eyes,  
 Who e'en in safety fears with wild affright ?)  
 She first discern'd the meditated flight ;  
 And Fame, infernal fiend, the news conveys, 430  
 The fleet was rigg'd and launching on the seas.  
 Mad with despair, and all her soul on flame,  
 Around the city raves the royal dame :  
 So the fierce Bacchanal with frantic cries,  
 Stung by the god, to proud Cithaeron flies, 435  
 And shakes her ivy spear and raves around,  
 While the huge mountain echoes to the sound.

At length, by potent love and grief oppress'd,  
The queen, her recreant lover, first address'd:

And could'st thou hope, dissembler, from my flight,  
Ah! wretch perfidious! to conceal thy flight? 44

In such base silence from my realms to fail?

Nor can our vows and plighted hands prevail,

Nor Dido's cruel death thy flight detain?

For death, death only can relieve my pain: 445

And are thy vessels launch'd, while winter sweeps

With the rough northern blast the roaring deeps?

Barbarian! say, if Troy herself had stood,

Nor foreign realms had call'd thee o'er the flood,

Would'st thou thy sails in stormy seas employ, 450

And brave the surge to gain thy native Troy?

Me will you fly, to tempt the dangerous wave?

Ah! by the tears I shed, the hand you gave;

(For these still mine, and only these remain;

The tears I shed, the hand you gave in vain!) 455

By those late solemn nuptial bands I plead,

By those first pleasures of the bridal bed;

If e'er, when folded in your circling arms,

You sigh'd, and prais'd these now-neglected charms:

If pray'r can move thee, with this pray'r comply, 460

Regard, Æneas, with a pitying eye

A falling race, and lay thy purpose by.

For thee Numidian kings in arms conspire;

For thee have I incens'd the sons of Tyre;

For thee I lost my honour and my fame, 465

That to the stars advanc'd my glorious name.

Must



Must I in death thy cruel scorn deplore,  
 My barbarous guest!—but ah!—my spouse no more!  
 What—shall I wait, till fierce Pygmalion pours  
 From Tyre on Carthage, and destroys my tow'rs? 470  
 Shall I in proud Iarbas' chains be led  
 A slave, a captive to the tyrant's bed?  
 Ah!---had I brought, before thy fatal flight,  
 Some little offspring of our loves to light;  
 If in my regal hall I could survey 475  
 Some princely boy, some young Æneas play;  
 Thy dear resemblance but in looks alone!  
 I should not seem quite widow'd and undone.

She said; the prince stood still in grief profound,  
 And fix'd his eyes relentless on the ground; 480  
 By Jove's high will admonish'd from the skies;  
 At length the hero thus in brief replies.

Your bounties, queen, I never can forget;  
 And never, never pay the mighty debt;  
 But, long as life informs this fleeting frame, 485  
 My soul shall honour fair Eliza's name.  
 Then hear my plea:---By stealth I ne'er design'd  
 To leave your hospitable realm behind;  
 Forbear the thought;---much less in Libyan lands,  
 A casual guest, to own the bridal bands. 490  
 Had fate allow'd me to consult my ease,  
 To live and settle on what terms I please;  
 Still had I stay'd in Asia, to enjoy  
 The dear, dear relicks of my native Troy:  
 Rais'd royal Priam's ruin'd tow'rs again, 495  
 A second Ilium for my vanquish'd train.

But now, fair queen, Apollo's high command  
 Has call'd me to the fam'd Italian land;  
 Thither, inspir'd by oracles, I move,  
 There lies my country, and there lies my love. 500  
 If you your rising Carthage thus admire  
 In these strange realms, a foreigner from Tyre,  
 Why should not Teucer's race be free to gain  
 The Latian kingdom, as the gods ordain?  
 Oft as the stars display their fiery light, 505  
 And earth lies cover'd in the shades of night,  
 My father's angry spirit blames my stay,  
 Stalks round my bed, and summons me away.  
 Long has Ascanius call'd me hence in vain,  
 By me defrauded of his destin'd reign. 510  
 And now, ev'n now, the messenger of Jove  
 (Both gods can witness) shot from heav'n above:  
 Charg'd with the thunderer's high commands he flew,  
 The glorious form appear'd in open view:  
 I saw him pass these lofty walls, and hear 515  
 His awful voice still murmuring in my ear.  
 Then cease, my beauteous princess, to complain;  
 Nor let us both be discompos'd in vain:  
 From these dear arms to Latium forc'd away;  
 'Tis fate that calls, and fate I must obey. 520  
 Thus while he spoke, with high disdain and pride  
 She roll'd her wrathful eyes on every side,  
 That glance in silence o'er the guilty man,  
 And, all inflam'd with fury, she began:  
 Perfidious monster! boast thy birth no more; 525  
 No hero got thee, and no goddess bore.

No!—thou wert brought by Scythian rocks to day,  
 By tigers nurs'd, and savages of prey;  
 But far more rugged, wild, and fierce than they. }  
 For why, ah! why the traitor should I spare? 530  
 What baser wrongs can I be doom'd to bear?  
 Did he once deign to turn his scornful eyes?  
 Did he once groan at all my piecing sighs? }  
 Drop'd he one tear in pity to my cries?  
 Calm he look'd on, and saw my passion burst. 535  
 Which, which of all his insults was the worst?  
 And yet great Jove and Juno from the sky  
 Behold his treason with a careless eye;  
 Guilt, guilt prevails; and justice is no more.  
 The needy wretch just cast upon my shore, 540  
 Fool as I was! with open arms I led  
 At once a partner to my throne and bed;  
 From instant death I sav'd his famish'd train,  
 His shatter'd fleet I stor'd and rigg'd again.  
 But ah I rave;—my foul the Furies fire; 545  
 Now great Apollo warns him to retire;  
 With all his oracles forbids to stay;  
 And now through air with haste the son of May  
 Conveys Jove's orders from the blest abodes;  
 A care well worthy to disturb the gods! 550  
 Go then; I plead not, nor thy flight delay;  
 Go, seek new kingdoms through the wat'ry way;  
 But there may every god, thy crime provokes,  
 Reward thy guilt, and dash thee on the rocks;  
 Then shalt thou call, amid the howling main, 555  
 On injur'd Dido's name, nor call in vain;

For, wrapt in fires, I'll follow through the sky,  
Flash in thy face, or glare tremendous by.  
When death's cold hand my struggling soul shall free,  
My ghost in every place shall wait on thee : 560  
My vengeful spirit shall thy torments know,  
And smile with transport in the realms below.

With that, abrupt she took her sudden flight ;  
Sick of the day, she loaths the golden light ;  
And turns, while fault'ring he attempts to say 565  
Ten thousand things, disdainfully away ;  
Sunk in their arms the trembling handmaids led  
The fainting princess to the regal bed.

But though the pious hero tries with care,  
And melting words, to sooth her fierce despair, 570  
Stung with the pains and agonies of love,  
Still he regards the high commands of Jove ;  
Repairs the fleet ; and soon the busy train  
Roll down the lofty vessels to the main.  
New-rigg'd, the navy glides along the flood ; 575  
Whole trees they bring, unfashion'd from the wood,  
And leafy saplings to supply their oars,  
Pour from the town, and darken all the shores.  
So when the pismires, an industrious train,  
Embody'd, rob some golden heap of grain, 580  
Studious, ere stormy winter frowns, to lay  
Safe in their darksome cells the treasur'd prey ;  
In one long track the dusky legions lead  
Their prize in triumph through the verdant mead :  
Here, bending with the load, a panting throng 585  
With force conjoin'd heave some huge grain along :

Some

Some last the stragglers to the task assign'd,  
 Some, to their ranks, the bands that lag behind :  
 They crowd the peopled path in thick array,  
 Glow at the work, and darken all the way. 590

At that sad prospect, that tormenting scene,  
 What thoughts, what woes were thine, unhappy queen !  
 How loud thy groans, when from thy lofty tow'r  
 Thy eyes survey'd the tumult on the shore ;  
 When on the floods thou heard'st the shouting train 595  
 Plough with resounding oars the wat'ry plain ?  
 To what submissions, of what low degree,  
 Are mortals urg'd, imperious love, by thee ?  
 Once more she flies to pray'rs and tears, to move  
 Th' obdurate prince ; and anger melts to love ; 600  
 Tries all her suppliant female arts again  
 Before her death ;---but tries 'em all in vain :

Sister, behold, from every side they pour  
 With eager speed, and gather to the shore. 604  
 Hark---how with shouts they catch the springing gales,  
 And crown their ships, and spread their flying sails.  
 Ah ! had I once foreseen the fatal blow,  
 Sure, I had borne this mighty weight of woe.  
 Yet, yet, my Anna, this one trial make  
 For thy despairing, dying sister's sake. 610  
 For ah ! the dear perfidious wretch, I see,  
 Lays open all his secret soul to thee,

In all his thoughts you ever bore a part,  
 You know the nearest passage to his heart.  
 Go then, dear sister, as a suppliant go, 615  
 Tell, in the humblest terms, my haughty foe,

I ne'er conspir'd at Aulis to destroy,  
 With vengeful Greece, the hapless race of Troy;  
 Nor sent one vessel to the Phrygian coast,  
 Nor rak'd abroad his father's sacred dust. 620  
 From all the pray'rs a dying queen prefers,  
 Why will he turn his unrelenting ears?  
 Whither, ah whither, will the tyrant fly?  
 I beg but this one grace before I die,  
 To wait for calmer seas and softer gales 625  
 To smooth the floods, and fill his opening sails.  
 Tell my perfidious lover, I implore  
 The name of wedlock he disclaims no more:  
 No more his purpos'd voyage I detain  
 From beauteous Latium, and his destin'd reign. 630  
 For some small interval of time I move,  
 Some short, short season to subdue my love;  
 Till reconcil'd to this unhappy state,  
 I grow at last familiar with my fate:  
 This favour if he grant, my death shall please 635  
 His cruel soul, and set us both at ease.

Thus pray'd the queen; the sister bears in vain  
 The moving message, and returns again.  
 He stand inflexible to pray'rs and tears,  
 For Jove and Fate had stop'd the hero's ears. 640

As o'er th' ærial Alps sublimely spread,  
 Some aged oak uprears his reverend head;  
 This way and that the furious tempests blow,  
 To lay the monarch of the mountains low;  
 Th' imperial plant, though nodding at the sound, 645  
 Though all his scatter'd honours strow the ground,

Safe

Safe in his strength, and seated on the rock,  
 In naked majesty defies the shock :  
 High as the head shoots tow'ring to the skies,  
 So deep the root in hell's foundation lies. 650

Thus is the prince besieg'd by constant pray'rs :  
 But though his heart relents at Dido's cares,  
 Still firm the distates of his soul remain,  
 And tears are shed, and vows prefer'd in vain.

Now tir'd with life abandon'd Dido grows ; 655  
 Now bent on fate, and harrafs'd with her woes,  
 She loaths the day, she sickens at the sky,  
 And longs, in bitterness of soul, to die.

To urge the scheme of death already laid,  
 Full many a direful omen she survey'd : 660  
 While to the gods she pour'd the wine, she view'd  
 The pure libation turn'd to sable blood.

This horrid omen to herself reveal'd,  
 Ev'n from her sister's ears she kept conceal'd ;  
 Yet more---a temple, where she paid her vows, 665  
 Rose in the palace to her former spouse ;

A marble structure ; this she dress'd around  
 With snowy wool ; with sacred chaplets crown'd.  
 From hence, when gloomy night succeeds the day,  
 Her husband seems to summon her away. 670

Perch'd in the roof the bird of night complains,  
 In one sad length of melancholy strains ;  
 Now dire predictions rack her mind, foretold

By prescient fates, and the seers of old ;  
 Now stern Æneas, her eternal theme,  
 Haunts her distracted soul in ev'ry dream ;

In slumber now she seems to travel on,  
 Through dreary wilds, abandon'd and alone ;  
 And treads a dark uncomfortable plain,  
 And seeks her Tyrians o'er the waste in vain. 680  
 So Pentheus rav'd, when, flaming to his eyes,  
 He saw the Furies from the deeps arise ;  
 And view'd a double Thebes with wild amaze,  
 And two bright suns with rival glories blaze.  
 So bounds the mad Orestes o'er the stage, 685  
 With looks distracted, from his mother's rage ;  
 Arm'd with her scourge of snakes she drives him on,  
 And, wrapt in flames, pursues her murdering son ;  
 He flies, but flies in vain ;---the Furies wait,  
 And fiends in forms tremendous guard the gate. 690  
 At length distracted, and by love o'ercome,  
 Resolv'd on death, she meditates her doom ;  
 Appoints the time to end her mighty woe,  
 And takes due measures for the purpos'd blow.  
 Then her sad sister she with smiles address'd, 695  
 Hope in her looks, but anguish at her breast :  
 Anna, partake my joy, for lo ! I find  
 The sole expedient that can cure my mind,  
 Relieve my soul for ever from her pain,  
 Or bring my lover to my arms again. 700  
 Near Ocean's utmost bound, a region lies,  
 Where mighty Atlas props the starry skies ;  
 There lives a priestess of Massylian strain,  
 The guardian of the rich Hesperian fane ;  
 Who wont the wakeful dragon once to feed 705  
 With honey'd cakes, and poppy's drowsy feed,



That round the tree his shining volumes roll'd  
 To guard the sacred balls of blooming gold.  
 By magic charms the matron can remove,  
 Or fiercely kindle all the fires of love; 710  
 Roll back the stars; stop rivers as they flow;  
 And call grim spectres from the realms of woe.  
 Trees leave their mountains at her potent call;  
 Beneath her footsteps groans the trembling ball:  
 But witness thou, and all ye gods on high, 715  
 With what regret to magic rites I fly.

Go then, erect with speed and secret care,  
 Within the court, a pile in open air.  
 Bring all the traitor's arms and robes, and spread  
 Above the heap our fatal bridal bed. 720  
 The sacred dame commands me to destroy  
 All, all memorials of that wretch from Troy.

Thus with dissembling arts the princess spoke:  
 A deadly paleness spreads o'er all her look.  
 Nor could her wretched sister once divine 725  
 These rites could cover such a dire design,  
 Nor deem'd a lover treacherous to his vows  
 Should more afflict her than her murder'd spouse;  
 But rears a pile of oaks and firs on high,  
 Within the court, beneath the naked sky. 730  
 With wreaths the queen adorn'd the structure round;  
 And with funereal greens and garlands crown'd:  
 Next big with death, the sword and robe she spread,  
 And plac'd the dear, dear image on the bed.

Amidst her altars, with dishevel'd hairs, 735  
 Her horrid rites the priestess now prepares.

Thun-

Thund'ring she calls, in many a dreadful sound,  
 On Chaos hoar, and Erebus profound;  
 On hideous Hecate, from hell's abodes,  
 (The threefold Dian!) and a hundred gods. 740

The place she sprinkled, where her altars stood,  
 With streams dissembled from Avernus' flood,  
 And black envenom'd herbs she brings, reap'd down  
 With brazen sickles, by the glimmering moon,  
 Then crops the potent knots of love with care, 745  
 That from the young estrange the parent mare.

Now with a sacred cake and lifted hands,  
 All bent on death, before her altar stands  
 The royal victim, the devoted fair;  
 Her robes were gather'd, and one foot was bare. 750

She calls on every star in solemn state,  
 Whose guilty beams shine conscious of her fate:  
 She calls to witness every god above,  
 To pay due vengeance for her injur'd love.  
 'Twas night; and, weary with the toils of day, 755  
 In soft repose the whole creation lay.

The murmurs of the groves and furies die,  
 The stars roll solemn through the glowing sky;  
 Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,  
 The flocks lie stretch'd along the flow'ry plains; 760

The furious savages that haunt the woods,  
 The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;  
 All, all, beneath the general darkness, share  
 In sleep, a soft forgetfulness of care;  
 All but the hapless queen;—for love denies 765  
 Rest to her thoughts, and slumber to her eyes.

Her

Her passions grow still fiercer, and by turns  
 With love she maddens, and with wrath she burns.  
 The struggling tides in different motions roll,  
 And thus she vents the tempest of her soul: 770

What shall I do?—shall I in vain implore  
 The royal lovers I disdain'd before?  
 Or, slighted in my turn with haughty pride,  
 Court the fierce tyrant whom I once deny'd?  
 Shall I the Trojans base commands obey, 775  
 Their slave, their suppliant, through the watry way?

Yes—for my bounties, and my former aid  
 By Troy already stand so well repaid!  
 And yet suppose I were inclin'd to go;  
 The haughty sailors would but mock my woe. 780

Hast thou not yet, not yet, Eliza, known  
 The perjurd sons of proud Laomedon?  
 What!—shall I follow through the roaring main,  
 Sole and abandon'd, their triumphant train,  
 Or drive 'em through the deeps with sword and fire, 785

With all my armies, all the sons of Tyre?  
 But can I draw to sea those Tyrian bands  
 I drew reluctant from their native lands?  
 Die then as thou deserv'st; in death repose;  
 The sword, the friendly sword, shall end thy woes. 790

You first, dear sister, by my sorrows mov'd,  
 Expos'd me rashly to the wretch I lov'd;  
 Your prompt obedience, and officious care  
 Fann'd the young flame, and plung'd me in despair.  
 Oh! had I learn'd like savages to rove, 795  
 And never known the woes of bridal love!

I prov'd

I prov'd unfaithful to my former spouse,  
And now I reap the fruits of broken vows !

Thus vents the mournful queen, by love oppress'd,  
The grief that rag'd tumultuous in her breast. 800  
Meantime with all things ready for his flight,  
In thoughtless sleep the hero pass'd the night.  
To whom again the feather'd Hermes came,  
His youthful figure, looks and voice the same,  
And thus alarms the slumb'ring prince once more ; 805  
What—can'st thou sleep in this important hour ?  
Nor all thy dangers canst thou yet survey ?  
Nor hear the zephyrs call thee to the sea ?  
Mad as thou art !—determin'd on her doom,  
She forms designs of mischiefs yet to come. 810  
Then fly her fury while thou yet canst fly,  
Before Aurora gilds the purple sky ;  
Fly,—or the floods shall soon be cover'd o'er  
With numerous fleets, and armies crowd the shore,  
And direful brands with long-projected rays, 815  
Shall set the land and ocean in a blaze.  
Ev'n now her dread revenge is on the wing ;  
Rise, prince ; a woman is a changeful thing.  
This said, at once he took his rapid flight,  
Dissolv'd in air, and mingled with the night. 820

The hero starts from sleep in wild surprise,  
Struck with the glorious vision from the skies,  
And rouses all the train : awake, unbind,  
And stretch, my friends, the canvas to the wind ;  
Seize, seize your oars ; the god descends again, 825  
To bid me fly, and launch into the main.

Who-

Whoe'er thou art, thou blest celestial guide,  
 Thy course we follow through the foamy tide ;  
 With joy thy sacred orders we obey ;  
 And may thy friendly stars direct the way. 830  
 Sudden, he drew his sword as thus he said,  
 And cut the haulfers with the flaming blade ;  
 With the same ardor fir'd, the shouting train  
 Fly, seize their oars, and rush into the main.  
 At once the floods with ships were cover'd o'er, 835  
 And not one Trojan left upon the shore ;  
 All stretching to the stroke, with vigour sweep  
 The whitening surge, and plough the smoking deep.

Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora spread  
 Her orient beam, and left her golden bed. 840  
 Soon as the queen at early dawn beheld  
 The navy move along the wat'ry field,  
 In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r ;  
 And saw th' abandon'd port, and empty shore ;  
 Thrice her fierce hands in madness of despair 845  
 Beat her white breast, and tore her golden hair.

Then shall the traitor fly, ye gods ! (she said)  
 And leave my kingdom, and insulted bed ?  
 And shall not Carthage pour in arms away ?  
 Run there, and launch my navies on the sea. 850  
 Fly, fly with all your sails, ye sons of Tyre ;  
 Hurl flames on flames ; involve his fleet in fire.  
 What have I said ?—ah ! impotent and vain !  
 I rave, I rave—what madness turns my brain ?  
 Now can you, Dido, at so late a time, 855  
 Reflect with horror on your former crime ?

Well

Well had this rage been shown, when first you led  
The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed.  
This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore  
His gods and relicks from the Phrygian shore! 860  
And safe convey'd his venerable fire!  
On his own shoulders through the Trojan fire!  
Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,  
Base wretch! to every monster of the sea?  
Stab all his friends, his darling son destroy, 865  
And to his table serve the murder'd boy?  
For bent on death, and valiant from despair,  
Say—could I dread the doubtful chance of war?  
No—but my flames had reddened all the seas;  
Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze; 870  
Destroy'd the race, the father and the son,  
And crown'd the general ruin with my own.  
Thou glorious sun! whose piercing eyes survey  
These worlds terrestrial in thy fiery way,  
And thou, O Juno! bend thy awful head, 875  
Great queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;  
Hear thou, dire Hecate! from hell profound,  
Whose rites nocturnal through the streets resound,  
Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods, who wait  
To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate! 880  
If to the destin'd port the wretch must come,  
If such be Jove's unalterable doom:  
Still let him wander, tofs'd from place to place,  
Far from his country, and his son's embrace,  
By barbarous nations harass'd with alarms; 885  
And take the field with unsuccessful arms;

For

For foreign aid to distant regions fly,  
 See all his friends a common carnage lie;  
 And when he gains, his ruin to compleat,  
 A peace more shameful than his past defeat; 890  
 Nor life nor empire let him long maintain,  
 But fall, by murderous hands untimely slain,  
 And lie unburied on the naked plain! }  
 This vow, ye gods, Eliza pours in death,  
 With her last blood, and her last gasping breath! 895  
 Oh!---in the silent grave when Dido lies,  
 Rise in thy rage, thou, great avenger, rise!  
 Against curs'd Troy, go mighty son of Tyre,  
 Go, in the pomp of famine, sword, and fire!  
 And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate, 900  
 In future times, pursue the Dardan state.  
 No peace, no commerce with the race be made:  
 Pay this last duty to your princess' shade;  
 Fight, when your pow'rs supplies so just a rage;  
 Fight now, fight still, in every distant age; 905  
 By land, by sea, in arms the nation dare,  
 And wage, from son to son, eternal war!

This said, she bends her various thoughts to close  
 Her hated life, and finish all her woes.  
 Then to her husband's nurse she gave command, 910  
 (Her own lay bury'd in her native land)  
 Go, Barce, go, and bid my sister bring  
 The fable victims for the Stygian king, }  
 But first be sprinkled from the limpid spring. }  
 Thus let her come; and, while I pay my vows, 915  
 Thou too in fillets bind thy aged brows.

Fain would I kindle now the sacred pyre,  
 And see the Trojan image sink in fire,  
 Thus I complete the rites to Stygian Jove,  
 And then farewell---a long farewell to love ! 920  
 She said ; the matron, studious to obey,  
 With duteous speed runs trembling all the way.

Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,  
 And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes ;  
 Though pale and shivering at her purpos'd doom, 925  
 And every dreadful thought of death to come :  
 Yet many a crimson flush, with various grace,  
 Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.  
 Furious she mounts the pyre, and draws the sword,  
 The fatal present of the Dardan lord ; 930  
 For no such end bestow'd ;---the conscious bed,  
 And robes she view'd ; and tears in silence shed ;  
 Stood still, and paus'd a moment,---then she cast  
 Her body on the couch, and spoke her last :

Ye dear, dear relicks of the man I lov'd ! 935  
 While fate consented, and the gods approv'd,  
 Relieve my woes, this rage of love control,  
 Take my last breath, and catch my parting soul.  
 My fatal course is finish'd, and I go  
 A ghost majestic to the realms below. 940  
 Well have I liv'd to see a glorious town  
 Rais'd by these hands, and bulwarks of my own ;  
 Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's sword,  
 And on the wretch reveng'd my murder'd lord.  
 Happy ! thrice happy ! if the Dardan band 945  
 Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.

Then



Then pressing with her lips the Trojan bed,  
 Shall I then die, and unreveng'd ? (she said)  
 Yet die I will,---and thus, and thus, I go---  
 Thus---fly with pleasure to the shades below. 950  
 This blaze may yon' proud Trojan from the sea,  
 This death, an omen of his own, survey.

Meantime, the sad attendants, as she spoke,  
 Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the stroke.  
 At once her snowy hands were purpled o'er, 955  
 And the bright falchion smok'd with streaming gore.  
 Her sudden fate is blaz'd the city round ;  
 The length'ning cries from street to street resound ;  
 To female shrieks the regal dome replies,  
 And the shrill echoes ring amidst the skies ; 960  
 As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,  
 Storm'd by the foe, had sunk in floods of fire ;  
 And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,  
 With all the glorious temples of the gods.

Her breathless sister runs with eager pace, 965  
 And beats her throbbing breast, and beauteous face.  
 Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,  
 And on her dying dear Eliza's cries,  
 Was this, my Dido, ah ! was this the way  
 You took, your easy sister to betray ? 970  
 Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,  
 The fatal altar, and the funeral fire ?  
 Where shall my plaints begin ?---ah ! wretch undone  
 Now left abandon'd to my woes alone !  
 Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath, 975  
 And share thy sweet society in death ?

Me, me you should have call'd, your fate to share  
 From the same weapon, and the same despair.  
 And did these hands the lofty pile compose?  
 Did I invoke our gods with solemn vows? 982  
 Only---ah cruel! to be sent away  
 From the sad scene of death I now survey?  
 You by this fatal stroke, and I, and all,  
 Your senate, people, and your Carthage fall.  
 Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death 985  
 Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath.  
 Then up the steep ascent she flew, and prest  
 Her dying sister to her heaving breast;  
 With cries succeeding cries her robes unbound,  
 To stanch the blood that issu'd from the wound. 990  
 Her bosom groaning with convulsive pain,  
 She strives to raise her heavy lids in vain,  
 And in a moment sinks, and swoons again. }  
 Prop'd on her elbow, thrice she rear'd her head,  
 And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed; 995  
 Sought with her swimming eyes the golden light,  
 And saw the sun, but sicken'd at the sight.  
 Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,  
 Beheld her dreadful anguish from the sky;  
 And bade fair Iris, from the starry pole, 1000  
 Fly, and enlarge her agonizing soul:  
 For as she dy'd by love before the time,  
 Nor fell by fate, nor perish'd for a crime,  
 Not yet had Proserpine, with early care,  
 Clip'd from her head the fatal golden hair; 1005

The

The solemn offering to the pow'rs below,  
 To free the spirit, and relieve her woe.  
 Swift from the glancing sun the goddess drew  
 A thousand mingling colours, as she flew:  
 Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair;      1010  
 And lo! this consecrated lock I bear  
 To Stygian Jove: and now, as heav'n ordains,  
 Release thy soul from these corporeal chains.  
 The goddess stretch'd her hand, as thus she said,  
 And clip'd the sacred honours of her head;      1015  
 The vital spirit flies, no more confin'd,  
 Dissolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

End of the Fourth Book.



V I R G I L ' s

Æ N E I D.

B O O K V.

## A R G U M E N T.

Æneas setting sail from Africk, is driven by a storm on the coasts of Sicily, where he is hospitably received by his friend Acestes, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He celebrates the memory of his father with divine honours, institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno sends Iris to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burnt four, and would have consumed the rest, had not Jupiter by a sudden shower extinguished it. Upon this, Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city, for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage; and sails for Italy. Venus procures of Neptune a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately lost.

## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

## BOOK V.

NOW with a prosp'rous breeze, Æneas held  
 His destin'd course, and plough'd the wat'ry field;  
 Unhappy Dido's funeral flames surveys,  
 That gild the spires, and round the bulwarks blaze;  
 But soon the hidden cause the prince divin'd 5  
 From the known transports of a female mind;  
 With such a whirl their fiery passions move,  
 In the mad rage of disappointed love !

Now o'er the deep the rapid gallies fly,  
 And the vast round was only wave and sky. 10  
 A cloud all charg'd with livid darkness spreads,  
 Black'ning the floods, and gathering o'er their heads.  
 Aloud the careful Palinurus cries ;  
 Lo ! what a dreadful storm involves the skies !  
 Oh ! Neptune, mighty father of the main ! 15  
 What tempests threaten from thy wat'ry reign ?  
 Then he commands to furl the sails, and sweep  
 With every bending oar the foamy deep.  
 Himself, to break the blast, his sails inclin'd,  
 And fled obliquely with the driving wind. 20  
 Oh ! mighty prince, the trembling master cry'd,  
 Scarce could I hope, in such a tossing tide,

To reach Hesperia and surmount the flood,  
 Though Jove had past the promise of a God.  
 See! from the west what thwarting winds arise! 25  
 How in one cloud are gathered half the skies!  
 In vain our course we labour to maintain,  
 And, struggling, work against the storm in vain.  
 Let us, since fortune mocks our toil, obey,  
 And speed our voyage, where she points the way. 30  
 For not far distant lies the realm, that bore  
 Your brother Eryx, the Sicilian shore,  
 If right I judge, whose eyes with constant care  
 Have watch'd the heav'ns, retracing every star.

I see, reply'd the prince, thy fruitless pain, 35  
 That long has struggled with the winds in vain.  
 Then change thy course, the whirling gusts obey,  
 And flee with open sails a different way.  
 Oh! to what dearer land can I retreat?  
 There I may rig again my shatter'd fleet: 40  
 That land my father's sacred dust contains,  
 And there my Trojan friend, Acastes reigns.  
 This said, they steer their course; the western gales  
 With friendly breezes stretch their bellying sails;  
 Smooth o'er the tides the flying navy past, 45  
 And reach'd with joy the well-known shore at last.

The king with wonder from a mountain's brow  
 Beheld the fleet approach the coast below;  
 Then, with a javelin in his hand, descends,  
 Clad in a lion's spoils, to meet his friends, 50  
 This monarch sprung from great Crinifus' blood;  
 His Trojan mother mingling with the god.

With



With due regard he hails the kindred train,  
 Arriv'd from Carthage at his realms again;  
 With feasts their fainting spirits he restor'd; 55  
 And rural viands crown'd the generous board.

Now the diminish'd stars had fled away  
 Before the glories of the dawning day.  
 His friends Æneas summon'd from the coast;  
 Then from a rising point bespoke the host: 60

Ye far-fam'd sons of Troy, a race divine,  
 Whose fathers sprung from Jove's immortal line,  
 Now the full circle of the year runs round,  
 Since we dispos'd my fire in foreign ground,  
 Rais'd verdant altars to the mighty shade, 65  
 And paid all funeral honours to the dead:

And now the fatal day is just return'd,  
 By me (so Heav'n ordains) with rites adorn'd,  
 For ever honour'd, and for ever mourn'd; }  
 Though banish'd to the burning Libyan sand, 70  
 Though led a captive to the Argive land,  
 Though lost and shipwreck'd on the Grecian sea,  
 Still would I solemnize this sacred day.

Sure all the friendly pow'rs our course inspire,  
 To the dear relicks of my reverend fire. 75

Haste then, the new-adopted god adore,  
 And from his grace a prosp'rous gale implore;  
 Implore a city, where we still may pay,  
 In his own fane, the honours of the day.

On every ship two oxen are bestow'd 80  
 By great Acestes of our Dardan blood;

Call to the feast your native Phrygian pow'rs,  
 With those the hospitable king adores.  
 Soon as the ninth fair morning's opening light  
 Shall glad the world, and chace the shades of night, 85  
 Then to my Trojans I propose, to grace  
 These sacred rites, the rapid naval race;  
 Then all, who glory in their matchless force,  
 Or vaunt their fiery swiftness in the course,  
 Or dart the spear, or bend the twanging bow, 90  
 Or to the dreadful gauntlet dare the foe,  
 Attend; and each by merit bear away  
 The noble palms, and glories of the day.  
 Now grace your heads with verdant wreaths, he said;  
 Then with his mother's myrtle binds his head. 95  
 Like him, Acestes, and the royal boy  
 Adorn their brows, with all the youth of Troy.

Now to the tomb surrounded with a throng,  
 A mighty train, the hero past along.  
 Two bowls of milk, and sacred blood he pours; 100  
 Two of pure wine; and scatters purple flow'rs.  
 Then thus—Hail sacred fire, all hail again,  
 Once more restor'd, but ah! restor'd in vain!  
 'Twas more than envious fate would give, to see  
 The destin'd realms of Italy with thee; 105  
 Or mighty Tyber's rolling streams explore,  
 The sacred flood, that bathes th' Ausonian shore.  
 Scarce had he said, when, beauteous to behold!  
 From the deep tomb, with many a shining fold,  
 An azure serpent rose, in scales that flam'd with  
 gold: } 110

Like

Like heaven's bright bow his varying beauties shone,  
 That draws a thousand colours from the sun :  
 Pleas'd round the altars and the tomb to wind,  
 His glittering length of volumes trails behind.  
 The chief in deep amaze suspended hung, 115  
 While through the bowls the serpent glides along ;  
 Tastes all the food, then softly slides away,  
 Seeks the dark tomb, and quits the sacred prey ;  
 Astonish'd at the sight, the hero paid  
 New rites, new honours to his father's shade, 120  
 Doubts if the dæmon of his fire rever'd,  
 Or the kind genius of the place appear'd.  
 Five fable steers he slew with rites divine,  
 As many snowy sheep, and bristly swine ;  
 And pouring wine, invok'd his father's shade 125  
 Sent from the darksome regions of the dead.  
 Then all the train, who gather'd round the grave,  
 Each for his rank, proportion'd treasures gave.  
 The altars blaze ; the victims round expire ;  
 Some hang the massy cauldrons o'er the fire : 130  
 Some o'er the grass the glowing embers spread ;  
 Some broil the entrails on the burning bed.

Now bright the ninth expected morning shone ;  
 Now rose the fiery couriers of the sun.  
 When endless crowds the vast assembly crown'd 135  
 From all the wide dispeopled country round.  
 Some rous'd by great Acestes' mighty name,  
 Some to behold the Trojan strangers came,  
 Some to contend, and try the noble game.

In view, amid the spacious circle, lay 140  
The costly gifts, the prizes of the day.

Arms on the ground, and sacred tripods glow,  
With wreaths and palms to bind the victor's brow.  
Silver and purple vests in heaps are roll'd,  
Rich robes, and talents of the purest gold; 145  
And from a mount the sprightly trump proclaims  
To all the gather'd crowd the glorious games.

Four well-match'd gallies first, by oars impell'd  
Drawn from the navy, took the wat'ry field.  
In the swift Dolphin mighty Mnestheus came, 150  
Mnestheus, the founder of the Memmian name.  
Next Gyas in the vast Chimæra sweeps  
(Huge as a town) the hoarse resounding deeps:  
Three rows of oars employ the panting train,  
To push th' enormous burthen o'er the main. 155  
Sergestus in the Centaur took his place,  
The glorious father of the Sergian race.  
In the blue Scylla great Cloanthus rode,  
The noble source of our Cluentian blood;  
Far in the main a rock advances o'er 160  
The level tides, and fronts the foamy shore,  
That hid beneath the rolling ocean lies,  
When the black storms involve the starry skies,  
But in a calm its lofty head displays  
To rest the birds who wing the spacious seas. 165  
Here the great hero fixt an oaken bough,  
A mark, that nodded o'er the craggy brow;  
To teach the train to steer the backward way,  
And fetch a shorter circle round the sea:

Then,

Then, rank'd by lot, conspicuous o'er the flood, 170  
 The chiefs array'd in gold and purple glow'd.

The youths green poplars round their temples twine, }  
 And bright with oil their naked bodies shine, }  
 Eager, they grasp their oars, and list'ning wait the sign. }

Thick in their hearts alternate motions play, 175 }  
 Now prest with beating fears they sink away, }  
 Now throb with rising hopes to win the glorious day. }

Soon as the trump the first shrill signal blew,

All, in a moment, from the barrier flew :

Turn'd by their labouring oars the furges rise, 180

And with their shouts the sailors rend the skies,

The foamy tides with equal furrows sweep ;

And, opening to the keel, divides the hoary deep.

Not half so swift the fiery courfers pour,

And, as they start, the distant plain devour ; 185

Nor half so fierce the drivers, pois'd in air,

Urge the fleet steeds to whirl the flying car,

Throw up the reins, and, bending o'er the yoke, .

Shout, lash, and send their souls at every stroke.

The crowds in parties join ; and, to the cries 190

And eager shouts, the hollow wood replies ;

While hills to hills repeat the mingled roar,

And the long echo rolls around the winding shore.

With peals of loud applause from every side

First Gyas flew, and shot along the tide. 195

Cloanthus follows, but his pond'rous ship,

Though better mann'd, moves heavier on the deep.

Behind, the Dolphin and the Centaur lay,

At equal distance, on the wat'ry way :

Now

Now darts the rapid dolphin o'er the main, 200  
 Now the vast Centaur wins the day again :  
 Then, side by side, and front by front, they join,  
 And plough in frothy tracks the ruffled brine.  
 And now proud Gyas reach'd th' appointed place,  
 Awhile the victor of the wat'ry race ; 205  
 Then to Menætes call'd, and gave command,  
 To leave the right, and flee against the land ;  
 Let others plough the deep ;—in vain he spoke ;  
 The cautious pilot dreads the lurking rock,  
 And turns his prow, and steers a different road, 210  
 And leaves the shallows for the open flood.  
 Once more in vain the raging Gyas cry'd,  
 And lo ! that moment, brave Cloanthus spy'd }  
 Close at his back, who plough'd the nearer tide.  
 The dangerous way the daring hero took 215  
 Between bold Gyas and the foundering rock.  
 Sudden beyond the chief he shoots away,  
 Clear of the goal, and gains the roamy sea.  
 Then Gyas wept ; and grief and rage enflame  
 The youth, forgetful of his friends and fame. 220  
 From the high stern, with anger and disdain,  
 He hurl'd the hoary master in the main ;  
 Then madly took himself the sole command,  
 And fir'd his train, and bore upon the land.  
 Hoary with age, and struggling long in vain, 225  
 With cumb'rous vests, Menætes mounts again ;  
 Trembling he climb'd a lofty rock ; and dry'd  
 His limbs, all drench'd and reeking with the tide.

Loud

Loud laugh'd the crowds to see him shoot away,  
 Drink and disgorge by turns the briny sea. 230

At distance Mneſtheus and Sergeſſus lie;

Both hope to paſs the fiery Gyas by.

The 'vantage firſt the bold Sergeſſus took,

With rapid ſpeed, advancing to the rock;

But not a length before: the dolphin rides 235

With rival ſpeed, and bears upon her ſides.

Brave Mneſtheus now inflames his naval crew,

As o'er the deck from man to man he flew,

My brave associates, in whoſe aid I truſt,

You, whom I choſe, when Ilion ſunk in duſt, 240

Now ſhew the ſtrength and ſpirit once you ſhew'd,

When raging ſtorms, and Syrtes you withſtood, }

Plough'd Malea's tide, and ſtem'd th' Iōnian flood: }

Now, now, my friends, your utmoſt pow'r diſplay,

Riſe to your oars, and ſweep the wat'ry way: 245

Nor ſtrive we now the victory to gain,

Though yet! —but ah! let thoſe the palm obtain, }

Thoſe, whom thy favours crown, great monarch of }

the main!

But to return the lags of all the day!

Oh! wipe, my friends, that ſhameful ſtain away! 250

Fir'd at the word, each other they provoke;

Springs the ſwift ſhip at every vigorous ſtroke.

With painful ſweat their heaving bodies ſteam;

Thick pant their hearts, and trembles every limb.

All bending to their oars the labour ply; 255

The ſea rolls backward, and the ſurges fly.

Now, with the wish'd success they toil to gain,  
Indulgent fortune crowns the lab'ing train;  
For while the fierce Sergestus nearer drew,  
And in a scanty space too rashly flew, 260  
(His road still narrower) with a mighty shock  
He rush'd against the sharp projected rock.  
Then flew the shatter'd oars, and flying rung,  
And on the rugged sides the vessel hung.  
To gain their floating oars, with mingled cries, 265  
All arm'd with iron poles, the sailors rise.  
Fir'd with success, along the open seas  
Proud Mnestheus shoots, invoking every breeze.  
As in her nest, within some cavern hung,  
The dove sits trembling o'er her callow young, 270  
Till rous'd at last by some impetuous shock,  
She starts surpris'd, and beats around the rock;  
'Then to the open field for refuge flies,  
And the free bird expatiates in the skies;  
Her pinions pois'd, through liquid air she springs, 275  
And smoothly glides, nor moves her levell'd wings:  
So joyful Mnestheus darts without control  
O'er the wide ocean, and approach'd the goal;  
So the swift dolphin flies in open view,  
And gain'd new strength, new swiftness as she flew. 280  
First by Sergestus' ship he shoots along,  
'That in the shelves and dang'rous shallows hung;  
With cries the chief his rival's aid implores,  
And strives in vain to row with shatter'd oars.  
Next fiery Gyas he with shouts pursu'd, 285  
Who, in the huge Chimæra stem'd the flood;  
She



She yields, depriv'd of her experienc'd guide;  
 And sees her rival fly triumphant o'er the tide.  
 Now, near the port, with all his pow'r he strains  
 To pass Cloanthus, who the last remains. 290  
 The doubling shouts inspire him as he flies  
 And the long peal runs rattling round the skies:  
 These, flush'd with pride, would cast their lives away,  
 Ere they resign the glories of the day:  
 Those, by success, in strength and spirit rise, 295  
 And their fierce hopes already win the prize.  
 Thus haply both with level beaks had ply'd  
 The surge, and rode the victors of the tide;  
 But brave Cloanthus o'er the rolling floods  
 Stretch'd wide his hands, and thus invoc'd the gods: 300  
 Ye pow'rs! on whose wild empire I display  
 My flying sails, and plough the wat'ry way;  
 Oh! hear your suppliant, and my vow succeed;  
 Then on these shores a milk-white bull shall bleed;  
 And purple wine your silver waves shall stain, 305  
 And sacred victims glut the greedy main.  
 Thus he—and every Nereid heard the vow,  
 With mighty Phorcus from the deeps below.  
 And great Portunus, with his ample hand,  
 Push'd on the rapid galley to the land. 310  
 Swift as the hissing javelin cuts the skies,  
 Swift as a whirlwind, to the port she flies.

And now the herald's voice proclaims aloud  
 Cloanthus victor, to the shouting crowd.  
 The mighty prince himself, with verdant boughs 315  
 Of vivid laurel, binds the hero's brows.

Three steers, and one large talent are bestow'd  
 On every rival crew, that plough'd the flood.  
 But to the glorious leaders, bold and brave,  
 The generous chief distinguish'd honours gave. 320  
 A robe the victor shar'd, where purple plays,  
 Mixt with rich gold, in every shining maze.  
 There royal Ganymede, inwrought with art,  
 O'er hills and forests hunts the bounding hart ;  
 The beauteous youth, all wondrous to behold ! 325  
 Pants in the moving threads, and lives in gold :  
 From tow'ring Ida shoots the bird of Jove,  
 And bears him struggling through the clouds above ;  
 With out-stretch'd hands his hoary guardians cry  
 And the loud hounds spring furious at the sky. 330  
 On Mnestheus next, the chief who bore away  
 The second glorious honours of the day,  
 A shining mail the generous prince bestows,  
 That, rich with claps of gold, refulgent glows,  
 Who stript Demoleus of the costly load 335  
 In Trojan fields, by Simois' mighty flood :  
 Two labouring servants, with united toil [spoil :  
 And strength conjoin'd, scarce heav'd th' enormous  
 Yet in these arms of old, with matchless might,  
 The swift Demolcus chac'd his foes in fight. 340  
 This mail, Æneas gave the chief to bear,  
 A sure defence and ornament in war.  
 The next rich presents mighty Gyas grace,  
 Two ponderous cauldrons of refulgent brass ;  
 Two silver goblets, wrought with art divine, 345  
 That rough, and bright with sculptur'd figures shine.

Proud

Proud of their gifts the lofty leaders tread,  
 And purple fillets glitter on their head.  
 When, from the rock scarce disengaged with pain,  
 Sergestus brings his shatter'd ship again. 350

One side all maim'd, she slowly moves along,  
 Spoil'd of her cars amid the hooting throng;  
 As when a ling'ring fate the serpent feels,  
 Obliquely crush'd beneath the brazen wheels,  
 Or, bruise'd and mangled by the cruel swain 355 }  
 With some huge stone, withes with the shooting pain, }  
 And rolls and twists her scaly folds in vain.

Above, all fierce her glittering volumes rise,  
 Flames in her crest, and lightning in her eyes;  
 But maim'd below, and tardy with the wound, 360  
 Her train unfolded drags along the ground.  
 So maim'd and slow the shatter'd gally past,  
 But aided by her sails she reach'd the port at last.

Pleas'd with the vessel and the crew restor'd,  
 The generous prince rewards their hapless lord. 365  
 The promis'd present to the chief he gave;  
 Phoebe, the beauteous female Cretan slave,  
 In works of art superior to the rest,  
 And proud of two fair infants at the breast.

This contest o'er; with thousands in his train, 370  
 Mov'd the great hero to a spacious plain.  
 High hills the verdant theatre surround;  
 And waving woods the mighty circuit crown'd.  
 Hither, with all the crowds the prince withdrew,  
 And took his sylvan throne in open view, 375

Here costly gifts the chief propos'd, to grace  
The sprightly youths that urge the rapid race.  
Now throng the Trojan and Sicilian band;  
And first Euryalus and Nisus stand;  
That, for his youthful charms admir'd by Troy; 380  
This, for chaste friendship to the beauteous boy.  
Next to the contest, warm with hopes of fame,  
Of Priam's royal race, Diores came,  
Salius and Patron then in order past;  
Epirus one, and one Arcadia grac'd. 385  
Brave Helymus and Panopes succeed;  
Two valiant youths in fair Trinacria bred;  
Who with Acestes drove the savage race  
From wood to wood, long practis'd to the chace.  
And mighty numbers more, unknown to fame, 390  
Advance in crowds to share the glorious game.  
High in the midst Æneas rear'd his head,  
And oh! attend, ye generous youths, (he said;)  
Of all who try the fortune of the day,  
Not one shall go without a gift away. 395  
With two bright Cretan lances, each shall share  
An ax with silver grav'd, to shine in war.  
Distinguish'd gifts and olive wreaths shall grace  
The three triumphant victors of the race.  
On the first youth a courser I bestow, 400  
Whose trappings rich with gold and purple glow:  
The next a quiver charg'd with shafts shall claim,  
Such as adorns an Amazonian dame;  
Clasp'd by a gem, refulgent to behold,  
Shines the bright trophy with a belt of gold. 405  
On

On the proud youth this gift shall be conferr'd :  
And this fair Argive heim shall grace the third.

This said, they took their place ; the trumpet blew ;  
And all impetuous from the barrier flew :

Fierce as a tempest, o'er the plain they past 410

From the first space, and gain upon the last.

First Nisus sprung, and left the crowd behind,

Swift as the lightning, or the wings of wind.

Next, but the next with many a length between,

Young Salius skim'd along the level green. 415

Euryalus, the third, scarce touch'd the plain ;

Behind, bold Helymus his rival ran ;

But, hovering o'er him, runs Dioreas nigh ;

Now side by side, and foot by foot they fly.

The youth had conquer'd in a longer way, 420

Or undecided left the honours of the day.

And now they just approach'd with rapid pace,

Tir'd with the toil, the limit of the race,

When Nisus fell amid the slippery plain,

Drench with the copious blood of victims slain. 425

His feet no more the shouting victor held ;

Aloft they fly, and quiver on the field.

Headlong he fell, with mud all cover'd o'er,

And every limb was stain'd with sacred gore.

Yet, as he weltered on the ground, he strove 430

To shew Euryalus his ardent love.

For now, ev'n now, the youth his body threw

Before his rival Salius, as he flew :

He fell, and on the ground extended lay ;

Thus favour'd by his friend, sprung swift away 435 }

The young Euryalus, and won the day.

At once beyond the goal the victor flies ;  
 Shouts of applause tumultuous rend the skies.  
 Next Helymus, and next Diores came  
 With eager ardor, now the third in fame. 440  
 Now Salius fills the ring with clam'rous cries,  
 By turns to every hoary judge applies,  
 Storms at the fraud, and claims the rightful prize. }  
 But favour, winning tears, and youthful grace,  
 Plead for the boy, the victor of the race. 445  
 Diores too, before the partial crowd,  
 Defends the young Euryalus aloud ;  
 Who now must urge his claim, should Salius gain  
 The first proud honours, to the third in vain.  
 Thus then the prince—In order shall we pay 450  
 To each brave youth the prizes of the day :  
 Since these are shar'd, permit me to extend  
 One proof of pity to a hapless friend :  
 This said, on Salius generous be bestow'd  
 A lion's yellow spoils, (a costly load !) 455  
 With martial pride his shoulders to infold ;  
 Rough was the dreadful mane, the paws were sheath'd  
 in gold.  
 When Nisus thus,—If such high presents grace  
 Salius who fell, first vanquish'd in the race,  
 What gift shall I receive, who bore away, 460  
 And still had held the honours of the day,  
 Had not that fortune, which my foe o'erthrew,  
 Befall'n unhappy Nisus, as he flew ?  
 Then show'd his robes and face with blood defil'd :  
 Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd, 465  
 And

And caus'd a mighty buckler to be brought,  
 With art divine by Didymaon wrought;  
 Great Neptune's gates the prize adorn'd in Troy,  
 Now the bright present loads the favour'd boy.

These gifts bestow'd; the hero cries aloud, 470  
 Stand forth, ye valiant champions, from the crowd;  
 Who vaunt your courage and unrivall'd might,  
 And with the gauntlet dare provoke the fight.  
 Then he propos'd, in gold and garments gay,  
 A bull, to grace the victor of the day. 475  
 Next, to relieve the loser's shame and pain,  
 Cast a rich sword and helmet on the plain.  
 Strait with a shout, supremely tall and strong,  
 Bold Dares rear'd his bulk above the throng;  
 The youth, the only youth, who dar'd withstand 480  
 The fierce tempestuous sway of Paris' hand,  
 Who on huge Butes prov'd his matchless might  
 At Hector's tomb, victorious in the fight;  
 (Bates, of Amycus' Bebrycian strain,)  
 And stretch'd th' enormous giant on the plain. 485  
 Thus, glorying in his strength, in open view  
 His arms around, the tow'ring Dares threw,  
 Stalk'd high, and laid his brawny shoulders bare,  
 And dealt his whistling blows in empty air.  
 His match was fought; through all a terror ran; 490  
 All gasp'd and trembled at the mighty man.  
 Despair, he thought, had seiz'd the circling bands;  
 And now before the prince the champion stands;  
 Fierce by the horns the beauteous bull he took,  
 And in proud triumph to the hero spoke: 495  
 Since

Since none, oh! chief, accepts the proffer'd fray,  
 Why for his coward foe must Dares slay? }  
 Permit me, prince, to lead my rightful prize away. }  
 The Trojans clamour with applauding cries,  
 And for the youth demand the promis'd prize. 500

Then to Entellus old Acestes said,  
 Who fate beside him on the flow'ry bed;  
 Entellus!—once the bravest on the plain,  
 But ah! the bravest, and the best in vain!  
 With such tame patience can my friend survey 505

This prize, without a contest, borne away?  
 Where, where is now great Eryx' vaunted name;  
 The god, who taught our thund'ring arms the game, }  
 The spoils that grace thy roof, and all thy former fame? }

I am not dead, replies the chief, to praise, 510  
 Nor yield to fear, but sink by length of days.

My nerves unstrung, my strength no more remains,  
 And age creeps shiv'ring through my icy veins.

Had I that vigour still, my youth could boast,  
 Or you' vain champion vaunts to all the host, 515  
 Soon should this arm that insolence chastize,  
 For fame alone, without the proffer'd prize.

Ev'n now I scorn the combat to decline;  
 The prize I heed not; let the fame be mine!

This said; amid the ring, in open view, 520  
 Two mighty gauntlets on the ground he threw:  
 These grac'd great Eryx in the sight of old,  
 And brac'd his arms with many a dreadful fold:  
 Seven thick bull-hides, their volumes huge dispread,  
 Pold'rous with iron and a weight of lead. 525

The



The host stood all astonish'd at the sight,  
 But Dares most, who now refus'd the fight :  
 The hero turns the folds, in wonder stands,  
 And pois'd th' enormous gauntlets in his hands.  
 How had you wonder'd, the bold champion said, 530  
 Had you the huge Herculean arms survey'd ?  
 Had you those pond'rous gloves of death beheld,  
 And the stern combat, on this fatal field ?  
 These, prince, of old your brother Eryx wore,  
 Lo ! you behold 'em still distain'd with gore. 535  
 With these Alcides' force he long sustain'd,  
 And these I brandish'd, while my strength remain'd,  
 Ere the cold hand of envious age had slid  
 These marks of winter on my hoary head.  
 Yet, if your champion trembles at the sight, 540  
 Nor dares to meet these gauntlets in the fight ;  
 If so Æneas and the king incline ;  
 Lo ! to his fears these weapons I resign :  
 With equal arms the combat we will try ;  
 And thou, lay thou, thy Trojan gauntlets by. 545  
 This said, the hero strait his robe unbound,  
 And cast the double garment on the ground ;  
 Bars his huge brawny limbs, and on the sands,  
 Dreadful to view, the hoary champion stands.  
 Then the great prince with equal gauntlets bound 550  
 Their vigorous hands, and brac'd their arms around :  
 Their arms, that moment, each impetuous foe  
 Rear'd high in air, and rose to every blow ;  
 And, while their raging hands the fight provoke,  
 Withdraw their heads from each tempestuous stroke. 555  
 This

This on his youth and active speed relies,  
That on his bulk and tall gigantic size :  
But each vast limb moves stiff and slow with age ;  
And thick short pantings shake the lab'ring sage.  
Each, but in vain, a thousand strokes bellows ; 560  
Their sides and breasts re-echo to the blows.  
With swift repeated wounds their hands fly round  
Their heads and cheeks ; their crackling jaws resound :  
Unmov'd Entellus, with a steadfast look  
And watchful eye, avoids the furious stroke. 565  
The youth invests his foe with all his pow'r,  
As some brave leader a beleaguer'd tow'r,  
When on the bulwarks in his rage he falls,  
And plants his engines round th' embattled walls ;  
On every side with fruitless skill and pain, 570 }  
Eager he tries a pass or post to gain,  
And storms the rocky battlements in vain. }  
And now his aim the bold Entellus took,  
With his huge hand, high brandish'd for the stroke ;  
The youth observ'd the long-descending blow, 575  
And leaps aside, and disappoints the foe :  
The stroke was spent in air ; with dreadful sound  
Prone fell the champion thund'ring to the ground.  
A pine thus tumbles to the vales below,  
From Ida's top, or Erymanthus' brow. 580  
At once the Trojans and Sicilians rise,  
And with divided clamours rend the skies.  
And first Acestes, touch'd with pity, ran  
To raise his friend and old compeer again.

Swift

Swift from the fall, and with redoubled might 585

Sprung the fierce hero, and renew'd the fight ;

Improv'd in spirit, to the combat came,

While conscious valour sets his soul on flame,

Stung with disgrace, and more enrag'd with shame. }

Now headlong o'er the field he drove the foe, 590

And rose in strength and wrath at every blow.

Now a thick storm of strokes around him flies,

Thick as the hail comes rattling from the skies ;

With both his thund'ring hands the blows he ply'd,

And turn'd his giddy foe on every side. 595

Then flew the good Æneas, to assuage

The hero's wrath, and check the mighty rage :

From death he snatch'd the champion, and began

To soothe the sorrows of the vanquish'd man :

What madness, hapless Dares, has possess'd 600

Thy thoughtless mind, and fir'd thy daring breast ?

Thy rival see, sustain'd by pow'r divine,

By other strength, and mightier force than thine !

Cease then, and give the vain contention o'er ;

Cease, and oppose the hand of heaven no more ! 605

The youth now drags his trembling legs along ;

His loose head tott'ring o'er his shoulders hung,

Giddy with pain ; he now ejects the blood,

His loosen'd teeth come mingled in the flood :

While in their arms his sad associates bore 610

The batter'd champion groaning to the shore,

The dear-bought sword and helmet brought away,

And left the palm and bull the victor's prey.

Now

Now great Entellus, glorying in the prize,  
 And flush'd with conquest, thus, exulting cries ; 615  
 Behold, ye Trojans, and thou, chief divine,  
 What vigour, in the bloom of youth, was mine ;  
 From what a thund'ring arm and fatal blow,  
 Your timely mercy has preserv'd my foe.  
 With that the chief, collected in his might, 620  
 Confronts the victim, the reward of fight ;  
 Then rais'd his hand aloft, and from above,  
 With dreadful sway, the pond'rous gauntlet drove  
 Through the broad forehead of the stately bull,  
 And dash'd within the brain the batter'd skull. 625  
 The bull, convulsive with the deadly wound,  
 Groans, tumbles, rolls, and quivers on the ground.  
 Then, thus the hoary chief performs his vow,  
 Eryx, on thee this victim I bestow ;  
 A nobler victim than my Trojan foe ! 630 }  
 To younger champions now the game I yield ; [field.  
 Here hang my conquering arms ; and here renounce the  
 Next the great prince propos'd the prize to those,  
 Who wing'd the shafts, and bent the twanging bows.  
 Amid the spacious plain the hero plac'd 635  
 Sublime in air Sergestus' lofty mast ;  
 Around the tapering top a dove they tye,  
 The trembling mark at which their arrows fly ;  
 Hither to try their skill the warriors haste ;  
 And in a brazen helm the lots are cast. 640  
 First, with applause, Hippocoon's lot was thrown,  
 The mighty Hyrtacus' illustrious son.

Mnest-

Mnestheus the next, whom verdant olives grace,  
 The second victor in the naval race.  
 Then the third chance to great Eurytion came, 645  
 Thy brother, Pandarus, renown'd by fame,  
 Whose hand by Pallas prompted, drew the bow,  
 To break the truce against the Grecian foe.  
 Last in the helm remain'd Acestes' name;  
 Old as he was, he try'd the youthful game. 650  
 Then every chief, with all his strength and art,  
 Bent the tough bow, and chose the feather'd dart.  
 Through yielding air first vanish'd with a spring  
 Hippocoon's arrow from the sounding string:  
 Full in the mast, impell'd with vigour stood 655  
 The forceful shaft, and quiver'd in the wood.  
 The dove affrighted, stretch'd her flutt'ring wing;  
 And with applause the vales and mountains ring.  
 Then Mnestheus drew the bow, and aim'd on high  
 The pointed dart, and levell'd with his eye; 660  
 Nor through the mark the luckless arrow drove,  
 But cut the string that ty'd the trembling dove.  
 Swift through the clouds the bird unshackled flies,  
 And spreads her wings at freedom in the skies.  
 Already had Eurytion bent his bow, 665  
 And to his brother god address'd his vow:  
 The tow'ring bird amid the clouds he flew,  
 And the swift shaft transfix'd her as she flew.  
 High in the skies she feels the deadly wound,  
 And, with the dart, comes dying to the ground. 670  
 And now, all hopes expir'd, the conquest gain'd,  
 The venerable prince alone remain'd.

Yet he discharg'd the flying shaft, to show  
 His skill, his vigour, and resounding bow.  
 When sudden they beheld, with wond'ring eyes, 675  
 A dire portentous omen in the skies.  
 Too late the seers the frightful sign explain,  
 Too late they clear the dread event in vain!  
 For, flying through the clouds in open view,  
 The glowing arrow kindled as it flew; 680  
 Then drew a golden trail of flames behind,  
 That mark'd its course, and vanish'd in the wind:  
 So shine the falling stars with dreadful hair,  
 And glance, and shoot along the fields of air.  
 Amaz'd the Trojans and Sicilians stood; 685  
 And breath'd their ardent prayers to every god.  
 The Dardan prince the doubtful sign mistook,  
 Embrac'd the monarch, and with transport spoke:  
 Father! accept the prize; the will divine  
 Of mighty Jove, by this auspicious sign, 690 }  
 Declares the first distinguish'd honours thine.  
 Accept this goblet, which my fire of old  
 Receiv'd from Cisseus, rough with sculptur'd gold;  
 Take it, my royal friend, and let it prove  
 A long-priz'd gift of dear respect and love. 695  
 Then he bestow'd the laurel, and aloud  
 Proclaim'd him victor to the shouting crowd.  
 Nor did the generous chief the prize deny,  
 Whose arrow pierc'd the bird amid the sky;  
 Next, he who cut the cord, with gifts was grac'd; 700  
 And he, whose arrow struck the tree, the last.

Now

Now call'd the prince, before the games were done,  
 The hoary guardian of his royal son,  
 And gently whispers in his faithful ear,  
 To bid Afcenius in his arms appear, 705  
 And with his youthful band and courfer come,  
 To pay due honours at his grandfire's tomb.  
 Next he commands the huge affembled train  
 To quit the ground, and leave an open plain.  
 Strait on their bridled fteeds, with grace divine, 710  
 The beauteous youths before their fathers fhine.  
 The blooming Trojans and Sicilians throng,  
 And gaze with wonder as they march along.  
 Around their brows a vivid wreath they wore;  
 Two glitt'ring lances tipt with ftcel they bore: 715  
 Thefe a light quiver ftor'd with shafts fustain,  
 And from their neck depends a golden chain.  
 On bounding fteeds advance three graceful bands,  
 And each a little blooming chief commands.  
 Beneath each chief twelve fprightly ftriplings came, 720  
 In fhining arms, in looks and age the fame.  
 Grac'd with his grandfire's name, Polites' fon,  
 Young Priam, leads the firft gay Squadron on;  
 A youth, whose progeny muft Latium grace:  
 He prefs'd a dappled fteed of Thracian race: 725  
 Before, white fspots on either foot appear,  
 And on his forehead blaz'd a filver ftar.  
 Atys the next advanc'd, with looks divine,  
 Atys the fource of the great Attian line:  
 Iulus' friendship grac'd the lovely boy: 730  
 And laft Iulus came, the pride of Troy,

In charms, superior to the blooming train;  
And spurr'd his Tyrian courser to the plain;  
Which Dido gave the princely youth, to prove  
A lasting pledge, memorial of her love. 735  
Th' inferior boys on beauteous courfers ride,  
From great Acestes' royal stalls supply'd.  
Now flush'd with hopes, now pale with anxious fear,  
Before the shouting crowds, the youths appear;  
The shouting crowds admire their charms, and trace 740  
Their parents lines in every lovely face.  
Now round the ring, before their fathers, ride  
The boys, in all their military pride.  
Till Periphantes' founding lash from far  
Gave the loud signal of the mimic war; 745  
Strait, in three bands distinct, they break away,  
Divide in order, and their ranks display:  
Swift at the summons they return, and throw  
At once their hostile lances at the foe:  
Then take a new excursion on the plain; 750  
Round within round, an endless course maintain;  
And now advance, and now retreat again;  
With well-dissembled rage their rivals dare,  
And please the crowd with images of war.  
Alternate now they turn their backs in flight, 755  
Now dart their lances, and renew the fight:  
Then in a moment from the combat cease,  
Rejoin their scatter'd bands, and move in peace.  
So winds delusive, in a thousand ways  
Perplex and intricate, the Cretan maze; 760  
Round



Round within round, the blind mæanders run,  
 Untrac'd and dark, and end where they begun.  
 The skilful youths, in sport, alternate ply  
 Their shifting course; by turns they fight and fly :

As dolphins gambol on the wat'ry way, 765

And, bounding o'er the tides, in wanton circles play.

This sport Ascanius, when in mighty length

He rais'd proud Alba glorying in her strength,

Taught the first fathers of the Latian name,

As now he solemniz'd the noble game. 770

From their successive Alban offspring come

These ancient plays, to grace imperial Rome ;

Who owns her Trojan band, and game of Troy

Deriv'd through ages from the princely boy.

Thus were the solemn funeral honours paid 775

To great Anchises' venerable shade.

But soon the prince his changing fortune found,

And in her turn the fickle goddess frown'd.

For, while the gather'd crowds the games repeat,

Heav'n's mighty empress, to the Trojan fleet, 780

(Her ancient rage still glowing in her soul)

Dispatch'd fair Iris from the starry pole.

Big with revengeful schemes, herself supplies

The rapid storm that bears her down the skies.

Unseen, the maid a thousand colours drew, 785

As down her bow, with winged speed, she flew :

And saw around the tomb th' assembly meet,

The vacant harbour, and neglected fleet.

Mean time, reir'd within the lonely shore,

Anchises' fate the Trojan dames deplore ; 790

Cast a long look o'er all the flood, and weep  
 To see the wide-extended wat'ry deep :  
 Yet, must we yet, alas ! new labours try,  
 More seas, more oceans ? was the general cry.  
 Oh ! grant a town at last, ye gracious gods ! 795  
 To wretches harraß'd with the winds and floods.  
 'Twas then, their raging sorrow to improve,  
 Amid the train shot Iris from above.  
 Aside her heav'nly charms the goddess threw,  
 And like old Beroë stood in open view ; 800  
 (Doryclus' hoary spouse, a noble dame,  
 Fam'd for her offspring, and illustrious name ;)  
 And thus the goddess fans the rising flame :  
 Ah ! wretched race, whom heav'n forbade to fall  
 By Grecian swords, beneath our native wall ! 805  
 Toßt round the seas, o'er every region cast,  
 Oh ! to what fate are we reserv'd at last !  
 Now, since imperial Troy in ashes lay,  
 Have sev'n successive summers roll'd away.  
 Still to new lands o'er floods and rocks we fly, 810  
 And sail, by every star, in every sky.  
 So long we chace, o'er all the boundless main,  
 The flying coasts of Italy in vain.  
 Here o'er our kindred Eryx' fruitful plains,  
 The hospitable king, Acestes reigns : . 815  
 What, what forbids our wand'ring Trojan bands,  
 To raise a city in these friendly lands ?  
 Ye gods preserv'd from hostile flames in vain !  
 Shall our dear Ilion never rise again ?

A second

A second Simois shall we view no more, 820  
 Or a new Xanthus, on a foreign shore ?  
 Rise then, rise all ; assist, ye mournful dames,  
 To set this execrable fleet in flames.  
 For late, Cassandra seem'd to load my hands,  
 In visions of the night, with blazing brands : 825  
 Seek Troy no more, she said : this destin'd place  
 Is the fixt mansion of the Dardan race.  
 Fly, fly we then, the omen to complete ;  
 The glad occasion calls to fire the fleet ;  
 Lo ! where to Neptune four proud altars rise ! 830  
 Lo ! his own fires the ready god supplies !  
 She said ;—then seiz'd a blazing brand, and threw ;  
 Th' increasing flames amid the navy flew.  
 At the bold deed, with deep surprise amaz'd,  
 The dames all wond'ring, on the goddesses gaz'd, 835  
 At last, the nurse of Priam's offspring broke  
 The general silence, and the train bespoke :  
 This was no Beroë, whom he saw appear,  
 But some bright goddesses from th' æthereal sphere.  
 Mark her majestic port ! her voice divine ! 840  
 O'er all her form what starry splendors shine !  
 She darts a glance immortal from her eyes,  
 Breathes, looks and moves, a sister of the skies !  
 Beroë I left in anguish, who repin'd,  
 Shut from the rites, and to her couch confin'd. 845  
 The matrons, now by doubts and fears impell'd,  
 First with malignant eyes the fleet beheld ;  
 In choice suspended for a space they stand,  
 Between the promis'd and the present land ;

When, smooth on levell'd wings, the goddess flies, 850  
And cuts a mighty bow along the skies.

Struck at the wond'rous sight, the shrieking dames,  
From the bright altars snatch the sacred flames ;  
Bring leaves and wither'd branches in their hands  
To feed the fires ; and hurl the blazing brands. 855  
Fierce through the ships, the decks, the crackling oars,  
In all his rage devouring Vulcan roars.

And now Eumelus to the host conveys  
The dreadful tidings of the rising blaze :  
The crowds grow pale ; they look behind and spy 860  
A cloud of cinders dark'ning all the sky.

And first Ascanius, as he led the band,  
Pour'd o'er the plain, impetuous, to the strand ;  
Nor can his panting guardians check the speed  
Of the young hero, and his fiery steed :  
Oh ! what curst rage is this, ye wretched dames ? 865  
To what dire purpose fly these fatal flames ?  
Beho'd, your own Ascanius—you destroy  
No Argive navy, but the hopes of Troy.

With that he threw his helmet on the shore, 870  
In which he led his youthful hands before.  
Next came Æneas, and the Trojan host.  
Th' affrighted dames dispersing o'er the coast,  
To woods and hollow caverns take their flight,  
Repent their crime, and hate the golden light : 875  
With alter'd minds their kindred they confest,  
And the fierce goddess fled from every breast.

Not so the furious flames ; they spread the more ;  
And, high in air, with rage redoubled roar.

Close

Close in the cordage works the fullen fire, 880  
 And through the ribs the heavy smokes expire.  
 Within the keel the subtle vapours lye ;  
 Thence the contagious flames through all the vessel fly.  
 The lab'ring heroes toil with fruitless pain,  
 And gushing floods on floods are pour'd in vain, 885  
 The prince then tore his robes in deep despair,  
 Rais'd high his hands ; and thus address his pray'r ;  
 Great Jove ! if one of all the Trojan state  
 Lives yet exempt from thy immortal hate ;  
 Oh ! if thy sacred eyes with wonted grace 890  
 Behold the miserable mortal race ;  
 Suppress these fires ; forbid them to destroy ;  
 And snatch from death the poor remains of Troy !  
 Or if my crimes, almighty fire ! demand  
 The last, last vengeance of thy dreadful hand, 895  
 On me, on me alone that vengeance shed,  
 And with thy levell'd thunders strike me dead !  
 Scarce had he said, when o'er the navy pours  
 A sudden gloomy cloud in rattling show'rs ;  
 Black with the southern winds the tempest flies, 900  
 And in a moment bursts from all the skies  
 In sluicy sheets and deluges of rain ;  
 And the loud thunders shook the mountain and the plain.  
 Fierce o'er the ships the waters took their way ;  
 And, quench'd in floods, the hissing timbers lay. 905  
 Four gallies lost ; at length the flames retire,  
 And all the remnant fleet escap'd the raging fire.  
 Mean time the hero by the loss oppress'd,  
 With various cares, that rack'd his lab'ring breast,

If still to seek the Latian realm debates, 910  
 Or here to fix, forgetful of the fates.  
 Then Nautes, fam'd for wisdom and for age,  
 (For Pallas taught the venerable sage,  
 What great events the fates and gods ordain ;)  
 Bespoke the chief, and thus reliev'd his pain. 915  
 'Tis best, illustrious hero, to obey,  
 And still pursue where fortune leads the way ;  
 By patience to retrieve our hapless state,  
 And rise superior to the strokes of fate.  
 Let great Acestes in your councils join, 920  
 Your royal friend, of Troy's immortal line.  
 Your vessels lost ; those numbers who remain,  
 A timorous, weak, unnecessary train,  
 The hoary fires and dames, unfit to bear  
 The perils of the sea, or toils of war, 925 }  
 Select ; and trust to his paternal care.  
 The weary wretches here their walls may frame,  
 And call their city by the monarch's name.  
 The prince approv'd th' advice his friend address'd,  
 But still a thousand cares distract his lab'ring breast. 930  
 Now o'er the solemn skies devoid of light,  
 High in her sable chariot rode the night ;  
 When to the godlike hero, from the pole  
 Descends, and speaks his mighty father's soul :  
 My son ! in all the fates of Troy approv'd, 935  
 Whom, while I liv'd, beyond my life I lov'd ;  
 Lo ! I am sent by heav'n's almighty fire,  
 Who from thy navy bade the flames retire.

The

The prudent counsel of thy friend obey,  
 Take, with the bravest youths, the dangerous way : 940  
 With these fair Latium shalt thou reach, and there  
 Wage with a rugged race a dreadful war.  
 Yet first, my son, to Pluto's regions go,  
 And meet thy father in the realms below;  
 For know, my spirit was not doom'd to dwell 945  
 In the dark horrors and the depths of hell,  
 But, with the pious blest assembly reigns,  
 In all the pleasures of th' Elysian plains.  
 But thou the blood of sable victims shed;  
 Then shall the Sibyl guide thee to the dead. 950  
 There shalt thou know what town the fates assign,  
 With the long glories of thy future line.  
 And now, farewell;—the night slides swift away  
 I feel from far the morning's painful ray;  
 And shrink and sicken at the beams of day. 955 }  
 He said, and lo! that moment from his eyes,  
 Like a thin smoke, dissolv'd into the skies.

Vanish'd so soon! where, whither art thou gone?  
 Why, why retires my father from his son?  
 What! not one last embrace? the prince exclaims : 960  
 Then to new life he wakes the slumb'ring flames;  
 And hoary Vesta, and the Trojan powers,  
 With sacred gifts and suppliant vows adores.  
 Strait the whole scene before his friends he lays, 965  
 But chief the vision to the king displays;  
 Unfolds the message sent from Heav'n above,  
 His father's counsel, and the will of Jove.

His

His friends approve the hero's new designs,  
 And in the task the good Acestes joins.  
 To the new town the matrons they assign'd, 970  
 And leave the willing vulgar crowds behind;  
 Souls, that no hopes of future praise inflame,  
 Cold and insensible to glorious fame.  
 With speed the half-burn'd vessels they repair,  
 Provide new cordage, decks, and oars with care;  
 A slender band, but eager all for war. 976 }  
 The prince then drew a city on the plain;  
 Next he assign'd the dwellings to the train.  
 Now a new Ilion in Trinacria rose,  
 And a new Simois and Scamander flows, 980  
 Well-pleas'd Acestes took the sov'reign sway;  
 Th' adopted subjects their new prince obey.  
 The king conven'd the peers around, and sate  
 To frame new laws, and regulate the state.  
 To Venus' name they bid a temple rise 985  
 From Eryx' top, high tow'ring to the skies:  
 And next a priest and ample grove were made,  
 For ever sacred to Anchises' shade.  
 Now nine whole days in solemn feasts had past;  
 When gentle breezes smooth'd the floods at last: 990  
 The southern winds invite their sails and oars;  
 Then cries and shrieks resound along the shores.  
 In long, long tenderness they spend the day,  
 In close embraces waste the night away.  
 Now all the wretches, e'en the female train 995  
 Who fear'd so late the dangers of the main,  
 And



And shrunk, the rolling ocean to survey,  
 All wish to take the long laborious way.  
 The melting hero soothes the wild despair, 999  
 And weeps, and gives them to the monarch's care.  
 Three heifers next to Eryx' name he pays, }  
 A lamb to every storm the hero slays, }  
 Unmoors his fleet, and every sail displays.  
 Crown'd with a graceful olive wreath he stands  
 High on the prow; a charger in his hands; 1005  
 Hurls the fat entrails o'er the foamy brine,  
 And stains the silver waves with sable wine.  
 Fresh rise the prosp'rous gales; the sailors sweep,  
 And dash with equal strokes the roaring deep. 1009  
 Mean time the queen of love with cares oppress'd,  
 The mighty father of the floods address'd:  
 Imperious Juno's unrelenting hate  
 To the poor relicks of the Trojan state,  
 (Which no decrees of Jove or fate restrain,  
 Nor length of years, nor vows preferr'd in vain) 1015  
 Compels a sifter goddess to repair,  
 To thee, great Neptune, with a suppliant's prayer,  
 For rage like her's, 'twas little to destroy,  
 Fair Asia's pride, th' imperial town of Troy!  
 'Twas not enough her wand'ring natives know 1020  
 All forms and all varieties of woe!  
 But oh! her groundless vengeance would efface,  
 Ev'n the last relicks of the perish'd race!  
 Thou, thou canst witness, ocean's mighty god!  
 With what dire storms she lash'd the Libyan flood; 1025

When,

When, arm'd with all th' Æolian winds in vain,  
 Earth, air, and heav'n, she mingled with the main, }  
 And rais'd such tumults in thy wat'ry reign.  
 Yet, still more shameful!—now her arts inspire  
 The Trojan dames to wrap the ships in fire; 1030  
 And urge my son, to leave his social band  
 (His fleet half-ruin'd) in a foreign land.  
 But oh! I beg for those, who yet remain,  
 A peaceful voyage to the Latian plain;  
 A suppliant goddess begs for nothing more 1035  
 Than those same realms the fates assign'd before!  
 'Tis yours, reply'd the monarch of the main,  
 Yours to command in this our wat'ry reign;  
 Since from the sacred ocean first you came,  
 Since your deserts your confidence may claim; 1040  
 Oft for your son I bade the whirlwinds cease;  
 I hush'd the roarings of the floods to peace;  
 And Simois can attest and Xanthus' stream,  
 By land my guardian care was still the same.  
 When first Achilles, furious to destroy, 1045  
 Drove to their walls the trembling sons of Troy;  
 Beneath his vengeful spear when thousands bled,  
 When the choak'd rivers groan'd with loads of dead;  
 When Xanthus' flood incumber'd with the slain,  
 Scarce roll'd his struggling billows to the main; 1050  
 Your son oppos'd him, with unequal might  
 And far inferior gods, in single fight:  
 Instant I snatch'd him from the dreadful fray,  
 And in a cloud convey'd the chief away.

Ev'n

Ev'n then I fav'd the warrior, when with joy 1055  
 I wifh'd and wrought the fall of perjur'd Troy :  
 And fill will fave him—he fhall plough the fea,  
 And to Avernus' port direct his way.  
 On the wild floods fhall only one be loft,  
 One fingle wretch atone for all the hoft ! 1060

Thus when the god had footh'd her anxious mind,  
 His finny courfers to the car he join'd ;  
 Next to their fiery mouths the bits apply'd,  
 And, while the wheels along the level glide, 1064 }  
 He throws up all the reins, and fkim the floating tide. }  
 The flood fubfides and fpreads a glaffy plain,  
 And the loud chariot thunders o'er the main ;  
 The clouds before the mighty monarch fly  
 In heaps, and fcatrer through the boundlefs fky :  
 A thoufand forms attend the glorious god, 1070  
 Enormous whales, and monfters of the flood :  
 Here the long train of hoary Glaucus rides ;  
 Here the fwift tritons fhoot along the tides ;  
 There rode Palæmon o'er the wat'ry plain,  
 With aged Phorcus, and his azure train ; 1075 }  
 And beauteous Thetis led the daughters of the main. }

Æneas view'd the fcene ; and hence arofe  
 A beam of joy to diffipate his woes.  
 Infant he gives command to fretch the fails,  
 To rear the maff and catch the fpringing gales. 1080  
 Strait the glad train the fpacious fheet unbind,  
 And fretch the canvas to the driving wind.  
 Old Palinurus firft the navy guides ;  
 The reft obedient follow through the tides.

Now half the night thro' heav'n had roll'd away, 1085  
 The sailors stretch'd along their benches lay,  
 When through the parting vapour swiftly flies  
 The god of slumbers from th' ethereal skies.  
 To thee, poor Palinure, he came, and shed  
 A fatal sleep on thy devoted head ! 1090  
 High on the stern his fient stand he took  
 In Phorbas' shape ; and thus the phantom spoke :  
 Behold, the fleet, my friend, securely sails,  
 Steer'd by the floods and wafted by the gales !  
 Now steal a moment's rest ; myself will guide 1095  
 Awhile the vessel o'er the floating tide.  
 To whom the careful Palinure replies,  
 While scarce he rais'd his heavy closing eyes :  
 Me would'st thou urge in sleep to sink away,  
 And fondly credit such a flatt'ring sea ? 1100  
 Too well, my friend, I know the treach'rous main !  
 Too well to tempt the monster's smiles again !  
 Too oft deceiv'd by such a calm before,  
 I trust my master to the winds no more.  
 This said, he grasp'd the helm, and fixt his eyes 1105  
 On every guiding star that gilds the skies.  
 Then o'er his temples shook the wrathful god  
 A branch, deep-drench'd in Lethe's silent flood.  
 The potent charm in dews of slumber sleep,  
 And soon weigh down his swimming eyes to sleep. 1110  
 Scarce yet his languid limbs had sunk away,  
 When o'er the wretch the god incumbent lay,  
 And, with a shatter'd fragment of the ship,  
 Bore down the helm and pilot to the deep ;

Headlong he tumbles in the flashing main, 1115  
 And calls for succour to his friends in vain.  
 Swift from the stern the airy phantom flies,  
 And with spread pinions mounts the golden skies;  
 Yet smooth along the flood the navy rode,  
 Safe in the promise of the wat'ry god. 1120  
 Now they approach'd the fire's dangerous coast,  
 Once rough, and infamous for vessels lost:  
 Huge heaps of bones still whiten all the shore;  
 And, dash'd from rock to rock, the billows roar.  
 The watchful prince th' endanger'd galley found, 1125  
 Without a pilot strike on shoaly ground;  
 Himself then took the task, by night to guide  
 The wand'ring vessel o'er the rolling tide:  
 O dear lamented friend! (the hero cries,)  
 For faith repos'd on flattering seas and skies, 1130 }  
 Cast on a foreign shore thy naked body lies!

End of the Fifth Book.



V I R G I L ' s

Æ N E I D.

B O O K VI.

## A R G U M E N T.

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell, describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shews him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.



## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

## BOOK VI.

**T**HUS while he wept; with flying sails and oars  
 The navy reach'd the fair Cumæan shores.  
 The circling anchors here the fleet detain,  
 All rang'd beside the margin of the main.  
 With eager transport fir'd, the Trojan band      5  
 Leap from the ships to gain th' Hesperian land.  
 Some strike from flints the sparkling seeds of flame,  
 Some storm the coverts of the savage game;  
 To feed the fires, unroot the standing woods,  
 And shew with joy the new-discover'd floods.      10  
 To Phœbus' fane the hero past along,  
 And those dark caverns where the Sibyl sung.  
 There, as the god enlarg'd her soul, she fate,  
 And open'd all the deep decrees of fate.  
 The train with reverence enter, and behold      15  
 Chaste Trivia's grove, and temple roof'd with gold;  
 A structure rais'd by Dædalus, ('tis said)  
 When from the Cretan king's revenge he fled,  
 On wings to Northern climes he dar'd to soar,  
 Through airy ways unknown to man before;      20  
 Full many a length of sky and ocean past,  
 On Cuma's sacred tow'rs he stoop'd at last.

Then hung to Phœbus in the strange abode,  
 The wings that steer'd him through the liquid road, }  
 And rais'd the pompous pile in honour of the god. 25 }  
 The matchless artist, on the lofty gate,  
 Engrav'd Androgeos' memorable fate:  
 And here by lot sad Athens early paid  
 Sev'n hapless youths, to soothe his angry shade.  
 Here stood the fatal urn; and there with pride 30  
 Fair Crete rose tow'ring on the silver tide.  
 There too the father of the herds was seen,  
 Who quench'd the passion of the lustful queen;  
 Their birth, a man below, a beast above,  
 The mingled offspring of preposterous love! 35  
 There stood the winding pile, whose mazes run  
 Round within round, and end where they begun.  
 But when the pitying Dædalus survey'd  
 The hopeless passion of the \* royal maid,  
 He led her Theseus through the puzzling ways, 40  
 Safe with a clue, and open'd every maze.  
 Thou too, poor Icarus! hadst borne a part,  
 Had grief not check'd thy parent in his art!  
 He thrice essay'd the mournful task in vain;  
 Thrice shook his hand, and drop'd the task again. 45  
 Thus had they gaz'd o'er all the costly frame,  
 When lo! Achates from the temple came;  
 With him Deiphobe of Phœbus' fane  
 The sacred priests—who at once began:—  
 Hence—gaze no more; sev'n chosen sheep with speed, 50  
 Sev'n steers, unconscious of the yoke, must bleed.

\* Ariadne.

She

She spoke; the crowds obey; and to the fane  
 Sublime, she calls the wand'ring Trojan train.  
 Scoop'd through the rock, in mighty depth display'd,  
 Lies the dark cavern of the Sibyl maid; 55

Through all the hundred portals rush abroad  
 Her sacred voice, and answers of the god.  
 Scarce at the cell arriv'd—invoke the skies,  
 I feel the god, the rushing god! she cries.  
 While yet she spoke, enlarg'd her features grew, 60  
 Her colour chang'd, her locks dishevel'd flew,  
 The heav'nly tumult reigns in every part,  
 Pants in her breast, and swells her rising heart:  
 Still spreading to the fight, the priestess glow'd,  
 And heav'd impatient of th' incumbent god. 65

Then to her inmost soul by Phœbus fir'd,  
 In more than human sounds she spoke inspir'd:  
 Still, dost thou still delay? thy voice employ  
 In ardent vows, illustrious prince of Troy!  
 Thy pray'rs, thy urgent pray'rs must wide display 70  
 These awful portals to the light of day.

She said; the Trojans shook with holy fear,  
 And thus the suppliant prince preferr'd his pray'r:

Hear, Phœbus, gracious God! whose aid divine  
 So oft has sav'd the wretched Trojan line, 75  
 And wing'd the shaft from Paris' Phrygian bow,  
 The shaft that laid the great Achilles low.  
 Led by thy guardian care, secure I past  
 Through many a realm, and rang'd the wat'ry waste;  
 Trod the wild regions where the Syrtes lie, 80  
 And lands that stretch beneath a different sky.

At length the coast of Italy we gain,  
 The flying coast, so long pursu'd in vain.  
 Till now, to every realm our course we bent,  
 And Ilion's fate pursu'd us where we went. 85  
 Now all ye pow'rs, confederate to destroy  
 The glorious empire and the tow'rs of Troy,  
 'Tis time to bid your wrathful vengeance cease,  
 To bid her poor remains repose in peace.  
 And thou, great Sybil! to whose piercing eye 90  
 Disclos'd the scenes of future ages lie;  
 Since all my cares and labours but explore  
 An empire promis'd by the Fates before,  
 Give me to fix in Latium's fair abodes  
 The sons of Troy, and rest her wand'ring gods: 95  
 Then shall my hands a glorious temple frame  
 To mighty Dian, and her brother's name;  
 And solemn days to Phœbus I'll decree,  
 And in my realms shall temples rise to thee;  
 There all thy mystic numbers will I place, 100  
 With all the fortunes of the Trojan race.  
 By chosen sages guarded, there shall lie  
 The records, sacred from the vulgar eye.  
 Nor be my fates to flitting leaves consign'd,  
 To fly the common sport of every wind! 105  
 But thou, even thou, great prophets! relate  
 In vocal accents all my future fate.

Now raves the Sibyl in her cave, oppress'd  
 By Phœbus raging in her heaving breast;  
 She struggles to discharge the mighty load, 110  
 Maddens and bounds, impatient of the god:

Her

Her foamy mouth attentive to control,  
 He forms her organs and commands her soul.  
 Then (all the hundred doors display'd to view)  
 Through every vent the sacred accents flew : 115

By sea, O prince ! are all thy perils o'er,  
 But far, far greater wait thee on the shore.  
 Dismiss thy doubts ; to Latium's destin'd plain  
 Troy's sons shall come, but wish to fly again.  
 Wars, horrid wars I see on Tyber's shore ; 120  
 And all his waves run thick with human gore !  
 Scamander shalt thou find, and Simois there,  
 And Greece shall arm a second host for war,

A new Achilles rises to the fight ;  
 Him too a pregnant goddess brings to light : 125  
 And heav'n's great queen, with unrelenting hate,  
 Still, as of old, pursues the Dardan state.

Once more the woes of Troy derive their cause  
 From a new breach of hospitable laws ;  
 And she must bleed again as late she bled, 130  
 For a rap'd princess and a foreign bed.

How shalt thou rove, new succours to implore,  
 From every court along the Latian shore !  
 But thou, more bold, the more thy fates oppose,  
 Advance, great prince, superior to thy woes : 135  
 Thy first fair hopes of safety and success,  
 Beyond thy fondest wish, shall rise from Greece.

Thus spoke the Sibyl from her dark abode  
 The dread mysterious answers of the god ;  
 The wond'rous truths involv'd in riddles, gave, 140  
 And, furious, bellow'd round the gloomy cave.

Apollo shook his rod ; posselt her whole,  
 Pour'd in his fires, and rein'd her raging soul.  
 At length the fierce ethereal transport cease,  
 And all the heavenly fury sunk in peace. 145

When thus the chief—O sacred dame ! I know  
 Too well already my predestin'd woe ;  
 But grant my pray'r !—Since here, as Fame relates,  
 Lies the dread road to Pluto's gloomy gates ;  
 Where baleful Acheron spreads, far and wide, 150  
 His livid, melancholy, murmuring tide ;  
 Unfold these portals, and thy suppliant lead  
 Down to the dark dominions of the dead :

Give me to view my father's reverend face,  
 And rush with transport to his dear embrace ! 155  
 Him through embattled armies I convey'd,  
 While javelins hiss'd, and flames around me play'd.

He shar'd my toils, determin'd to defy  
 The storms of every sea and every sky ;  
 In hardships, cares and dangers to engage ; 160  
 Nor spar'd his slooping venerable age.

Yet more—he bade me to thy cell repair,  
 And seek thy potent aid with suppliant pray'r :  
 Oh ! hear our joint request, our just desire ;  
 And guide the son, in pity to the fire. 165  
 Your's is the pow'r, for Hecaté bestow'd

On you the rule of this infernal wood.  
 If Orpheus by his lyre's enchanting strain  
 Could call his consort from the shades again ;  
 If Pollux dy'd alternate, to convey 170 }  
 His ransom'd brother to the realms of day,  
 And trod so oft the same infernal way ? }

Why should I Theseus, why Alcides name,  
 Each hero sprung but from a mortal dame ?  
 To hell those chiefs descended from above : 175 }  
 I claim a juster right ; for I can prove  
 My birth from Venus ; my descent from Jove. }

Then to the Trojan hero, as he pray'd  
 And grasp'd the altars, spoke the sacred maid :  
 O glorious prince ! of brave Anchises' line, 180  
 Great, godlike hero, sprung from seed divine !  
 Smooth lies the road to Pluto's gloomy shade ;  
 And hell's black gates for ever stand display'd :  
 But 'tis a long unconquerable pain,  
 To climb to these ethereal realms again. 185  
 The choice selected few, whom fav'ring Jove,  
 Or their own virtue rais'd to heaven above,  
 From these dark realms emerg'd again to day ;  
 The mighty sons of gods ! and only they !  
 The frightful entrance lies perplex'd with woods, 190  
 Inclos'd with sad Cocytus' fullen floods.

But since you long to pass the realms beneath,  
 The dreadful realms of darkness and of death,  
 Twice the dire Stygian stream to measure o'er,  
 And twice the black Tartarean gulf explore : 195  
 First, take my counsel, then securely go,  
 A mighty tree, that bears a golden bough,  
 Grows in a vale, surrounded with a grove,  
 And sacred to the queen of Stygian Jove.  
 Her nether world no mortals can behold, 200  
 Till from the bole they strip the blooming gold.

The

The mighty queen requires this gift alone,  
 And claims the shining wonder for her own.  
 One pluck'd away, a second branch you see  
 Snoot forth in gold, and glitter through the tree. 205  
 Go then; with care erect thy searching eyes,  
 And in proud triumph seize the glorious prize.  
 Thy purpos'd journey if the Fates allow,  
 Free to thy touch shall bend the costly bough:  
 If not; the tree will mortal strength disdain; 210  
 And steel shall hew the glitt'ring branch in vain.  
 Besides, while here my counsel you implore,  
 Your breathless friend, unburied on the shore,  
 (Ah! hapless warrior! in thy absence lost)  
 The camp unhallows, and pollutes the host, 215  
 First let his cold remains in earth be laid,  
 And decent in the grave dispose the dead.  
 The due lustration next perform, and bring  
 The sabb'e victims for the Stygian king.  
 Then to the realms of hell shalt thou repair, 220  
 Untrod by those who breathe the vital air.

She ceas'd; the mournful prince returns with sighs:  
 On earth the drooping hero fix'd his eyes.  
 Deep in his melancholy thoughts he weigh'd  
 The dire event, and all the Sibyl said; 225  
 While at his side the good Achates shares  
 The warrior's anguish, and divides his cares.  
 Oft they divin'd in vain, what hapless friend  
 Dead and expos'd, her dubious words intend,  
 But when arriv'd, amid the crowded strand 230  
 They saw Misenus stretch'd along the sand;

The



The great Misenus, of celestial kind  
 Sprung from the mighty monarch of the wind;  
 Whose trump, with noble clangors, fir'd from far  
 Th' embattled hosts, and blew the flames of war. 235  
 By Hector's side with unresisted might  
 His javelin rag'd; his trumpet rous'd the fight.  
 But when that hero on the Phrygian plain  
 By stern Pelides' thund'ring arm was slain,  
 He follow'd next Æneas' conqu'ring sword, 240  
 As brave a warrior as his former lord.  
 But while the daring mortal o'er the flood  
 Rais'd his high notes, and challeng'd every god,  
 With envy Triton hear'd the noble strain,  
 And whelm'd the bold musician in the main. 245  
 Around the body stood the mournful host,  
 By his great master wept, and suffer'd most.  
 The sorrowing troops the Sibyl's words obey,  
 And to the lofty forest bend their way,  
 To bid the proud funereal pyre arise, 250  
 And build the solemn structure to the skies.  
 Then fled the savage from his dark abode;  
 The well-ply'd axes echo through the wood.  
 The piercing wedges cleave the crackling oak;  
 Loud groan the trees and sink at every stroke. 255  
 The tall ash tumbles from the mountain's crown;  
 Th' aerial elms come crashing headlong down.  
 First of the train, the prince, with thund'ring sound,  
 Whirl'd his huge axe, and spread the ruin round.  
 Then as the mighty forest he survey'd, 260  
 O'erwhelm'd with care the thoughtful hero pray'd:  
 Oh !

Oh ! in this ample grove could I behold  
 The tree that blooms with vegetable gold !  
 Since truth inspir'd each word the Sibyl said ;  
 Too truly she pronounc'd Misenus dead ! 265  
 While yet he spoke, two doves before him flew :  
 His mother's birds the chief with transport knew ;  
 Then, as they settled on the verdant plain,  
 The joyful hero pray'd, nor pray'd in vain :  
 Be you my guides through airy tracks above, 270  
 And lead my footsteps to the fatal grove ;  
 Point out the road (if any can be found,)  
 Where the rich bough o'erspreads the sacred ground,  
 With chequer'd darkness pierc'd by golden rays,  
 And darts at once a shadow and a blaze : 275  
 Thou too, O goddess mother ! lead me on,  
 Unfold these wonders, and relieve my son.  
 This said, he stop'd ; but still his eager sight  
 Watch'd every motion, and observ'd their flight.  
 By turns they feed, by turns they gently fly ; 280  
 Th' advancing chief still follows with his eye.  
 Arriv'd at length, where, breathing to the skies,  
 Blue clouds of poison from Avernus rise,  
 Swift from the deathful blast at once they spring,  
 Cut the light air, and shoot upon the wing ; 285  
 Then on the wond'rous tree the doves alight,  
 Where shines the fatal bough divinely bright,  
 That, gliding all the leaves with glancing beams,  
 Strikes through the fullen shade with golden gleams :  
 As when bleak winter binds the frozen skies, 290  
 Push'd from the oak her foreign honours rise ;

The

The lofty trunk th' adopted branches crown,  
 Grac'd with a yellow offspring not her own :  
 So with bright beams, all beauteous to behold,  
 Glow'd on the dusky tree the blooming gold ; 295  
 The blooming gold, by every breath inclin'd,  
 Flam'd as it wav'd, and twinkled in the wind.  
 The chief with transport stripp'd the branching ore,  
 And the rich trophy to the Sibyl bore.

Next on the strand, with tears the Trojans paid 300  
 The last sad honours to Misenus' shade :

With cloven oaks and unctuous pines, they rear  
 A stately solemn pile aloft in air.

With sable wreaths they deck the sides around,  
 The spreading front with baleful cypress bound, 305 }  
 And with his arms the tow'ring structure crown'd.  
 Some the huge cauldron fill ; the foaming stream  
 From the deep womb mounts bubbling o'er the brim.

With groans the train ancient and bathe the dead,  
 O'er the cold limbs his purple garment spread, 310 }  
 And place him decent on the funeral bed ;

While these support the bier, and in their hands,  
 With looks averted, hold the flaming brands :  
 The rite of old !—rich incense loads the pyre,  
 And oils and slaughter'd victims feed the fire. 315

Soon as the pile, subsiding, flames no more,  
 With wine the smoking heap they sprinkled o'er ;  
 Then Choringæus took the charge, to place  
 The bones select'd in a brazen vase :

A verdant branch of olive in his hands, 320  
 He mov'd around, and purify'd the bands ;

Slow

Slow as he past, the lustral waters shed,  
Then clos'd the rites, and thrice invok'd the dead.

This done; to solemnize the warrior's doom,  
The pious hero rais'd a lofty tomb; 325  
The tow'ring top his well-known ensigns bore,  
His arms, his once loud trump, and tapering oar:  
Beneath the mountain rose the mighty frame,  
That bears from age to age Misenus' name.

These rites discharg'd: the Sibyl to obey, 330  
Swift from the tomb the hero bends his way.  
Deep, deep, a cavern lies, devoid of light,  
All rough with rocks, and horrible to fight;  
Its dreadful mouth is fenc'd with fable floods,  
And the brown horrors of surrounding woods. 335  
From its black jaws such baleful vapours rise,  
Blot the bright day, and blast the golden skies,  
That not a bird can stretch her pinions there  
Through the thick poisons and incumber'd air,  
But struck by death her flagging pinions cease; 340  
And hence Aörnus was it call'd by Greece.

Hither the priestless four black heifers led,  
Between their horns the hallow'd wine she shed;  
From their high front the topmost hairs she drew,  
And in the flames the first oblations threw. 345  
Then calls on potent Hecate, renown'd  
In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.  
The victims next th' attendants kill'd, and stood  
With ample chargers, to receive the blood.  
To earth and night a lamb of fable hue, 350  
With solemn rites, the pious hero flew.

Next

Next by the knife a barren heifer fell  
 To great Persephone the queen of hell.  
 Then to her lord, infernal Jove, he paid  
 A large oblation in the gloomy shade; 355  
 And oils amid the burning entrails pour'd,  
 While slaughter'd bulls the sacred flames devour'd.  
 When lo! by dawning day, with dreadful sound,  
 Beneath their footsteps groans the heaving ground; }  
 The groves all wave; the forests tremble round. 360 }  
 Pale Hecate forsook the nether sky,  
 And howling dogs proclaim'd the goddess nigh.  
 Fly, ye prophane! far, far away, remove  
 (Exclaims the Sybil) from the sacred grove:  
 And thou, Æneas, draw thy shining steel, 365  
 And boldly take the dreadful road to hell.  
 To the great task thy strength and courage call,  
 With all thy pow'rs; this instant claim them all.  
 This said; she plunges down the deep descent;  
 The prince as boldly follow'd where she went. 370  
 Ye subterraneous gods! whose awful sway  
 The gliding ghosts and silent shades obey;  
 O Chaos hoar! and Phœgeon profound!  
 Whose solemn empire stretches wide around;  
 Give me, ye great tremendous pow'rs, to tell 375  
 Of scenes, and wonders in the depths of hell;  
 Give me your mighty secrets to display  
 From those black realms of darkness to the day.

Now through the dismal gloom they pass, and tread  
 Grim Pluto's courts, the regions of the dead; 380  
 As

As puzzled travellers bewilder'd move,  
 (The moon scarce glimmering thro' the dusky grove)  
 When Jove from mortal eyes has snatch'd the light,  
 And wrapt the world in undistinguish'd night.

At hell's dread mouth a thousand monsters wait; 385  
 Grief sweeps, and Vengeance bellows in the gate:  
 Base Want, low Fear, and Famine's lawless rage,  
 And pale Disease, and slow repining Age,  
 Fierce formidable fiends! the portal keep;  
 With Pain, Toil, Death, and Death's half-brother Sleep.  
 There, Joys, embitter'd with remorse appear; 391  
 Daughters of Guilt! here storms destructive War.

Mad Discord there her snaky tresses tore:  
 Here, stretch'd on iron beds, the Furies roar.  
 Full in the midst a spreading elm display'd 395  
 His aged arms, and cast a mighty shade,  
 Each trembling leaf with some light vision teems,  
 And heaves impregnated with airy dreams.  
 With double forms each Scylla took her place  
 In hell's dark entrance, with the Centaur's race; 400  
 And, close by Lerna's hissing monster, stands  
 Briareus dreadful with an hundred hands.

There stern Geryon rag'd; and, all around,  
 Fierce Harpies scream'd, and direful Gorgons frown'd:  
 Here from Chimæra's jaws long flames expire; 405  
 And the huge fiend was wrap'd in smoke and fire.

Scar'd at the sight, his sword the hero drew  
 At the grim monsters, as they rose to view.  
 His guide then warn'd him, not to wage the war

With thin light forms, and images of air; 410  
 Else

Else had he rush'd amid th' impassive train,  
And madly struck at empty shades in vain.

From hence a dark uncomfortable road  
Leads to dread Acheron's Tartarean flood,  
Whose furious whirlpools boil on every side, 415  
And in Cocytus pour the roaring tide

All stain'd with ooze, and black with rising sands,  
Lord of the flood, imperious Charon stands;  
But rough, begrim'd, and dreadful he appear'd;  
Rude and neglected hung his length of beard; 420  
All patch'd and knotted flutters his attire;

His wrathful eyeballs glare with sanguine fire.  
Though old, still unimpair'd by years he stood,  
And hoary vigour blest the furling god.  
Himself still ply'd the oars, the canvas spread, 425  
And in his sallow bark convey'd the dead.

Hither, a mighty crowd, a mingled host,  
Confus'd, came pouring round the Stygian coast.  
Men, matrons, boys and virgins, in the throng,  
With mighty kings, and heroes march'd along; 430  
And blooming youths before their mournful fires

Stretch'd out untimely on their funeral pyres;  
Thick as the leaves come fluttering from above,  
When cooler autumn strips the blasted grove;  
Thick, as the feather'd flocks, in close array, 435  
O'er the wide fields of ocean wing their way,

When from the rage of winter they repair  
To warmer suns, and more indulgent air.  
All stretch'd their suppliant hands, and all implore  
The first kind passage to the farther shore. 440  
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Now these, now those, he singles from the host,  
 And some he drives all trembling from the coast.  
 The prince astonish'd at the tumult, cry'd,  
 Why crowd such mighty numbers to the tide?  
 Why are those favour'd ghosts transported o'er? 445  
 And these sad shades chas'd backward from the shore?  
 The full of days, the Sybil thus replies;  
 Great prince, the true descendant of the skies!  
 You see Cocytus' stream; the Stygian floods,  
 Whose awful sanction binds th' attesting gods. 450  
 Those, who neglected on the strand remain,  
 Are all a wretched, poor, unbury'd train,  
 Charon is he, who o'er the flood presides;  
 And those interr'd, who cross the Stygian tides.  
 No mortals pass the hoarse-resounding wave, 455  
 But those who slumber in the peaceful grave.  
 Thus, till a hundred years have roll'd away,  
 Around these shores the plaintive spectres stray.  
 That mighty term expir'd, their wanderings past,  
 They reach the long expected shore at last. 460  
 Struck with their fate, his steps the hero stay'd,  
 And with soft pity all the crowd survey'd.  
 When lo! Leucaspis in the throng he spy'd;  
 And great Orontes, once the Lycian guide;  
 Sullen and sad; for fate's relentless doom 465  
 Deny'd the chiefs the honour of a tomb;  
 Whose galley, whirl'd by tempests round and round,  
 Sunk, by a mighty surge devour'd and drown'd.  
 Now drew his pilot Palinurus nigh,  
 Who watching every star that gilds the sky, 470  
 While



While from the Libyan shores his course he keeps,  
 From the tall stern plung'd headlong down the deeps.  
 Penfive his slow approach the spectre made,  
 When, as the prince had scarce his form survey'd }  
 Thro' the thick gloom, he first address'd the shade : 475 }  
 What godhead, whelm'd my friend, our faithful guide,  
 Beneath the roarings of the dreadful tide ?  
 Tell me—for oh ! I never could complain,  
 Till now, of Phœbus, nor believ'd in vain.  
 Once he foretold—(but ah ! those hopes are lost) 480  
 That Palinure should reach th' Ausonian coast,  
 Safe from the giddy storm and rolling flood ;  
 Is this, is this the promise of a god ?

Nor Phœbus, he replies, foretold in vain,  
 Nor has a god o'erwhelm'd me in the main. 485  
 No—as I steer'd along the foamy sea,  
 Headlong I fell, and tore the helm away.  
 But by those fierce tumultuous floods I swear,  
 For my own life I never felt a fear,  
 For your's, alone I trembled, lest the ship, 490  
 Left all at large and bounding o'er the deep,  
 Rob'd of her helm and long-experienc'd guide,  
 Should sink, o'erwhelm'd in such a furious tide.  
 For three long stormy nights sublime I rode,  
 Heav'd by the southern tempests o'er the flood ; 495  
 At early dawn my eyes could just explore,  
 From a tall tow'ring surge, th' Italian shore.  
 Thus tir'd, the land I gain by slow degrees,  
 And, 'scap'd at length the dangers of the seas ;

But hopes of prey the savage natives led, 500  
 And, while I grasp'd the shaggy mountain's head,  
 (My cumb'rous vests yet heavy from the main,)  
 By barbarous hands thy helpless friend was slain.  
 And now by floating surges am I tost,  
 With every wind, and dash'd upon the coast. 505  
 But by the light of yon ethereal air,  
 By thy dead father, and surviving heir,  
 O prince! thy pity to a wretch extend;  
 And from these dismal realms enlarge thy friend.  
 Or to the Veline port direct thy way, 510  
 And in the ground my breathless body lay:  
 Or, if thy goddess-mother can disclose  
 Some means to fix a period to my woes,  
 (For sure uncall'd, unguided by the gods,  
 You durst not pass these dreadful Stygian floods) 515  
 Lend to a pining wretch thy friendly hand,  
 And waft him with thee to the farther strand!  
 Thus, in this dismal state of death at least  
 My wand'ring soul may lie compos'd in rest.

And how, reply'd the dame, could rise in man 520  
 A wish so impious; or a thought so vain!  
 Uncall'd, unbury'd, wouldst thou venture o'er,  
 And view th' infernal fiends who guard the shore?  
 Hope not to turn the course of fate by pray'r,  
 Or bend the gods inflexibly severe: 525  
 But bear thy doom content; while I disclose  
 A beam of comfort to relieve thy woes;  
 For know, the nations bord'ring on the floods,  
 Alarm'd by direful omens of the gods,

In full atonement of thy death shall rear 530

A mighty tomb, and annual offerings bear.

The place, from age to age renown'd by fame,

Still shall be known by Palinurus' name.

These words reliev'd his sorrows, and display'd

A dawn of joy to please the pensive shade. 535

Now they proceed; but soon the pilot spy'd

The strangers from the wood approach the tide.

Then to the godlike chief, in wrath he said,

Mortal! whoe'er thou art, in arms array'd,

Stand off; approach not; but at distance say, 540

Why to these waters dar'st thou bend thy way?

These are the realms of Sleep, the dreadful coasts

Of fable Night, and airy gliding ghosts.

No living mortals o'er the stream I lead;

Our bark is only sacred to the dead. 545

Know, I repent I led Pirithoüs o'er,

With mighty Theseus, to the farther shore;

The great Alcides past the Stygian floods;

Though these were heroes, and the sons of gods.

From Pluto's throne, this drag'd in chains away 550

Hell's triple porter, trembling, to the day,

Those from his lofty dome aspir'd to lead

The beauteous partner of his royal bed.

To whom the sacred dame—how vain thy fear!

These arms intend no violence of war. 555

May the huge dog through all the Stygian coasts,

Roar from his den, and scare the flying ghosts;

Untouch'd and chaste, Persephoné may dwell,

And with grim Pluto share the throne of hell:

The Trojan prince, *Æneas*, far around 560  
 For valour, arms, and piety renown'd,  
 Through these infernal realms decrees to go,  
 And meet his father in the shades below.  
 To bend thy mind, if such high virtue fail,  
 At least this glorious present must prevail; 565  
 (Then show'd the bough, that lay beneath her vest.)  
 At once his rising wrath was hush'd to rest;  
 At once stood-reconcil'd the ruthless god,  
 And bow'd with reverence to the golden rod;  
 Bow'd, and refus'd his office now no more, 570  
 But turns the fable vessel to the shore;  
 Drives from the deck the sitting airy train;  
 Then in the bark receiv'd the mighty man.  
 The feeble vessel groans beneath the load,  
 And drinks at many a leak th' infernal flood. 575  
 The dame and prince at last are wafted o'er  
 Safe to the slimy strand and oozy shore.

Arriv'd, they first grin *Cerberus* survey;  
 Stretch'd in his den th' enormous monster lay,  
 His three wide mouths, with many a dreadful yell, 580  
 And long, loud bellowings, stook the realms of hell:  
 Now o'er his neck the starting serpents rose,  
 When to the fiend the dame a morsel throws.  
 Honey, and drugs, and poppy juices steep  
 The temper'd mass with all the pow'rs of sleep. 585  
 With three huge gaping mouths, impatient flies  
 The growling savage, and devours the prize;  
 Then, by the charm subdu'd, he sunk away; [lay,  
 And stretch'd all o'er the cave, the slumb'ring monster  
 The

The fiend thus lull'd, the hero took the road, 590  
And left behind th' irremeable flood.

Now, as they enter'd, doleful screams they hear;  
And tender cries of infants pierce the ear.

Just new to life, by too severe a doom,  
Snatch'd from the cradle to the silent tomb! 595

Next, mighty numbers' crowd the verge of hell,  
Who, by a partial charge and sentence fell.

Here, by a juster lot, their seats they took;  
The fatal urn imperious Minos shook,

Convenes a council, bids the spectres plead, 600  
Rehears the wretches, and absolves the dead.

Then crowds succeed, who, prodigal of breath,  
Themselves anticipate the doom of death;

Though free from guilt, they cast their lives away,  
And sad and fullen hate the golden day. 605

Oh! with what joy the wretches now would bear  
Pain, toil and woe, to breathe the vital air!

In vain!—by fate for ever are they bound  
With dire Avernus, and the lake profound!

And Styx with nine wide channels roars around, 610 }

Next open wide the melancholy plains,  
Where lovers pine in everlasting pains;

Those soft consuming flames they felt alive,  
Pursue the wretches, and in death survive.

Here, where the myrtle groves their shades display, 615

In cover'd walks they pass their hours away,

Evadne, Phædra, Procris he survey'd,

Pasiphaë next, and Laodamia's shade,

Stabb'd by her son, false Eriphylé there  
 Points to her wound, and lays her bosom bare : 620  
 Cœneus, who try'd both sexes, trod the plain,  
 Now to a woman chang'd by fate again.  
 With these, fair Dido rang'd the silent wood,  
 New from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood ;  
 The chief, advancing through the shady scene, 625  
 Scarce through the gloom discern'd the fullen queen :  
 So the pale moon scarce glimmers to the eye,  
 When first she rises in a clouded sky,  
 He wept, and thus address'd her in the grove,  
 With all the melting tenderness of love : 630  
     Then was it true, that by revengeful steel,  
 Stung with despair, unhappy Dido fell ?  
 And I, was I the cause of that despair ?  
 Yet oh ! I vow by every golden star ;  
 By all the pow'rs th' ethereal regions know, 635  
 By all the pow'rs that rule the world below,  
 I left your realm reluctant ; o'er the floods  
 Call'd by the Fates, and summon'd by the gods ;  
 Th' immortal gods ; — by whose commands I come  
 From yon bright realms to this eternal gloom : 640  
 Condemn'd the wasteful deep of night to tread,  
 And pass these doleful regions of the dead.  
 Ah ! could I think, when urg'd by heav'n to go,  
 My flight would plunge you in the depth of woe !  
 Stay, Dido, stay, and see from whom you fly ? 645  
 'Tis from your fond repentant lover's eye.  
 Turn then one moment, and my vows believe,  
 The last, last moment fate will ever give !

Nought

Nought to these tender words the fair replies,  
 But fixt on earth her unrelenting eyes, 650  
 The chief still weeping: with a fullen mien,  
 In stedfast silence, frown'd th' obdurate queen.  
 Fixt as a rock amidst the roaring main,  
 She hears him sigh, implore, and plead in vain.  
 Then, where the woods their thickest shades display, 655  
 From his detested sight she shoots away;  
 There from her dear Sichæus in the grove,  
 Found all her cares repaid, and love return'd for love.  
 Touch'd with her woes, the prince with streaming eyes  
 And floods of tears, pursues her as she flies. 660

Hence he proceeds; and last the fields appear,  
 Where stalk'd the proud heroic sons of war.  
 Tydeus and pale Adrastus rose to fight,  
 With \* Atalanta's son renown'd in fight.  
 Here, a long crowd of chiefs the prince beheld, 665  
 Who fell lamented in the glorious field,  
 His Trojan friends;—with sighs he view'd the train;  
 Three valiant sons of sage Antenor slain:  
 Here brave Thersilocus and Glaucus stood,  
 Medon and Polycætes bath'd in blood. 670  
 Idæus there still glories in alarms,  
 Vaults on his car, and wields his shining arms.  
 Eager to view the chief, on either hand,  
 Rank behind rank, the eager warriors stand:  
 All in their turn retard the prince, to know 675  
 What urg'd his journey to the shades below.

\* Parthenopæus.

Not to the kings of Greece—appall'd, dismay'd,  
 The hostile chiefs the godlike man survey'd  
 In arms that glitter'd through the dusky shade. }  
 Some turn'd and fled, astonish'd at the view, 680  
 As when before him to their fleets they flew,  
 Some rais'd a cry ; the fluttering accents hung,  
 And dy'd imperfect on the trembling tongue.  
 Here Priam's son, Deïphobus, he found ;  
 The mangled youth was one continu'd wound. 685  
 For now his face, his beauteous face appears  
 Gash'd, and dishonour'd with a thousand scars.  
 His hands, ears, nostrils, hideous to survey !  
 The stern insulting foes had lopp'd away ;  
 Trembling he stood, industrious to conceal 690  
 The bloody traces of the ruthless steel.  
 Soon as the prince discern'd him, he began,  
 And thus deplor'd the miserable man :  
 O brave Deïphobus ! O chief divine !  
 Sprung from majestic Teucer's martial line : 695  
 What fierce barbarian hands could thus disgrace  
 Thy manly figure, and thy beauteous face ?  
 In that last night, when Ilion sunk in flame,  
 I heard, brave warrior ! from the voice of fame,  
 You fell on heaps of foes, with slaughter tir'd, 700  
 And on the glorious purple pile expir'd.  
 With care I rais'd on our Rhoëtean coast  
 A vacant tomb, and hail'd thy mighty ghost :  
 Thy name and arms adorn the place around ;  
 And, had thy mangled bleeding corse been found, 705 }  
 Thy relics had repos'd in Trojan ground,

My



My friend (replies the chief) has duly paid,  
 All funeral honours to my pensive shade ;  
 But these dire woes from fatal Helen came ;  
 These are the triumphs of the Spartan dame !      710  
 For well, too well you know, in what delight  
 We fondly spent our last destructive night :  
 When the vast monster big with Ilion's doom,  
 'Tower'd through the town, an army in its womb ;  
 In solemn show she bade the dames advance,      715  
 And in dissembled orgies led the dance ;  
 A flaming torch she brandish'd in her hand ;  
 Then from the tow'r invites the Grecian band,  
 While, worn with labours I repos'd my head  
 (Ah wretch ill-fated !) on our bridal bed.      720  
 My heavy lids the dews of slumber steep,  
 Lull'd in a soft, profound, and death-like sleep.  
 Then from beneath my head, as tir'd I lay,  
 My loyal bride conveys my sword away,  
 Removes my arms, unfolds the door, and calls      725  
 Her Spartan lord within my palace walls ;  
 Betrays her last, to please her former spouse,  
 And cancel all the guilt of broken vows !  
 Fierce they broke in, by dire Ulysses led,  
 And basely slew me in the bridal bed.      730  
 Hear my just pray'rs, ye gods !—to Greece repay  
 A fate like mine ; give all your vengeance way !  
 But thee, O prince, what wond'rous fortune led  
 Alive, to these dominions of the dead ?  
 Say, did the will and counsel of the gods,      735  
 Or the rude tempests and tumultuous floods,

Compel thy course from yon ethereal light,  
To these dark realms of everlasting night ?

Mean time the swift-wing'd coursers of the sun  
Through heav'n full half their fiery race had run ; 740  
And all th' appointed hours in talk had past,  
But thus the priests warn'd the chief at last :  
Lo ! night advances, prince !—we waste away  
In idle sorrows the remains of day.

See—in two ample roads, the way divides ; 745  
The right, direct, our destin'd journey guides,  
By Pluto's palace, to th' Elysian plains ;  
The left to Tartarus, where, bound in chains,  
Loud howl the damn'd in everlasting pains. }  
Dismiss thy wrath, replies the pensive shade, 750  
But one word more—I then rejoin the dead :  
Go—mighty prince, the promis'd throne ascend ;  
Go—but with better fortune than thy friend !  
With these last accents, to the warrior host  
Retires the trembling, melancholy ghost. 755

Now to the left, Æneas darts his eyes,  
Where lofty walls with triple ramparts rise.  
There rolls swift Phlegethon, with thund'ring sound,  
His broken rocks, and whirls his surges round.  
On mighty columns rais'd sublime are hung 760  
The massy gates, impenetrably strong.  
In vain would men, in vain would gods essay,  
To hew the beams of adamant away.  
Here rose an iron tow'r : before the gate,  
By night and day, a wakeful fury fate, 765  
The

The pale Tisiphone; a robe she wore,  
 With all the pomp of horror, dy'd in gore.  
 Here the loud scourge and louder voice of pain,  
 The crashing fetter, and the rattling chain,  
 Strike the great hero with the frightful sound, 770  
 The hoarse, rough, mingled din, that thunders round:  
 Oh! whence that peal of groans? what pains are those?  
 What crimes could merit such stupendous woes?

Thus she—Brave guardian of the Trojan state,  
 None that are pure must pass that dreadful gate. 775  
 When plac'd by Hecat o'er Avernus' woods,  
 I learnt the secrets of those dire abodes, }  
 With all the tortures of the vengeful gods.  
 Here Rhadamanthus holds his awful reign,  
 Hears and condemns the trembling impious train. 780  
 Those hidden crimes the wretch till death suppress,  
 With mingled joy and horror in his breast,  
 The stern dread judge commands him to display;  
 And lays the guilty secrets bare to day.  
 Her lash Tisiphone that moment shakes; 785  
 The ghost she scourges with a thousand snakes;  
 Then to her aid, with many a thund'ring yell,  
 Calls her dire sisters from the gulfs of hell.  
 Now the loud portals from their hinges flew,  
 And all the dreadful scene appears in view. 790  
 Behold without what direful monster waits  
 (Tremendous form!) to guard the gloomy gates!  
 Witnin, her bulk more dreadful hydra spreads,  
 And hissing rears her fifty tow'ring heads.

Full twice as deep the dungeon of the fiends, 795  
 The huge, Tartarean, gloomy gulf descends  
 Below these regions, as these regions lie  
 From the bright realms of yon' ethereal sky.  
 Here roar the Titan race, th' enormous birth;  
 The ancient offspring of the teeming earth. 800  
 Pierc'd by the burning bolts, of old they fell,  
 And still roll bellowing in the depths of hell.  
 Here lie th' Alcian twins, in length display'd;  
 Stretch'd as they lie, the giants I survey'd,  
 Who warr'd to drive the thunderer from above; 805  
 And form'd the skies, and shook the throne of Jove.  
 The proud Salmoëus, wrapt in chains below,  
 Raves in eternal agonies of woe;  
 Who mock'd with empty sounds and mimic rays,  
 Heav'n's awful thunder and the lightning's blaze; 810  
 Th' audacious wretch through Elis tower'd in air,  
 Whirl'd by four coursers in his rattling car;  
 A blazing torch he shook; o'er crowds he rode;  
 And madly claim'd the glories of a god.  
 O'er hollow vaults he lash'd the steeds along, 815  
 And, as they flew, the brazen arches rung.  
 Vain fool! to mock the bolts of heav'n above,  
 And those inevitable flames of Jove!  
 But from the clouds, th' avenging father aims  
 Far other bolts and undissembled flames: 820  
 Dash'd from his car, the mimic thunderer fell,  
 And in a fiery whirlwind plung'd to hell.  
 There too th' enormous 'Tityus I beheld,  
 Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er th' infernal field;  
 He

He cover'd nine large acres as he lay,  
 While with fierce screams a vulture tore away 825 }  
 His liver for her food, and scoop'd the smoking prey; }  
 Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plung'd in vain, }  
 For still the fruitful fibres spring again, }  
 Swell, and renew th' enormous monster's pain, 830 }  
 She dwells for ever in his roomy breast, }  
 Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's rest; }  
 But still th' immortal prey supplies th' immortal feast. }  
 Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,  
 Ixion's torments, or Pirithoüs fate? 835  
 On high a tottering rocky fragment spreads,  
 Projects in air, and trembles o'er their heads.  
 Stretch'd on the couch, they see with longing eyes  
 In regal pomp successive banquets rise,  
 While lucid columns, glorious to behold, 840  
 Support th' imperial canopies of gold.  
 The queen of Furies, a tremendous guest,  
 Sits by their side, and guards the tempting feast,  
 Which if they touch, her dreadful torch she rears,  
 Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears. 845  
 They that on earth had base pursuits in view,  
 Their brethren hated, or their parents slew,  
 And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their store,  
 But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor:  
 Or in a cause unrighteous fought and bled; 850  
 Or perish'd in the foul adulterous bed;  
 Or broke the ties of faith with dark deceit;  
 Imprison'd deep, their destin'd torments wait.

But

But what their torments, seek not thou to know,  
 Or the dire sentence of their endless woe. 855  
 Some roll a stone, rebounding down the hill,  
 Some hang suspended on the whirling wheel;  
 There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire,  
 Chain'd down for ever in a chair of fire.  
 There Phlegyas feels unutterable woe, 860  
 And roars incessant through the shades below;  
 Be just, ye mortals! by these torments aw'd,  
 These dreadful torments, not to scorn a god.  
 This wretch his country to a tyrant fold,  
 And barter'd glorious liberty for gold, 865  
 Laws for a bribe he past, but past in vain,  
 For the same laws a bribe repeal'd again.  
 This wretch by hot preposterous lust was led,  
 To climb and violate his daughter's bed.  
 To some enormous crimes they all aspir'd; 870  
 All feel the torments that those crimes requir'd!  
 Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,  
 A voice of brass, and adamantine lungs,  
 Not half the mighty scene could I disclose,  
 Repeat their crimes, or count their dreadful woes!--875  
 Thus spoke the priests of the god of day;  
 And, haste, she cry'd; to hell's great empress pay }  
 The destin'd present, and pursue thy way.  
 For lo! the high Cyclopean walls are near,  
 And in full view the massy gates appear. 880  
 On these the gods enjoin thee to bestow  
 The sacred offering of the golden bough.

This

This said, they journey'd through the solemn gloom,  
And reach'd at length the proud imperial dome:

With eager speed his course the hero bore, 885 }  
With living streams his body sprinkled o'er,  
And fixt the glittering present on the door.

These rites compleat, they reach the flowery plains,  
The verdant groves where endless pleasure reigns.

Here glowing Æther shoots a purple ray, 890  
And o'er the region pours a double day.

From sky to sky th' unweary'd splendor runs,  
And nobler planets roll round brighter suns.  
Some wrestle on the sands; and some, in play  
And games heroic, pass the hours away. 895

Those raise the song divine, and these advance  
In measur'd steps to form the solemn dance.

There Orpheus, graceful in his long attire,  
In seven divisions strikes the sounding lyre;  
Across the chords the quivering quill he flings, 900  
Or with his flying fingers sweeps the strings.

Here Teucer's ancient race the prince surveys,  
The race of heroes born in happier days:  
Ilus, Assaracus in arms rever'd,  
And Troy's great founder Dardanus appear'd: 905

Before him stalk'd the tall majestic train,  
And pitch'd their idle lances on the plain.

Their arms and airy chariots he beheld;  
The steeds unharnes'd graz'd the flowery field.  
Those pleasing cares the heroes felt, alive, 910  
For chariots, steeds, and arms, in death survive.

Some on the verdant plains were stretch'd along ;  
 Sweet to the ear their tuneful Pæans rung :  
 Others beneath a laurel grove were laid,  
 And joyful feasted in the fragrant shade. 915  
 Here, glittering through the trees, his eyes survey  
 The streams of Po descending from the day.  
 Here a blest train advance along the meads,  
 And snowy wreaths adorn their graceful heads :  
 Patriots who perish'd for their country's right, 920  
 Or nobly triumph'd in the field of fight :  
 There, holy priests, and sacred poets stood,  
 Who sung with all the raptures of a god :  
 Worthies, who life by useful arts refin'd,  
 With those, who leave a deathless name behind, 925 }  
 Friends of the world, and fathers of mankind !  
 This shining band the priests thus address,  
 But chief Musæus, tow'ring o'er the rest ;  
 So high the poet's lofty stature spreads  
 Above the train, and overtops their heads ! 930  
 Say, happy souls ! and thou, blest poet, say,  
 Where dwells Anchises, and direct our way ?  
 For him we took the dire infernal road,  
 And stem'd huge Acheron's tremendous flood.  
 'To whom the bard — Unsettled we remove, 935  
 As pleasure calls from verdant grove to grove ;  
 Stretch'd on the flowery meads, at ease we lie,  
 And hear the silver rills run bubbling by.  
 Come then, ascend this point, and hence survey  
 By yon descent an open easy way. 940  
 He



He spoke, then stalk'd before; and from the brow  
 Points out the fair enamei'd fields below.  
 They leave the proud ærial height again,  
 And pleas'd bend downward to the blissful plain.

Anchises there, the hero's fire divine, 945  
 Deep in the vale had rang'd his glorious line;  
 Rank behind rank, his joyful eyes survey  
 The chiefs in bright succession rise to day.  
 He counts th' illustrious race with studious cares,  
 Their deeds, their fates, their victories and wars. 950  
 Soon as his lov'd Æneas he beheld,  
 His dear, dear son, advancing o'er the field;  
 Eager he stretch'd his longing arms, and shed  
 A stream of tears, and thus with transport said:  
 Then has thy long-try'd pious love surpass'd 955  
 The dreadful road, to meet thy fire at last?  
 Oh! is it given to see, nor see alone,  
 But hear, and answer to my godlike son?  
 This I presag'd, indeed, as late I ran  
 O'er times and seasons; nor presag'd in vain. 960  
 From what strange lands, what stormy seas and skies  
 Returns my son, to bless my longing eyes?  
 How did my anxious mind your danger move,  
 Then, when in Carthage you indulg'd your love!

Your shade, the prince replies, your angry shade, 965  
 In many a frightful vision I survey'd.  
 By your behest I came to these abodes;  
 My fleet lies anchor'd in the Tuscan floods:  
 Give me, O father! give thy hand, nor shun  
 The dear embraces of a dutious son. 970

While yet he spoke, the tender sorrows rise,  
 And the big drops run trickling from his eyes.  
 Thrice round his neck his eager arms he threw;  
 Thrice from his empty arms the phantom flew,  
 Swift as the wind, with momentary flight, 975  
 Swift as a fleeting vision of the night.  
 Meantime the hero saw, with wondering eyes,  
 Deep in a vale a waving forest rise:  
 Through those sequester'd scenes flow Lethe glides,  
 And in low murmurs lulls her slumbering tides; 980  
 Unnumber'd ghosts around the waters throng,  
 And o'er the brink the airy nations hung.  
 So to the meads in glowing summer pour  
 The clustering bees, and rife every flow'r:  
 O'er the sweet lilies hang the busy swarms; 985  
 The fields remurmur to the deep alarms.  
 Struck with the sight, the prince astonish'd stood;  
 Oh! say, why throng such numbers to the flood?  
 Or what the nature of the wond'rous tide,  
 And who the crowds?—To whom the fire reply'd: 990  
 To all those souls who round the river wait,  
 New mortal bodies are decreed by fate.  
 To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,  
 And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.  
 How have I wish'd before thee to display 995  
 These my descendants, ere they rise to day!  
 Thus shalt thou Latium find with double joy,  
 Since fate has fixt th' eternal throne of Troy.—  
 O father! say, can heavenly souls repair  
 Once more to earth, and breathe the vital air? 1000  
 What!

What!—can they covet their corporeal chain?  
 Gods!—can the wretches long for life again!—  
 Attend, he cry'd, while I unfold the whole,  
 And clear these wonders that amaze thy soul.  
 Then the great fire the scheme before him lays, 1005  
 And thus each awful secret he displays:

Know first, a spirit, with an active flame,  
 Fills, feeds and animates this mighty frame;  
 Runs through the wat'ry worlds, the fields of air,  
 The pond'rous earth, the depths of heav'n; and }  
                   there 1010 }

Glow's in the sun and moon, and burns in every star.  
 Thus, mingling with the mass, the general soul  
 Lives in the parts, and agitates the whole.  
 From that celestial energy began  
 The low-brow'd brute; th' imperial race of man; 1015  
 The painted birds who wing th' aerial plain,  
 And all the mighty monsters of the main.

Their souls at first from high Olympus came;  
 And, if not blunted by the mortal frame,  
 Th' ethereal fires would ever burn the same! 1020 }

But while on earth; by earth-born passions tost,  
 The heavenly spirits lie extinct and lost;  
 Nor steal one glance, before their bodies die,  
 From those dark dungeons to their native sky.  
 Ev'n when those bodies are to death resign'd, 1025  
 Some old inherent spots are left behind;  
 A sully'ing tincture of corporeal stains  
 Deep in the substance of the soul remains.

Thus are her splendors dimm'd, and crufted o'er  
 With thofe dark vices, that ſhe knew before. 1030  
 For this the ſouls a various penance pay,  
 To purge the taint of former crimes away :  
 Some in the ſweeping breezes are refin'd,  
 And hung on high to whiten in the wind ;  
 Some cleanſe their ſtains beneath the guſhing ſtreams,  
 And ſome riſe glorious from the ſearching flames. 1036  
 Thus all muſt ſuffer ; and, thoſe ſufferings paſt,  
 The clouded minds are purify'd at laſt.  
 But when the circling ſeaſons as they roll,  
 Have cleanſ'd the dross long-gather'd round the ſoul ;  
 When the celeftial fire divinely bright, 1041  
 Breaks forth victorious in her native light ;  
 Then we, the choſen few, Elyſium gain,  
 And here expatiate on the bliſſful plain.  
 Both thoſe thin airy throngs thy eyes behold, 1045  
 When o'er their heads a thouſand years have roll'd,  
 In mighty crowds to yon Lethean flood  
 Swarm at the potent ſummons of the god ;  
 There deep the draught of dark oblivion drain ;  
 Then they deſire new bodies to obtain, 1050 }  
 And viſit heav'n's ethereal realms again.  
 This ſaid, the fire conducts their ſteps along  
 Through the loud tumult of th' ærial throng ;  
 Then climb'd a point, and every face deſcry'd,  
 As the huge train preſt forward to the tide ; 1055  
 Now hear, while I diſplay our race divine,  
 And the long glories of our Dardan line,

The

The noble Roman heroes, who shall rise  
 From Trojan blood, successive, to the skies.  
 This mighty scene of wonders I relate,                   1060  
 And open all thy glorious future fate.  
 First then behold yon blooming youth appear,  
 That hero leaning on his shining spear!  
 This thy last son, thy hoary age shall grace,  
 Thy first brave offspring of the Latian race;                   1065  
 From fair Lavinia in the groves he springs,  
 A king, and father of a race of kings;  
 Sylvius his name; proud Alba shall he sway  
 And to his sons th' imperial pow'r convey.  
 See! where the youth, already wing'd to rise,                   1070  
 Stands on the verge of life, and claims the skies.  
 Procas the next behold, a chief divine,  
 Procas the glory of the Trojan line;  
 Capys and Numitor there pant for fame;  
 There a new \*Sylvius bears thy mighty name;                   1075  
 Like thee, just, great and good, for valour known,  
 The chief shall mount th' imperial Alban throne.  
 What strength each youth displays? but who are those  
 With Civic crowns around their manly brows?  
 By those shall Gabii and Nomentum rise,                   1080  
 And proud Collatian tow'rs invade the skies.  
 Then Faunus' town with turrets shall be crown'd,  
 And fair Fidena stretch her ramparts round.  
 Then Bola too shall rise, of mighty fame;  
 Unpeopled now they lie, and lands without a name!                   1085

\* Sylvius Æneas.

Bright Ilia, sprung from Trojan blood, shall bear  
 Yon glorious hero to the god of war :  
 Behold great Romulus, her victor son ;  
 Whose sword restores his grandfire to the throne.  
 Lo ! from his helmet what a glory plays ! 1090  
 And Jove's own splendours round his temples blaze.  
 From this brave prince, majestic Rome shall rise ;  
 The boundless earth, her empire shall comprize ; }  
 Her fame and valour tow'r above the skies !  
 Seven ample hills th' imperial city grace, 1095  
 Who nobly glories in her martial race ;  
 Proud of her sons, she lifts her head on high ;  
 Proud, as the mighty mother of the sky,  
 When through the Phrygian towns, sublime in air,  
 She rides triumphant in her golden car, 1100  
 Crown'd with a nodding diadem of tow'rs ;  
 And counts her offspring, the celestial pow'rs,  
 A shining train, who fill the blest abode,  
 A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a god !  
 Turn, turn thine eyes ! see here thy race divine, 1105  
 Behold thy own imperial Roman line :  
 Cæsar, with all the Julian name survey ;  
 See where the glorious ranks ascend to day !—  
 'This—this is he !—the chief so long foretold  
 To bless the land where Saturn rul'd of old, 1110 }  
 And give the Lerncan realms a second age of gold !  
 The promis'd prince, Augustus the divine,  
 Of Cæsar's race, and Jove's immortal line !  
 'This mighty chief his empire shall extend  
 O'er Indian realms, to earth's remotest end. 1115

The

The hero's rapid victories out-run [fun!  
 The year's whole course, the stars, and journeys of the  
 Where, high in air, huge Atlas' shoulders rise,  
 Support th' ethereal lights, and prop the rolling skies!  
 He comes!—he comes!—proclaim'd by every god!  
 Nile hears the shout, and shakes in every flood. 1121  
 Proud Asia flies before his dire alarms,  
 And distant nations tremble at his arms.  
 So many realms not great Alcides past,  
 Not, when the brazen-footed hind he chas'd, 1125  
 O'er Erymanthus' sleeps the boar pursu'd;  
 Or drew the huge Lernean monster's blood.  
 Nor Bacchus such a length of regions knew,  
 When on his car the god in triumph flew,  
 And shook the reins, and urg'd the fiery wheels, 1130  
 Whil'd by swift tygers down the Indian hills.—  
 And doubt we yet, by virtuous deeds to rise,  
 When fame, when empire is the certain prize?  
 Rise, rise, my son; thy Latian foes o'ercome!  
 Rise, the great founder of majestic Rome! 1135  
 But who that chief, who crown'd with olive stands,  
 And holds the sacred relicks in his hands?  
 I know the pious Roman king from far,  
 The silver beard, and venerable hair;  
 Call'd from his little barren field away, 1140  
 To pomp of empire and the regal sway.  
 Tullus the next succeeds, whose loud alarms  
 Shall rouse the slumb'ring sons of Rome to arms.  
 Inspir'd by him, the soft unwarlike train  
 Repeat their former triumphs o'er again, 1145

Lo Ancus there!—the giddy crowd he draws,  
 And swells too much with popular applause.  
 Now wou'dst thou Tarquin's haughty race behold,  
 Or fierce avenging Brutus, brave and bold?  
 See the stern chief stalk awful o'er the plain, 1150  
 The glorious chief, who breaks the tyrant's chain:  
 He to his axe shall proud rebellion doom,  
 The first great consul of his rescu'd Rome!  
 His sons (who arm, the Tarquins to maintain,  
 And fix oppression in the throne again) 1155  
 He nobly yields to justice, in the cause  
 Of sacred freedom and insulted laws.  
 Though harsh th' unhappy father may appear,  
 The judge compels the fire to be severe;  
 And the fair hopes of fame the patriot move, 1160  
 To sink the private in the public love.

Like him, Torquatus, for stern justice known,  
 Dooms to the axe his brave victorious son.  
 Behold the Drusi prodigal of blood!  
 The Decii dying for their country's good! 1165  
 Behold Camillus there; that chief shall come  
 With four proud triumphs to imperial Rome.  
 Lo! in bright arms two spirits rise to fight!  
 How strict their friendship in the realms of night!  
 How fierce their discord when they spring to light! }  
 How furious in the field will both appear! 1171  
 With what dire slaughter! what a waste of war!  
 Impetuous to the fight the father pours  
 From the steep Alps, and tall Ligurian tow'rs.

The



The son, with servile monarchs in his train, 1175  
 Leads the whole Eastern world, and spreads the plain.  
 Oh! check your wrath, my sons; the nations spare;  
 And save your country from the woes of war;  
 Nor in her sacred breast, with rage abhorr'd,  
 So fiercely plunge her own victorious sword! 1180  
 And thou, be thou the first; thy arms resign,  
 Thou, my great son of Jove's celestial line!—  
 Yon chief shall vanquish all the Grecian pow'rs,  
 And lay in dust the proud Corinthian tow'rs,  
 Drive to the capitol his gilded car, 1185  
 And grace the triumph with the spoils of war.  
 That chief shall stretch fair Argos on the plain,  
 And the proud seat of Agamemnon's reign,  
 O'ercome th' Æacian king, of race divine,  
 Sprung from the great Achilles' glorious line; 1190  
 Avenge Minerva's violated fane,  
 And the great spirits of thy fathers slain.  
 What tongue, just Cato, can thy praise forbear!  
 Or each brave Scipio's noble deeds declare,  
 Africk's dread foes; two thunderbolts of war! 1195  
 Who can the bold Fabricius' worth repeat,  
 In pride of poverty, divinely great;  
 Call'd by his bleeding country's voice to come  
 From the rude plough, and rule imperial Rome!  
 Tir'd as I am the glorious roll to trace, 1200  
 Where am I snatch'd by the long Fabian race!  
 See where the patriot shines, whose prudent care  
 Preserves his country by protracted war!—

The subject nations, with a happier grace,  
 From the rude stone may call the mimic face, 1205 }  
 Or with new life inform the breathing brass :  
 Shine at the bar, describe the stars on high,  
 The motions, laws, and regions of the sky :  
 Be this your nobler praise in times to come,  
 These your imperial arts, ye sons of Rome ! 1210  
 O'er distant realms to stretch your awful sway,  
 To bid those nations tremble and obey ;  
 To crush the proud, the suppliant foe to rear,  
 To give mankind a peace, or shake the world with war !--

He said--awhile their ravish'd eyes admire 1215  
 The wond'rous scenes :--when thus proceeds the fire :  
 See ! where Marcellus tow'rs above the train,  
 And bears the regal trophies from the plain.  
 Endanger'd Rome shall bless his guardian care,  
 And stand unshaken in a storm of war. 1220  
 Carthage and Gaul the hero's might shall prove,  
 The third who hangs th' imperial spoils to Jove.---  
 With him the Trojan prince a youth beheld  
 In shining arms advancing o'er the field ;  
 A beauteous form ; but clouds his front surround, 1225  
 And his dim eyes were fixt upon the ground.  
 Say, who that youth (he cries) o'ercaft with grief ;  
 The youth who follows that victorious chief ?  
 His son ? or one of his illustrious line ?  
 What numbers shout around the form divine ? 1230  
 His port how noble ! how august his fame !  
 How like the former ! and how near the same !

But

But gloomy shades his pensive brows o'erspread,  
 And a dark cloud involves his beauteous head.  
 Seek not, my son, replies the fire, to know 1235  
 (And, as he spoke, the gushing sorrows flow)  
 What woes the gods to thy descendants doom,  
 What endless grief to every son of Rome!  
 This youth on earth the Fates but just display,  
 And soon, too soon, they snatch the gift away! 1240  
 Had Rome for ever held the glorious prize,  
 Her bliss had rais'd the envy of the skies!  
 Oh! from the martial field what cries shall come!  
 What groans shall echo through the streets of Rome!  
 How shall old Tyber, from his oozy bed, 1245  
 In that sad moment rear his reverend head,  
 The length'ning pomp and funeral to survey,  
 When by the mighty tomb he takes his mournful way!  
 A youth of nobler hopes shall never rise,  
 Nor glad like him the Latian fathers eyes: 1250  
 And Rome, proud Rome shall boast, she never bore,  
 From age to age, so brave a son before!  
 Honour and fame, alas! and ancient truth,  
 Revive and die with that illustrious youth!  
 In vain embattled troops his arms oppose: 1255  
 In every field he tames his country's foes,  
 Whether on foot he marches in his might,  
 Or spurs his fiery courser to the fight.  
 Poor pitied youth! the glory of the state!  
 Oh! cou'dst thou shun the dreadful stroke of fate, 1260  
 Rome should in thee behold, with ravish'd eyes,  
 Her pride, her darling, her Marcellus rise!

Bring

Bring fragrant flow'rs, the whitest lilies bring,  
 With all the purple beauties of the spring;  
 These gifts at least, these honours I'll bestow 1265  
 On the dear youth, to please his shade below---  
 Thus, while the wond'rous scenes employ their fight,  
 They rove with pleasure in the fields of light.

When the great fire had taught his son the whole,  
 And with the Roman glories fir'd his soul; 1270  
 Next to the list'ning hero he declares  
 His toils in Latium, and successive wars;  
 Gives him their nations and their towns to know,  
 And how to shun, or suffer every woe.

Two gates the silent courts of sleep adorn, 1275  
 That of pale ivory, this of lucid horn.  
 Through this, true visions take their airy way,  
 Thro' that, false phantoms mount the realms of day.  
 Then to the ivory gate he led them on,  
 And there dismiss'd the Sibyl and his son. 1280

Now the great chief, returning to the main,  
 Reviews his fleet, and glads his friends again.  
 Then, steering by the strand, he ploughs the sea,  
 And to Caieta's port directs his way:  
 'There all the fleet the crooked anchors moor; 1285  
 And the tall ships flood rang'd along the shore.

End of the Sixth Book.

V I R G I L's

Æ N E I D.

B O O K VII.

## A R G U M E N T.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, who is in love with her, being favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alceto, breaks the treaty which was made; and engages in his quarrel, Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many others of the neighbouring princes; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly recited.

## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

## BOOK VII.

YOU too, Cajeta, whose indulgent cares  
 Nurst the great chief, and form'd his tender years,  
 Expiring here (an ever honour'd name !)  
 Adorn Hesperia with immortal fame :  
 Thy name survives to please thy penfive ghost ; 5  
 Thy sacred relicks grace the Latian coast.  
 Soon as her funeral rites the prince had paid,  
 And rais'd a tomb in honour of the dead ;  
 (The sea subsiding, and the tempests o'er)  
 He spreads the flying sails, and leaves the shore. 10  
 When, at the close of night, soft breezes rise,  
 The moon in milder glory mounts the skies :  
 Safe in her friendly light the navy glides ;  
 The silver splendors trembling o'er the tides.  
 Now by rich Circe's coast they bend their way, 15  
 (Circe, fair daughter of the god of day ;)  
 A dangerous shore : the echoing forests rung,  
 While at the loom the beauteous goddess sung :  
 Bright cedar brands supply her father's rays,  
 Perfume the dome, and round the palace blaze. 20  
 Here wolves with howlings scare the naval train,  
 And lions roar reluctant to the chain.

Here growling bears and swine their ears affright,  
And break the solemn silence of the night.  
These once were men ; but Circe's charms confine, 25  
In brutal shapes, the human forms divine.  
But Neptune, to secure the pious host  
From these dire monsters, this enchanted coast,  
A friendly breeze to every sail supplies ;  
And o'er the deeps the rapid navy flies. 30

Now on her car was gay Aurora borne,  
And ocean reddens with the rising morn ;  
The winds lie hush'd ; the swelling surge subsides ;  
And with their bending oars they labour thro' the tides.

From hence the hero view'd a range of woods ; 35  
Through the dark scene roll Tyber's glittering floods ;  
With circling whirlpools urge their winding way,  
And lead their yellow waters to the sea.  
The painted birds, that haunt the golden tide,  
And flutter round the banks on every side, 40  
Along the groves in pleasing triumph play,  
And with soft music hail the dawning day,  
Smooth o'er the shaded floods, at his command,  
The painted galleys glide, and reach the land.

Now, goddess ! aid thy poet, while he sings 45  
The state of Latium, and her ancient kings ;  
Her dark confusions from their birth explores,  
When first the Trojans reach'd th' Hesperian shores.  
Thou, thou, great Erato ! my soul inspire,  
To sing each furious fight with equal fire. 50  
A mightier work, a nobler scene appears ;  
A long, long series of destructive wars !



Kings against kings engag'd in dire alarms !  
 And all Hesperia rous'd to all the rage of arms !  
 Latinus o'er the realm the sway maintain'd ; 55  
 And long in peace the hoary prince had reign'd ;  
 From Faunus and a fair Laurentian dame,  
 A lovely nymph, the mighty monarch came.  
 From Picus, Faunus drew his birth divine ;  
 From Saturn he, great author of the line. 60  
 Fate from this king had snatch'd each blooming son :  
 And one bright daughter heir'd the imperial throne.  
 Fir'd by her matchless charms, the youths repair  
 From all the realms around, to court the fair ;  
 Bold Turnus too the royal maid address'd, 65  
 Whose birth and beauty far surpass the rest.  
 The Latian queen, to gain so brave a son,  
 Had made the blooming hero's cause her own.  
 Vain was her aim, for every power divine  
 Withstood the match, with many a dreadful sign. 70  
 Amid the court a laurel rose in air,  
 Preserv'd for ages with religious care ;  
 This venerable plant Latinus found,  
 When first his town with rising towers he crown'd ;  
 (Which thence deriv'd her name, as records say ;) 75  
 Then made it sacred to the god of day.  
 It chanc'd, a cloud of bees in gathering swarms  
 Swept through the skies, with murmuring hoarse alarms ;  
 Pour'd in, and settling on the topmost bough  
 Stretch'd down, dependent deep in air below : 80  
 In one black lengthening chain together clung,  
 Feet clasp'd in feet, the clustering nations hung.

On this exclaims an augur—I explore  
 A foreign confort from a distant shore ;  
 From yon same point a stranger host shall come ; 85  
 And here their prince shall reign in this imperial dome.

Yet more ; while chaste Lavinia, at the shrine,  
 Burns od'rous incense to the powers divine ;  
 As by her father stood the royal fair,  
 The fires flew round, and caught her waving hair : 90  
 O'er all her rich embroider'd garments roll'd  
 The wanton flame, and crept through every fold ;  
 Then, crackling, through her crown victorious plays ;  
 The gems run melting in the golden blaze :  
 Around the fair the dancing glories stray'd, 95  
 And lambent fires involv'd the lovely maid ;  
 Then from her beauteous head enlarging grew,  
 Wide and more wide, and round the palace flew.  
 From this strange sign, portentous to behold,  
 Th' astonish'd seer surprising truths foretold, 100  
 That bright with fame should shine the glorious fair,  
 But through the nations spread the flames of war.

Mean time the king, astonish'd at the sign,  
 Hastes to consult his prescient \* fire divine.  
 In dark Albunea's shades, supreme of woods ! 105  
 Where from her fountains boil sulphureous floods ;  
 Thick from her streams the clouds of poison rise,  
 And, charg'd with heavy vapours, load the skies.  
 Here, in distress, th' Italian nations come,  
 Anxious, to clear their doubts, and learn their doom. 110

\* Faunus.

First,

First, on the fleeces of the slaughter'd sheep,  
 By night the sacred priest dissolves in sleep :  
 When, in a train, before his slumbering eye,  
 Thin, airy forms, and wond'rous visions fly.  
 He calls the pow'rs, who guard th' infernal floods ; 115  
 And talks, inspir'd, familiar with the gods.  
 To this dread oracle the prince withdrew,  
 And first a hundred sheep the monarch slew ;  
 Then on their fleeces lay ; and from the wood  
 He heard distinct these accents of the god : 120

Seek not a native prince, my son, nor wed  
 Thy royal daughter to a Latian bed.  
 A foreign chief appears, of mighty fame,  
 Whose race to heav'n shall raise our glorious name ;  
 O'er either ocean shall their empire run, 125  
 Beyond the radiant journeys of the sun.  
 In every clime their standards are unfurl'd !  
 And, prostrate at their feet, shall lie the trembling world !

These answers of the god, reveal'd by night,  
 The king divulg'd, and fame display'd to light ; 130  
 Spread the glad tidings all the nations o'er ;  
 When now the Trojan navy reach'd the shore.

The hero with his son and chiefs had laid  
 Their limbs at ease beneath a cooling shade ;  
 Then, dictated by Jove, the banquet spread 135  
 On cakes of flour along the verdant mead ;  
 The slender cakes the busy Trojans load  
 With fruits austere, and wildings of the wood :  
 These scanty viands soon consum'd, the crew,  
 Compell'd by hunger, on their tables flew ; 140

Full eager they devour'd, by want distress'd,  
 The frail supporters of the failing feast.  
 When with a laugh, Ascanius—we devour  
 The plates and boards on which we fed before.  
 Th' auspicious words his fire in rapture took, 145  
 And weigh'd what once the oracle had spoke :

Hail happy realm, which fate so long has ow'd !  
 All hail, he cry'd, each guardian Trojan god !  
 My fire, when fair Elysium blest my eyes,  
 Did thus disclose the secrets of the skies : 150  
 " When, prest by raging famine, you devour  
 " Your boards, impatient, on a foreign shore ;  
 " There thy long labours shall with peace be crown'd ;  
 " There build thy town, and raise the ramparts round."  
 This is the famine that the Fates foreshow, 155  
 And this the place to terminate our woe.  
 Then bend we from the port, at dawn of day,  
 Our eager steps, and strike a different way,  
 To view the land, the cities to explore,  
 And know what nations hold the fated shore. 160  
 Now place again the goblets on the board ;  
 Be great Anchises honour'd and ador'd,  
 And pour the wine to heav'n's almighty lord. }

Then, while the verdant boughs his temples grace,  
 The prince ador'd the Genius of the place ; 165  
 The Nymphs, and unknown pow'rs that rule the floods,  
 And sacred Earth, great source of all the gods ;  
 And awful Night ; with her the stars that rise,  
 To gild her face, and beautify the skies ;

And

And Jove, the guardian god of Troy, implores, 170  
 And the great mother of th' ethereal pow'rs;  
 His mighty parents last, with honours crown'd  
 In heav'n above, and Erebus profound.

The hero's vows th' almighty heard from high,  
 And thrice he thunder'd from an azure sky; 175  
 And shook, majestic as the thunders roll'd,  
 A fiery cloud, that blaz'd with beams of gold.

Now through the Trojan host the news had flown,  
 The day was come to raise their promis'd town;  
 All, warm'd with transport at the happy sign, 180  
 Indulge the feast, and quaff the generous wine.

Soon as the morning shot a purple ray,  
 And tip'd the mountains with the beams of day,  
 By different ways the busy train explore  
 The bounds, the cities, and the winding shore. 185  
 Here dwell the Latian line; there Tyber flows;  
 And here thy sacred stream, Numicus, rose.

Now sent the Trojan prince (a peace to gain)  
 A hundred youths selected from the train,  
 With presents for the king. Without delay, 190  
 All crown'd with olives took their speedy way.  
 Mean time the chief design'd th' allotted ground  
 For the new town, and drew the trench around:  
 High tow'rs and ramparts all the place inclose;  
 And, like a camp, the sudden city rose. 195

Now the commission'd youths proceed with haste,  
 And spy the lofty Latian spires at last.  
 Before the gate, the blooming active train  
 Or break the fiery courser to the rein,  
 Or whirl the chariot o'er the dusty plain;

}  
 200 }

Or bend the bow, or toss the whizzing spear,  
 Or urge the race, or wage the mimic war.  
 When lo ! a messenger, dispatch'd with speed,  
 Spurs to the Latian court his panting steed,  
 And told the monarch what illustrious guests 205  
 Arriv'd from foreign lands in foreign vests.  
 The monarch summon'd all the train, and shone,  
 In state majestic on the regal throne.  
 High o'er the town, surrounded by a wood,  
 Old Picus' venerable palace stood,—— 210  
 August and awful ! proudly rose, around,  
 A hundred columns, and the structure crown'd.  
 Here kings receiv'd the types of royal pow'r,  
 The crown and scepter, and the robes they wore.  
 This was their temple ; this their court of state, 215  
 Here at their sacred feasts the fathers sat ;  
 And in long orders, as their thrones they fill'd,  
 On offer'd rams their annual banquets held.  
 Before the gates a venerable band,  
 In cedar carv'd, the Latian monarchs stand. 220  
 Sabinus there, who press'd the foaming wine,  
 Extend the hook that prun'd the generous vine :  
 The front old Italus and Saturn grace,  
 And hoary Janus with his double face ;  
 And many an ancient monarch, proud to bear 225  
 In their dear country's cause the wounds of war.  
 Hung on the pillars, all around appears  
 A row of trophies, helmets, shields, and spears,  
 And solid bars, and axes keenly bright,  
 And naval beaks, and chariots seiz'd in fight. 230  
 With

With his divining wand in solemn state,  
 With robes succinct the royal Picus fate.  
 Fierce in his car of old he swept the field;  
 And still the hero grasps the shining shield.  
 Him beauteous Circe lov'd, but lov'd in vain; 235  
 Th' enchantress dame, rejected with disdain,  
 Transform'd the hapless monarch, in despair,  
 Chang'd to a painted bird, and sent to flit in air.

Thus sat the sov'reign in the pompous fane,  
 And gave admission to the Dardan train. 240  
 Then to th' illustrious strangers, from the throne,  
 The prince with mild benevolence begun.

Say, noble Trojans, for we knew your name  
 And ancient race, before your navy came;  
 What cause your fleet to Latium could convey, 245  
 What call, through such a length of wat'ry way?  
 Or were your gallies wide in ocean lost?  
 Or driv'n by tempests on th' Hesperian coast?  
 Such dangers oft befall the train who ride  
 O'er the wild deeps, and stem the furious tide. 250  
 Vouchsafe to be our guests, and Latium grace;  
 For know, our generous hospitable race,  
 By Saturn form'd, from him their manners draw,  
 Just without ties, and good without a law.  
 From old Auruntian sages once our ears 255  
 Have heard a tale, though sunk in length of years;  
 These realms the birth of Dardanus could boast,  
 Who sail'd from hence, and reach'd your Phrygian coast.  
 He left the Tuscan realms, and now on high  
 Dwells in the starry mansions of the sky: 260  
 Call'd

Call'd from this nether world to heav'n's abodes,---  
He reigns above, a god among the gods !

O prince divine ! great Faunus' glorious son ;  
(Thus, to the king Ilioneus begun ;)

Nor stars mislead our fleets, nor tempests tost, 265

Nor wide we wander'd to the Latian coast,  
But our determin'd course, spontaneous bore,  
With one fixt purpose, to this friendly shore ;  
Driv'n from the noblest empire o'er the seas,  
That the bright sun in all his race surveys. 270

We and our prince derive our birth divine  
From Jove, the source of our ethereal line ;  
And at the godlike chief's command we come,  
His suppliant envoys to this regal dome.  
Those, who beyond the bounds of ocean hurl'd, 275

Possess that wild un hospitable world ;  
And those who glow beneath the burning zone,  
Beneath the fiery chariot of the sun,  
Have heard, and heard with terror from afar,  
What a dire deluge, what a storm of war, 280

With ruin charg'd, and furious to destroy,  
From Greece burst thund'ring o'er the realms of Troy ;  
When Europe shook proud Asia with alarms,  
And fate set two contending worlds in arms,  
Snatch'd from that storm, to roll around the floods,

We beg some place, to fix our wand'ring gods ; 286  
Some vacant region, you with ease can spare ;

The common use of water, earth, and air.

Nor shall this new alliance bring disgrace,

But add new glories to th' Italian race ; 290

Nor



Nor Latium shall repent the kind supply,  
 Nor shall the dear remembrance ever die.  
 Now by our potent glorious prince I swear,  
 As true in peace as dreadful in the war;  
 Though now as suppliants at thy throne we stand, 295  
 With humble pray'rs and olives in our hand,  
 Yet many nations, prince, invite our train,  
 And our alliance court, but court in vain.  
 For know, the gods, the mighty gods command  
 'The sons of Troy to seek the Latian land. 300  
 To Tyber's flood great Phœbus urg'd our way,  
 Where spring Numicus' sacred streams to day;  
 Here Dardanus was born, of heav'nly strain;  
 Hence first he came, and now returns again.  
 Yet more---these presents from the Trojan king, 305  
 These reliicks of his former state we bring,  
 Snatch'd from devouring flames---his fire, of old,  
 Pour'd due libations from this bowl of gold:  
 In these rich robes the royal Priam shone,  
 And gave the law, majestic, from the throne: 310  
 This crown, this scepter, did the monarch wear;  
 These vests were labour'd by the Trojan fair.

He ceas'd---the sov'reign paus'd in thought profound,  
 And fixt his eyes unmov'd upon the ground.  
 His daughter's fortunes all his mind employ, 315  
 And future empire, not the gifts from Troy.  
 Deep in his mind the prophecy he roll'd,  
 And deem'd this chief, the son the gods foretold,  
 The mighty hero long foredoom'd by fate  
 To share the glories of the regal state;--- 320

From

From whom a race, victorious by their swords,  
Should rise in time, the world's majestic lords :  
Then joyful spoke : May heav'n our counsels bless,  
And its own omens, with the wish'd success !  
Well pleas'd, my friends, your presents I receive, 325  
And free admission in my kingdoms give ;  
Nor shall you want, while I the throne enjoy,  
A land as fruitful as the fields of Troy.  
But let your godlike prince, if he request  
Our royal friendship, be our honour'd guest ; 330  
The peace he asks in person he may bring,  
Go then---report this message to your king.---  
A beauteous daughter in her bloom is mine,  
Forbid to wed in our Ausonian line :  
This all our native oracles deny, 335  
And every dreadful omen of the sky.  
From foreign shores, a foreign son appears,  
Whose race shall lift our glory to the stars.  
Your prince, the destin'd chief the Fates require,  
Our thoughts divine, and we, my friends, desire. 340  
He said, and order'd steeds, to mount the band ;  
In lofty stalls three hundred courses stand,  
Their shining sides with crimson cover'd o'er ;  
The sprightly steeds embroider'd trappings wore,  
With golden chains, refulgent to behold : 345  
Gold were the bridles, and they champ'd on gold.  
But to their prince he sent a glorious car,  
With two distinguish'd coursers for the war ;  
Fierce as they flew, their nostrils breath'd a fire ;  
'These Circe stole from her celestial fire, 350  
By

By mortal mares on earth, who, all unknown,  
 Mixt with the flaming courfers of the fun.  
 Pleas'd with the monarch's gift, their steeds they prefs,  
 And to their anxious lord return with peace.

But Jove's imperial queen, from Argos far, 355  
 Rides on the whirlwinds through the fields of air.  
 From proud Pachynus' point, her eyes explore  
 The Trojan prince, and all his fleet on shore.  
 The bulwarks rife, the troops poffefs the strand,  
 Defert the fhips, and pour upon the land; 360  
 She flood in anguish fixt, and fhook her head,  
 Then, fir'd with rage, the wrathful goddefs faid:

Curft race:—a race I labour to deftroy!—  
 But Juno finks beneath the fates of Troy!  
 Did not the captives break the victor's chain? 365  
 Did not her flaughter'd fons revive again?  
 Did they not force, when Troy in afhes lay,  
 Through fires and armies their victorious way?  
 What—heav'n's great empress flags, by toils opprest!  
 Or fure, her glutt'd vengeance lies at reft! 370  
 And yet I dar'd purfue the banifh'd train  
 Through the laft bounds of Neptune's wat'ry reign.  
 With rocks, with gulfs, with thunders from on high,  
 With all the ftrms of ocean and the fky.  
 In vain with ftrms I rous'd the roaring main; 375  
 Earth, fkyes, and oceans wag'd my war in vain,  
 In vain dire Scylla thunder'd o'er the fea;  
 Nor could the vaft Charybdis bar the way.  
 For lo! in Tyber's flood their navies ride,  
 Mock my revenge, and triumph o'er the tide. 380  
 And

And yet the god of battles could efface,  
 For one neglect, the Lapithæan race,  
 For one neglect, did Jove himself resign  
 To Dian's wrath the Calydonian line.

But I, the queen supreme of gods above, 385

The mighty consort of imperial Jove,  
 In vain for years one nation have pursu'd;  
 Nay by one single mortal am subdu'd!

Yet, though my pow'rs are baffled, will I try  
 Whatever pow'rs in nature's circle lie. 390

What! though the partial heav'ns my aims repel,  
 I'll raise new forces from the depths of hell!

What!--if the Trojan must in Latium reign!

What!--if the Fates a regal bride ordain!

Yet, may I still the nuptial rite delay, 395

And by a length of wars defer the day.

Yet, shall the people bleed! the kings shall reign,

The lonely monarchs of an empty plain!

Yet shall the father and the son make good

Their league of friendship, in their subjects blood; 400

In the mixt blood of nations shall be paid,

At large, thy dreadful dow'rs, imperial maid!

Wed then---with every fatal omen wed:

Bellona waits thee to the bridal bed.

The queen of love, like Priam's royal dame, 405

For Ilion has conceiv'd a second flame.

A Paris, sprung from Venus, shall destroy

Once more with fatal fires the tow'rs of Troy.

This said, to earth th' impetuous goddess flies,

Inflam'd with rage and vengeance, from the skies; 410

Looks

Looks down, and, bending o'er the baleful cell,  
 Calls dire Alecto from the realms of hell.  
 Crimes, frauds and murders are the fiend's delight,  
 The rage of death, and slaughters of the fight.  
 So fierce her looks ! such terrors from her eyes ! 415  
 Round her grim front such monstrous serpents rise !  
 She scares ev'n Pluto, her immortal fire ;  
 Her sister Furies tremble and retire.  
 Then heav'n's great queen, against the Trojan train,  
 Inflam'd her native rage, and thus began : 420

Daughter of night ! thy potent aid I claim  
 To guard my honour, and support my fame.  
 Oh ! let not Troy her pow'rs to Latium bring,  
 Nor with this match amuse her easy king.  
 'Tis thine, the peace of brethren to confound, 425  
 To arm their hands, and spread destruction round ;  
 Through kindling houses, towns and realms to bear  
 The torch of discord, and the flames of war.  
 To thee a thousand noxious arts are known,  
 And every form of mischief is thy own. 430  
 Rouse, rouse the fury in thy soul ! excite  
 The chiefs, and kindle all the rage of fight !  
 Dissolve the peace ; and fir'd by dire alarms,  
 Bid the mad nations rush to blood and arms !

Scarce had she spoke, when sudden from her eyes, 435  
 Smear'd with Gorgonean blood, the fury flies  
 Sublime ; and tow'ring o'er the palace soars ;  
 Then stands unseen before Amata's doors ;  
 While grief and wrath the raging queen employ,  
 For 'Turnus, injur'd by the match with Troy. 440  
 Here

Here stopt the fiend; and, discord all her view,  
 Snatch'd from her hissing locks, a snake she threw; }  
 And through her inmost soul the fiery serpent flew.  
 Unfelt, the monster glides through every vest,  
 And breathes the secret poison in her breast. 445  
 Now like a fillet, round her temples roll'd,  
 Now round her bosom, like a chain of gold.  
 Now to her tresses he repairs, and there  
 Thrids every ringlet of her golden hair.  
 Thus while her kindling soul the pest inspires 450  
 With the first sparkles of her fatal fires,  
 Before the bosom of the royal dame  
 Felt the full furies of th' infernal flame,  
 She speaks her grief, in accents soft and mild,  
 Implores the fire, and sorrows o'er her child: 455  
 And must Lavinia then, our only joy,  
 Wed with this wand'ring fugitive of Troy?  
 And can a father issue the decree,  
 So fatal to himself, to her and me?  
 For sure the pirate soon will bear away 460  
 With the first rising wind the lovely prey.  
 Such, such a guest of old, the Phrygian boy  
 Bore ravish'd Helen to the tow'rs of Troy.  
 Where, where is friendship, truth and honour now?  
 A father's promise, and a monarch's vow! 465  
 If thy great sire's commands have fixt thy mind,  
 T'o chuse some hero of a foreign kind:  
 Then every kind, my lord, and every land  
 Are foreign, that are free from our command;

And

And if we trace brave Turnus' blood, he springs 470  
From a long line of ancient Argive kings.

Thus urg'd the mother, in a mournful strain,  
Her loud complaints, yet urg'd them all in vain.  
But now the spreading poison, fir'd her whole,  
Ev'n to the last recesses of her soul. 475

In her wild thoughts a thousand horrors rise ;  
And fierce, and madding round the streets she flies.  
So the gay striplings lash in eager sport,  
A top, in giddy circles, round a court.  
In rapid rings it whirls, and spins aloud, 480  
Admir'd with rapture by the blooming crowd ;  
From every stroke, flies humming o'er the ground,  
And gains new spirit, as the blows go round.

Thus flew the giddy queen, with fury stung,  
Thro' the wide town, amid the wond'ring throng. 485  
Yet more ;—the destin'd nuptials to delay,  
Fierce to the darksome wood she bounds away ;  
And, rising still in rage, with rites divine  
She feign'd new orgies to the god of wine.  
Thou, Bacchus, only thou, deserv'st the fair ! 490  
For thee in ringlets grows her lovely hair !  
For thee she leads the dance, and wreaths her ivy spear. }

Now spread around the wild infectious flames ;  
With the same fury glow the Latian dames ;  
Let loose their flying tresses in the wind, 495  
Rush to the woods, and leave the town behind ;  
Toss high their ivy-spears ; while clamours rise,  
And trembling shrieks, tumultuous rend the skies.

The madding queen, with rage superior stung,  
 Rear'd high a flaming pine, amid the throng, 500 }  
 And for young Turnus rais'd the nuptial song.  
 Then rolls her fiery eyes, and loud exclaims:  
 Hear, all ye matrons ! hear ye Latian dames !  
 If yet a mother's woes your souls can move,  
 If yet your injur'd prince's shares your love ; 505  
 Like me, unbind your tresses ; rove abroad ;  
 And hold these sacred orgies to the god.

Thus the fierce fiend Amata's breast invades,  
 And drives her raving to the sylvan shades.  
 When all the monarch's palace she survey'd, 510  
 With all his counsels in confusion laid ;

As wide around the rising Fury grew,  
 On dusky wings to Ardea swift she flew :  
 Ardea, by Danaë built in days of yore,  
 When with her Argive train she sought the shore ; 515 }  
 But now her perish'd ruins are no more !

Where o'er the rest brave Turnus' mansion rose,  
 She found the hero sunk in soft repose ;  
 And first, her dread infernal form to hide,  
 Laid the grim terrors of her front aside : 520  
 With silver hairs her temples were o'erspread,  
 And wreaths and verdant olives crown'd her head.  
 Her wither'd face with wrinkles was embost,

And in the woman all the fiend was lost.  
 She now appear'd a venerable dame, 525  
 And to the couch like Juno's priestess came :

Then are thy labours vain, (she thus begun)  
 And shall a Trojan seize thy rightful throne ?



The king denies the crown he long has ow'd,  
 Denies the fair thy labours bought with blood. 530  
 Go—save his kingdom ; fight the Tuscan train !—  
 Go, prince, and conquer, to be scorn'd again !  
 Hear then by me the mandate from on high  
 Sent by the mighty empress of the sky :  
 Fly, fly ; the valiant youth for arms prepare ; 535  
 And through the opening gates let loose the war.  
 Lo ! where in Tyber ride the fleets of Troy ;  
 Go then, their chiefs and painted ships destroy ;  
 So Heav'n commands—and, if the Latian lord  
 Detain the fair, regardless of his word, 540  
 Let him in blood thy vengeful sword deplore,  
 The sword that conquer'd in his cause before.

Thus the dissembled dame—with scornful pride,  
 In haughty terms the martial youth reply'd :  
 The tidings you convey, I knew before ; 545  
 The Trojan fleet is landed on the shore.  
 Hence—nor with idle tales my bosom move ;  
 I live secure in Juno's guardian love.  
 But, worn with years, you dote with vain alarms,  
 And, when you nod, you dream of kings in arms. 550  
 Go, mother, go—and make your gods your care,  
 But leave to men the province of the war.

While yet he spoke, her looks the youth confound,  
 And the black fiend in all her terrors frown'd.  
 Aghast, he shook, and trembled with affright, 555  
 While all her native horrors blast his fight.  
 Such a tremendous front the Fury spread,  
 So dreadful hist the serpents round her head ;

So grim a figure now she seem'd to rise ;  
That hell, all hell was open'd in her eyes ! 560

Then, ere the fault'ring trembling youth reply'd,  
She roll'd their fiery orbs from side to side ;  
Snatch'd two black serpents from her locks, and shook  
The sounding scourge, and thund'ring thus she spoke :

Behold, behold the wretch, by vain alarms 565  
And age, reduc'd to dream of kings in arms !  
A Fury from the deeps of hell, I bear,  
In these dread hands, destruction, death and war !

With that a flaming torch the goddess threw ;  
Deep through his breast the fiery weapon flew. 570  
Strait rous'd the startled warrior ; and a stream  
Of sweat ran copious down from every limb.  
Through the wide dome he raves with mad alarms,  
He runs, he flies, he calls aloud to arms ;  
Fell wrath and vengeance in his eyes appear, 575  
The thirst of slaughter, and the rage of war.  
So when in parting spires the flame divides,  
And crackling climbs around the cauldron's sides,  
In the deep womb glow fierce the hissing streams,  
Boil, swell and foam, and bubble o'er the brims ; 580  
Till high in air the fuming liquids rise,  
And in a length of vapours mount the skies.

He sends to great Latinus, to declare  
The peace polluted, and denounce the war :  
To arms he cries,—this moment will we go 585  
To guard our country, and repel the foe.  
Himself, he boasts, will all the war maintain,  
And fight the Trojan and Ausonian train.

His

His troops take fire, and (heav'n invok'd in pray'r)  
 With eager rage they gather to the war : 590  
 Some by his beauty mov'd, his cause embrace,  
 Some by his valiant deeds, and regal race.

While thus his social train the prince inspires,  
 Swift to the Trojan host the fiend retires,  
 Big with new mischiefs to the place she came, 595  
 Where young Iulus hunts the savage game.  
 A stag he chas'd ; the chase the Fury sees,  
 And bids the scent grow warm in every breeze ;  
 His opening hounds, exulting, shoot away,  
 And bear impatient on the panting prey : 600  
 From this light cause she rais'd the first alarms,  
 And fir'd the brutal swains to blood and arms.—  
 Snatch'd from the dam, by Tyrrheus' children rear'd,  
 (Tyrrheus, chief master of the royal herd)  
 With care domestic had this stag been bred ; 605  
 Of beauteous shape ; and antlers grac'd his head.  
 The beast became their sister's darling care ;  
 His horns were dress'd with garlands by the fair.  
 Fed from the board, accusom'd to command,  
 The fawn familiar lick'd her stroking hand. 610  
 Full oft she bath'd him in the limpid tide,  
 And fondly curious comb'd his filken hide ;  
 All day amid the forests would he roam,  
 But came each evening to his wonted home.  
 Ascanius' hounds had rous'd the trembling prey, 615 }  
 As down the gentle flood he took his way, }  
 And on the cooling bank in length luxuriant lay. }

The youthful hero fir'd with love of fame,  
 Directs a feather'd arrow at the game ;  
 The feather'd arrow flew ; the Fury guides 620  
 The pointed weapon through the wanton's sides.  
 Pierc'd with the dart, the bleeding fawn in vain  
 Flies back for refuge to his home again ;  
 Complains with human tears, and human sighs,  
 And begs for aid with unavailing cries. 625  
 The beauteous Sylvia heard his moving strains,  
 Beat her white bosom, and alarm'd the swains.  
 Inspir'd with sudden rage they wing their way,  
 For in the wood the lurking Fury lay.  
 Some arm'd with knotted clubs, impetuous came, 630  
 And some with staves well-season'd in the flame.  
 With stones or brands the peasants throng from far,  
 And every sudden weapon, to the war.  
 Tyrrheus, who clove a tree with many a stroke,  
 Left the huge wedge within the gaping oak ; 635  
 Then seiz'd the pond'rous axe with loud alarms,  
 And call'd the rustics all around to arms.  
 Mean time the Fury from her stand deseries  
 The growing discord every moment rise ;  
 Ascends the roof, and, from the lofty height, 640  
 Calls in the boist'rous peasants to the fight :  
 With her full force her mighty horn she winds ;  
 Th' infernal strain alarms the gath'ring hinds.  
 The dreadful summons the deep forests took ;  
 The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains shook. 645  
 The lake of Trivia heard the note profound,  
 The Veline fountains trembled at the sound,

The

The thick sulphureous floods of hoary Nar  
 Shook at the blast that blew the flames of war :  
 Pale at the piercing call, the mothers prest 650  
 With shrieks their starting infants to the breast,  
 Thus the mad rustics caught the dire alarms,  
 And at the horrid signal flew to arms.  
 Nor less, in succour of the princely boy,  
 Pour forth to battle all the troops of Troy : 655  
 Clubs, staves and brands, at first the fight maintain ;  
 But now embody'd armies spread the plain,  
 And deadly swords and shining bucklers wield ;  
 And groves of spears gleam dreadful o'er the field.  
 On brazen arms the sun refulgent plays, 660  
 And to the skies the fiery helmets blaze.  
 So when the wind has stirr'd the gentle seas,  
 The waves just swell, and whiten by degrees ;  
 Till all the heaving wat'ry worlds arise,  
 In one vast burst of thunder to the skies. 665

First Almon, Tyrrheus' eldest hope, was slain,  
 Fierce as he fought, the foremost on the plain,  
 Beneath his throat the arrow found its way ;  
 And choak'd in blood, the beauteous warrior lay.  
 Now heaps on heaps fall thick on every side, 670  
 And in the cloud of fight Galefus dy'd ;  
 Good old Galefus ! while with earnest care,  
 He labour'd to prevent the rising war :  
 The sage for justice bore the foremost place,  
 Though far the wealthiest of the Latian race : 675  
 Five flocks, five bellowing droves, his pastures held,  
 And with a hundred teams he turn'd the spacious field.

Thus, while on either side, the martial train  
 With mutual slaughter bath'd the purple plain :  
 When the stern Fury, from her promise freed, 680  
 Beheld with joy the growing battle bleed ;  
 She leaves th' Hesperian shores, she mounts the skies,  
 And in proud triumph thus to Juno cries :

Behold my promise, mighty queen ! made good ;  
 The Trojan sword has drawn the Latian blood. 685  
 War, boundless war, runs raging round the plain ;  
 Nor can yourself command the peace again ;  
 Speak but you will, I'll spread the dire alarm,  
 And bid the bord'ring towns and countries arm,  
 Both sides to aid, the nations shall repair ; 690  
 Wide round, the rising discord will I bear,  
 And rouse in every breast the furies of the war. }

Enough, replies the queen, enough is done,  
 The war stands fixt ; the slaughters are begun.  
 They fly to war ; their arms with blood distain : 695  
 Death, Rage, and Terror range the purple plain.  
 Such are the nuptial rites, that we prepare  
 For Latium's king, and Venus' worthy heir !  
 But go this moment leave the realms above ;  
 Go—nor offend the sacred eyes of Jove. 700  
 To thy unhallow'd feet the fire denies  
 Th' ethereal walks, and freedom of the skies.  
 Retire to hell ! if aught remains undone,  
 Ourselves shall finish what thy toils begun.

Swift as the goddess spoke, the fury springs 705  
 With rapid speed, and spreads her dusky wings ;

Her

Her serpents hissing all around, she flies  
To hell's dark realms, impetuous, from the skies.

Amid fair Italy, renown'd by fame,  
Lies a deep vale, Amsanctus is the name, 710

Her gloomy sides are shaded with a grove;  
And a huge range of mountains tow'rs above;  
Fierce through the dusky vale the torrents pour,  
And o'er the rattling stones the whirlpools roar.  
There the black jaws of hell are open'd wide; 715  
There rolls dire Acheron his fiery tide;

There lies the dark infernal cave, and there  
Grim Pluto breathes the soft ethereal air.  
Down through this dreadful opening, from on high,  
The fiend plung'd headlong, and reliev'd the sky. 720

Mean time the queen of heav'n exerts her care,  
With her last hand to crown the growing war.  
In one vast tide the loud tumultuous swains  
Pour to the city, and desert the plains.  
Young Almon's corse they bear in open fight, 725  
And old Galeus slaughter'd in the fight;  
Implore the gods with vows, and beg in vain  
The hoary monarch to revenge the slain.

While the fierce Daunian lords complaints conspire,  
To spread the gath'ring fears of sword and fire. 730  
Turnus, he cries, is banish'd with disgrace,  
And wrong'd in favour of a foreign race.

The king prefers a Trojan for his son;  
A Trojan prince already fills the throne!  
Those too, whose mothers by the queen were led, 735  
When, fir'd by Bacchus, to the woods she fled,

(Such

(Such was her interest in the realm) declare  
 For open arms, and breathe revenge and war,  
 War is the fatal universal cry,  
 Against all omens of the angry sky!-- 740  
 Furious they crowd their sovereign's regal door,  
 And, madding, round the rich pavilions roar;  
 Besiege their king, as waves a rock, in vain,  
 Some mighty rock, amidst the rolling main;  
 That hears unmov'd the sounding tempests blow, 745  
 That sees the furious surges foam below;  
 And o'er the deeps, majestic to the fight,  
 Stands fixt, and glories in its matchless height.  
 Proud of its bulk; while storms and working tides  
 Fly, dash and break against the tow'ring sides! 750

When long the prince had labour'd to retain  
 The rising madness of their souls in vain,  
 And saw the crowd no counsel would obey,  
 But rush'd to arms as Juno led the way;  
 The mournful fire obtests the gods and skies; 755  
 And lo! we yield to fate, the monarch cries.  
 The storm impetuous bears us down the flood---  
 But heav'n, heav'n claims your sacrilegious blood!  
 Thou too, rash Turnus, shalt thy part sustain,  
 And late, too late, implore the gods in vain! 760  
 Safe to the port I already come,  
 And all your king can lose, is but a tomb!  
 Then pensive he retir'd, and left to fate  
 The reins of empire, and the cares of state.

A solemn custom in Hesperia reign'd, 765  
 Which long the potent Alban lords maintain'd,  
 And



And Rome still holds, when, terrible in might,  
 The world's great empress sends her sons to fight.  
 Whether the chain for Dacia they prepare,  
 Or wage th' Hyrcanian, or Arabian war, 770  
 Or their victorious arms on India turn,  
 And spread her eagles to the rising morn;  
 Or urge proud Parthia's long-expected doom,  
 And bring in pomp our ravish'd ensigns home.—  
 Two massy solid gates have ever stood, 775  
 For ages sacred to the \* Thracian god.  
 Old, double Janus guards the dreadful doors;  
 Grim war within, his mighty captive, roars.  
 On many a pond'rous hinge the gates are hung;  
 With brazen bars impenetrably strong. 780  
 Soon as the fathers of the state proclaim,  
 The fight must vindicate the Roman fame;  
 Strait, at their high decree, the consul, drest  
 In the rich sacred robe and Gabine vest,  
 While the loud trumpets sound a martial strain, 785  
 (In pomp attended by the valiant train,)  
 Throws wide the gates; and through the nations far  
 Lets loose the boundless furies of the war.  
 So now the madd'ning Latian crowds implore  
 Their monarch, to unfold the sacred door, 790  
 But from the fatal office he withdrew, \*  
 Abhorr'd the province, and retir'd from view.  
 Then heav'n's dread empress, while the prince delay'd,  
 Shot down, and both the bursting gates display'd:

\* Mars.

The bolts fly back, with every brazen bar; 795  
And, like a storm, broke forth th' imprison'd war.

Till now unmov'd by discord and alarms,  
Ausonia burns, and calls her sons to arms.  
Some to the furious fight on foot proceed;  
Some vault impetuous on the bounding steed, 800  
Some whet the blunted pole-axe for the field,  
Brighten the spear and long-neglected shield;  
With transport hear the trumpet's clangors rise,  
And view the banners streaming in the skies.  
Ardea, proud Tybur, Crustumæ's pow'rs, 805  
Atina strong, and high Antemnæ's tow'rs,  
Five potent cities, all their sons employ,  
To forge new arms against the troops of Troy.  
For greaves the ductile silver they extend,  
And for the shield the pliant fallow bend: 810  
The guiltless arms the rural trade affords,  
Scythians, plough-shares, hooks, are streighten'd into swords,  
And in the glowing forges they restore  
The blunted falchions which their fathers wore.  
And now the sprightly trumpets sound from far; 815  
The word flies round; the signal of the war.  
Some snatch the polish'd helm with eager speed;  
Some to the yoke compel the snorting steed.  
Brace on the golden cuirass, seize the shield;  
And, with the glitt'ring sword, rush furious to the field.  
Ye muses! now unlock your sacred spring; 821  
Inspire your bard, and teach him how to sing  
What mighty heroes led the martial train,  
And what embattled armies spread the plain:

The Latian chiefs, ye goddesſes! declare, 825  
And the dire progreſs of the waſteful war;  
You know, and can record the pow'rs who came,  
Which we learn only from the voice of fame.

Mezentius firſt, who ſcorn'd th' immortal pow'rs,  
Conducts his armies from the Tuſcan ſhores. 830  
Him follow'd Lauſus, ſluſh'd with youthful fire,  
A ſon, whoſe ſhining virtues might require }  
A happier throne, and far a better fire!  
He tam'd the ſteed, and urg'd the generous chace,  
And none but Turnus match'd his blooming face: 835  
He led from fair Agylla to the plain  
A thouſand warriors, but he led in vain!

Great Aventinus, great Alcides' ſon,  
Wore the proud trophy that his father won:  
A hundred ſerpents round his buckler roll'd, 840  
And Hydra hiſs'd from all her heads, in gold.  
Freſh wreaths of palm his lofty chariot crown'd,  
And fierce he laſh'd his fiery courſers round.  
When great Alcides from Geryon ſlain  
Return'd triumphant to the Latian plain; 845  
And the brave victor, ſafe in theſe abodes,  
Cool'd his Heſperian herds in Tyber's floods;  
He won in ſhades the beauteous Rhea's grace,  
And this bold hero crown'd his ſtrong embrace,  
Born in mount Aventine's ſequeſter'd wood; 850  
The mortal mother mingling with the god.

His valiant troops long Sabine javelins bear,  
And arm'd with ſteely piles, provoke the war.

He

He stalk'd before his host; and wide dispread,  
 A lion's teeth grin'd horrid o'er his head: 855  
 Then fought the palace in this strange attire,  
 And look'd as stern and dreadful as his fire.

From Tibur, Coras and Catillus came,  
 Tibur, the town that took their brother's name.  
 Brave youths! who led the martial Argive train, 860  
 And rush'd the foremost to th' embattled plain.  
 So two fierce centaurs of the cloud-born race,  
 Rush furious down the frozen hills of Thrace;  
 The groves give way, the crackling woods resound,  
 And trampled forests spread their ruins wide around. 865

Next mighty Cæculus to battle flies,  
 Who bade the tow'rs of proud Præneste rise:  
 Found on the hearth, amid the glowing fire;  
 The nations deem'd great Mulciber his fire.  
 A host of warriors to the field he led, 870  
 The hardy swains that fair Præneste bred,  
 Or Gabii sent where Juno's temple rose;  
 The troops who dwell where chilling Anio flows.  
 With those who drink old Amasenus' stream,  
 Or from the walls of rich Anagnia came. 875  
 Not all with arms are furnish'd for the war,  
 Nor grasp the shield, nor whirl the rapid car.  
 But most from slings a storm of bullets throw,  
 And leaden deaths destroy the distant foe.  
 Some in their hands two pointed javelins bore, 880  
 And spoils of wolves for glitt'ring helmets wore;  
 The left foot bare, they boldly rush to fight,  
 But a tough hide, unseason'd, sheaths the right.

Next

Next Neptune's son, the brave Messapus came,  
 Exempt from steel, and sacred from the flame. 885  
 To long neglected wars he fir'd his train,  
 And urg'd his troops to shine in arms again.  
 From the Flavian and Fescennian coast  
 At his command advance th' embody'd host :  
 With the Faliscan band, who purest justice boast. 890 }  
 Those who on high Soracte's tow'rs reside,  
 Or dwell by Ciminus' expanded tide,  
 Or o'er the rough aspiring mountain rove,  
 Or haunt divine Feronia's shady grove :  
 All march, embattled in array, and sing 895  
 The martial glories of their godlike king.  
 So from the fishy floods, a snowy train  
 Of swans embody'd wing th' aerial plain ;  
 Stretch their long necks o'er Asius' crystal spring,  
 And the responsive shores and echoing waters ring. 900  
 Not one, who heard the loud confus'd alarms,  
 Had thought this noisy train a host in arms,  
 But some huge cloud of clamorous fowls, who soar  
 Among the cliffs, and scream around the shore.  
 Lo ! next brave Clausus leads his troops along ; 905  
 From the old Sabine race the warrior sprung :  
 With a vast host, a shot himself, he came,  
 The first great father of the Claudian name ;  
 That spread through Latium, when, the line to grace,  
 Rome shar'd her empire with the Sabine race. 910  
 The ancient Cures march at his commands,  
 And a large force from Amiternian lands,

With

With those who dwell where full Velinus runs,  
 Or where Nomentum boasts her martial sons,  
 Or old Eretum stretch'd her utmost bound, 915  
 And rich Mutusca smiles, with olives crown'd;  
 Or where steep Tetrica's rough rocks arise,  
 Or proud Severus tow'rs amid the skies.  
 Where, with fair Foruli Casperia stands,  
 And clear Mimella floats the fruitful lands, 920  
 Where gentle Fabaris serenely glides,  
 Whose streams augment imperial Tyber's tides:  
 Where, near cold Nursia, beauteous Orta stood,  
 And mournful Allia rolls her fatal flood.  
 Thick shines with moving troops the blazing plain, 925  
 Thick, as the billows on the stormy main;  
 'Thick as the ripen'd harvests are beheld,  
 That nod and wave along the golden field.  
 The bucklers ring, the clashing arms resound;  
 Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground. 930  
 Then Agamemnon's son, Helelus came,  
 By birth a foe to all the Trojan name;  
 He yok'd his fiery couriers to the car,  
 And with a thousand soldiers rush'd to war,  
 From where on mountains live th' Auruntian line, 935  
 Where massic hills produce the generous wine;  
 Warriors, who dwell along the roaring sea,  
 Or from the walls of Caes took their way:  
 With those who drink Vulturinus' shoaly flood,  
 The rough Saticulan and Oscan stood. 940  
 Short, pointed javelins, fasten'd by a string,  
 With fatal force the dext'rous artists fling:

Light shields of feafon'd hide aloft they bear,  
 And, arm'd with bending fwords, provoke the war.  
 Nor thou, unfung, brave Oebalus ! fhalt pafs, 945  
 The nymph Sebethis' fon, of Telo's race.  
 While pleafing Capræa own'd his father's fway,  
 And the Teleboan realms his nod obey ;  
 The fon, far more ambitious, ftretch'd his reign  
 O'er thofe rich towns, where Sarno bathes the plain. 950  
 Now to the fight he leads his warlike pow'rs  
 From ancient Batulum, and Rufa's tow'rs,  
 From where, her blooming fruits Abella crown,  
 And old Celenna fpreads her fpacious down.  
 Thefe, like the rough Teutonic warriors, threw 955  
 Huge fpears with barbs, that wing'd with slaughter flew.  
 Light cafques of cork around their heads they wore,  
 And brazen fwords, and brazen bucklers bore.  
 Thee too, bold Ufens, to the dire alarms,  
 Cold Nurfia fent a chief renown'd in arms. 960  
 Her fierce rough fons through forefts bound away,  
 And o'er wild mountains chace the panting prey.  
 In arms the natives turn the frozen foil,  
 Make war a fport, and fly upon the fpoil.  
 Umbro, the brave Marrubian prieft, was there, 965  
 Sent by the Marfian monarch to the war.  
 The fmiling olive with her verdant boughs  
 Shades his bright helmet, and adorns his brows.  
 His charms, in peace the furious ferpent keep,  
 And lull th' envenom'd viper's race to fleep ; 970  
 His healing hand allay'd the raging pain ;  
 And at his touch the poifons fled again.

But yet he fail'd to cure, with all his art,  
 The wound inflicted by the Trojan dart !  
 Nor all his charms, nor potent herbs that grow 975  
 On Marſian mountains, could prevent the blow !  
 For thee, wide echoing ſigh'd th' Angitian woods ;  
 For thee, in murmurs wept thy native floods !  
 Next, brave Hippolytus ! thy beauteous heir,  
 The lovely Virbius mingled in the war. 980  
 In the dark woods by fair Egeria bred,  
 His troops the youth from old Aricia led :  
 Where, on the ſhore, Diana's altar ſtood,  
 (But now unſtain'd with offer'd human blood ;)   
 For when Hippolytus, as records tell, 985  
 By his fierce ſtep-dame's arts and vengeance fell,  
 Chas'd by his father's curſes to the ſhore,  
 The hapleſs youth the ſtartled courſers tore ;  
 By Æſculapius' ſkill and Dian's care  
 The chief reviv'd and breath'd ethereal air. 990  
 But Jove incens'd, a mortal to ſurvey,  
 From the Tartarean ſhades reſtor'd to day,  
 Great Phœbus' ſon, the godlike artiſt, hurl'd,  
 Tranſfixt with thunder, to the nether world :  
 But Dian hid the youth in groves, and there 995  
 Conſign'd her darling to Egeria's care.  
 There, in the foreſts, with the ſacred dame  
 He paſt his days, and Virbius was his name.  
 For this, th' unhallow'd ſteed muſt ſtill remove  
 From Dian's fane and conſecrated grove : 1000  
 Since the mad horſes ſtartled as they flew,  
 And on the ground their mangled maſter threw.

Yet



Yet his brave offspring drove the thund'ring car,  
And lash'd his fiery courfers to the war.

Bold Turnus in the front, supremely tall, 1005  
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, outshines them all ;

High on his helm a triple plume was rais'd,  
And on his crest the dire chimæra blaz'd :

From her wide jaws the horrid fiend expires  
A dreadful length of fires succeeding fires. 1010

When the loud voice of slaughter rends the skies,

And the full horrors of the battle rise,

She glows, she lightens, as the warrior turns ;

She flames with rage ; and the whole monster burns.

Chang'd to an heifer in the flowery field, 1015

The beauteous Iö charg'd the shining shield.

Here stood her \* guard ; and there her † father roll'd

His swelling surges through the figur'd gold.

A cloud of foot succeeds ; a mighty train,

With spears, and shields ; and armies hide the plain. 1020

The pow'rs from Argive and Auruntian lands

Mix'd with the ancient bold Sicanian bands.

With painted shields the brave Labici came

And Sacran forces to the field of fame ;

With those who till Numicus' fair abodes, 1025

Or dwell where Tyber views his rising woods :

Or where the rough Rutulians turn the ground,

And the steep hills of Circe stretch around :

Where fair Feronia boasts her stately grove,

And Anxur glories in her guardian Jove: 1030

\* Argus.

† Inachus, a river god.

Where stands the Pontine lake, and o'er the plain,  
Cold Ufens' stream steals gently to the main,  
Laf with her martial troops, all sheath'd in bras,  
Camilla came, a queen of Volscian race.  
Nor were the web or loom the virgin's care, 1035  
But arms and courfers, and the toils of war.  
She led the rapid race, and left behind,  
The flagging floods, and pinions of the wind :  
Lightly she flies along the level plain,  
Nor hurts the tender grafs, nor bends the golden grain ;  
Or o'er the swelling surge fuspended sweeps, 1041  
And smoothly skims, unbath'd, along the deeps.  
From the dispeopled towns and fields repair  
Men, matrons, maids and youths, to view the fair :  
The crowds all gaze with transport, to survey 1045  
Loofe in the winds, her purple garments play,  
Her polish'd bow, her quiver's gaudy pride  
With arrows stor'd, and glittering at her fide :  
Her fhining javelin, wondering they behold,  
And her fair tresses bound with clasps of gold. 1050

End of the Seventh Book.

V I R G I L's  
Æ N E I D.

B O O K VIII.

## A R G U M E N T.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes ; Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

## BOOK VIII.

NOW Turnus rous'd all Latium with alarms  
 To mount the fiery steeds and fly to arms;  
 Fixt on Laurentum's tow'rs, sublime in air,  
 His standard wav'd, the signal of the war:  
 And the loud trumpets, heard from far, excite      5  
 The generous youth, and call them to the fight.  
 Confederate pow'rs conspire, the war to wage;  
 And the mad nations breathe revenge and rage.  
 Their armies Ufens and Messapus guide,  
 With proud Mezentius who the gods defy'd.      10  
 From the suspended plough they drag the swains,  
 And for the war dispeopled all the plains.  
 To Arpi next sage Venulus they sped  
 To beg the aid of royal Diomed;  
 And charge the hoary envoy to inform      15  
 The martial monarch of the rising storm;  
 That Troy's proud navy rides in Tyber's floods;  
 Æneas here has fixt his vanquish'd gods;  
 And vaunts himself the prince, ordain'd by fate  
 To sway the sceptre of th' Hesperian state;      20  
 The nations own his cause, his right proclaim,  
 And Latium echoes with his growing fame;

That best himself could judge, who knew the foe,  
From such a war what dread effects may flow ;  
What is his mighty aim, his proud intent ; 25  
And, should he conquer, what the dire event,  
Was left for him to weigh ; whose state and throne,  
And fortunes, stood endanger'd like their own.

All this the Trojan chief beheld, oppress'd  
With cares that roll'd tumultuous in his breast. 30  
A thousand thoughts his wavering soul divide,  
That turns each way, and points to every side.  
So from a brazen vase the trembling stream  
Reflects the lunar, or the solar beam :  
Swift and elusive of the dazzled eyes, 35  
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies :  
Thence to the ceiling shoot the glancing rays,  
And o'er the roof the quivering splendor plays.

'Twas night—and, weary with the toils of day,  
In soft repose the whole creation lay ; 40  
And last the Trojan prince, oppress'd with care  
On the dire prospect of th' approaching war,  
Sunk, and in balmy slumbers clos'd his eyes ;  
His couch the bank ; his canopy the skies.  
When, flow-emerging through the poplar wood, 45  
Rose the majestic father of the flood,  
Tyber, the guardian god, in open view ;  
A sea-green mantle round his shoulders flew ;  
A wreath of reeds adorn'd his hoary head,  
And, to relieve his sorrows, thus he said : 50

O long-expected on our blest abodes,  
Great chief, the true descendant of the gods !

Whose

Whose conduct brings thy rescu'd Troy once more  
 To rise immortal on our Latian shore;  
 Proceed, and conquer, prince! nor yield to fear; 55  
 Here lies thy fated home, thy Ilion here.  
 Go!—meet the threat'ning war; thy cares are vain,  
 The gods relent, and heav'n grows mild again.  
 Nor think, an airy vision of the night,  
 A transient empty dream deludes thy fight. 60  
 Soon thou shalt view, beneath an oak reclin'd,  
 A large white mother of the bristly kind,  
 With her white numerous brood of thirty young,  
 Who drain her udders as she lies along.  
 There, there, thy town, great hero, shall ascend, 65  
 There all thy labours, all thy woes shall end.  
 Heav'n, by this sign, ordains thy royal son,  
 When thirty years in full succession run,  
 Shall build a city of distinguish'd fame,  
 Which from this omen shall derive her name. 70  
 But to succeed, pursue what I advise;  
 Go, make th' Arcadian tribes thy firm allies.  
 The race, that own'd of old great Pallas' sway,  
 Hither beneath Evander bent their way;  
 Then rais'd their walls on the tall mountain's crown; 75  
 And Pallas' name adorn'd the rising town.  
 But soon the Latian race in arms appear;  
 And with the strangers wage a dreadful war.  
 Go, join their forces, and their aid implore,  
 And fear the gath'ring hostile train no more. 80  
 Rise, son of Venus, rise, employ thy oars;  
 Our self will guide thee to the friendly shores.

Soon

Soon as the day shall dawn, thy gifts prepare,  
 And vanquish heav'n's revengeful queen with pray'r.  
 Crown'd with success, and all thy foes o'er-aw'd, 85 }  
 Discharge to me the honours of a god,  
 To me the fire of this immortal flood : }  
 For know, old Tyber stands before thine eyes,  
 Ador'd on earth, and reverenc'd in the skies.  
 I lead, in peaceful pomp, my humid train 90  
 Along these banks, and bathe the fruitful plain :  
 And on our sides a city shall be seen ;  
 Our glorious seat ; the world's majestic queen !  
 The god then plung'd beneath his oozy bed ;  
 And with the night the hero's slumber fled. 95  
 He rose, and strait his joyful eyes survey  
 The purple splendors of the dawning day ;  
 Then water in his palm devoutly took,  
 Rais'd to the skies, and thus with transport spoke :  
 Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs ! from whose supplies  
 And watery stores the swelling rivers rise ; 101  
 And thou, old Tyber ! my propitious guide,  
 Receive Æneas on thy sacred tide ;  
 From every ill defend him, as he goes,  
 And look with pity on his endless woes. 105  
 Then from whatever source thy streams survey  
 The golden light, and murmuring spring to day ;  
 O thou, the greatest of the wat'ry gods,  
 Majestic prince of all th' Hesperian floods !  
 Still to thy name due honours will I pay, 110  
 And gifts unceasing on thy altars lay.

But



But oh ! be present with thy aid divine,  
Display, and then confirm the promis'd sign.

He said, then arm'd his Trojans, and supply'd  
Two barks with oars, to stem the yellow tide. 115

When lo ! the promis'd omen was display'd ;  
The large white dam lay stretch'd along the shade,  
With all her snowy young, in open view ;  
Whom, with her brood, the prince to Juno flew.  
Now while the ships with equal strokes they row'd, 120  
All night old Tyber calm'd his swelling flood.

The slumbering streams no mingling murmurs make,  
Smooth, as the glassy level of the lake.  
With joyful shouts the sable galleys glide,  
Easy and light, along the floating tide. 125

Surpris'd, the forests and the floods beheld  
Bright arms and vessels on the wat'ry field.  
All night, all day, they ply their busy oars  
Along the mazes of the winding shores,  
And gently move beneath the waving scene 130  
Of groves, that paint the checquer'd floods with green.

Now had the sun's bright couriers whirl'd on high  
His fiery chariot to the mid-day sky :  
When lo ! the distant tow'rs the train descries ;  
And walls and intermingled houses rise ; 135  
Evander's homely state—where now appears  
Immortal Rome, advanc'd above the stars !  
Thither they turn the prow without delay,  
And to the city bend their eager way.

Before the town, within the gloomy woods, 140  
To great Alcides and the favouring gods,

It chanc'd, that day, th' Arcadian monarch paid  
 A solemn offering in the secret shade.  
 Pallas his son, the rural senate round,  
 And the chief youths the flaming altars crown'd: 145  
 With fuming incense in their hands they stood,  
 And the red pavement blush'd with sacred blood.

Soon as they saw the ships in silence move,  
 And shine between the openings of the grove;  
 A sudden dread strikes cold through every breast; 150  
 They start, they rise, and leave th' unfinished feast.  
 But Pallas bids the guests the rite pursue,  
 Then snatch'd a javelin, and impetuous flew—  
 Resolve me, stranger, (from a point he calls)  
 Who, whence you are, and why approach our walls? 155  
 What urg'd your voyage to these shores, declare?  
 Speak, speak your business—bring you peace or war?

High on the stern the Trojan hero stands,  
 And held a branch of olive in his hands.  
 Behold, he cries, the far-fam'd sons of Troy; 160  
 These swords against the Latians we employ;  
 The perjurd Latians; whose unjust alarms  
 Force us to fly to great Evander's arms.  
 Go, tell your king, the Dardan chiefs appear,  
 And beg his potent succour in the war. 165

Whoe'er thou art, approach, he cries with joy,  
 (All fir'd to hear the glorious name of Troy;)  
 To my great father be thy suit address'd,  
 And grace our mansions as a friend and guest.  
 With that he gave the Dardan prince his hand, 170  
 And led the godlike hero from the strand:

Then

Then to the sacred grove their way they took;  
And thus the Trojan to the monarch spoke:

Best of the Greeks! to whom devoid of fear,  
Constrain'd by fate, these types of peace I bear. 175

Though from Arcadia's hostile bounds you came,  
Ally'd to both the kings of Atreus' name,

Yet hither did thy fame my steps incline,  
My own fixt choice, heav'n's oracles divine;

And the mixt glories of our kindred line. 180

For know we both from mighty Atlas trace,  
Who props th' ethereal spheres, our ancient race.

Our father Dardanus, a glorious name,  
From his fam'd daughter, fair Electra, came.

His beauteous Maia, on Cyllene's height, 185  
Disclos'd your fire, great Mercury, to light.

Thus from that common source divided run  
Our sacred lines, as first they met in one.

Rais'd by these hopes all caution I disown,  
And sent no envoys to address thy throne, 190  
But came unguarded, fearless, and alone.

Our Daunian foes, with equal rage, destroy  
Your suff'ring subjects and the sons of Troy;

And hope, if they expel the Dardan train,  
From sea to sea to propagate their reign. 195

Then in a league let either nation join,  
For know, our Trojans are a martial line,

Valiant and bold, and season'd to alarms,  
True to their leagues, and exercis'd in arms!

Thus he—the monarch roll'd his eager eyes 200  
O'er his majestic form, and thus replies:

On

On all thy features how I dwell with joy :  
 Welcome, thrice welcome, glorious prince of Troy ! -  
 How in thy face, my ancient friend I see !  
 Anchises looks, and lives, and speaks in thee ! 205  
 Well I recall great Priam's stately port,  
 Whence once he fought his \* royal sister's court  
 On Salaminian shores, with all his train ;  
 And took his way through our Arcadian plain.  
 Then, but a youth, I gaz'd the strangers o'er, 210  
 And much admir'd the chiefs, their monarch more ;  
 But most Anchises ; for, supremely tall,  
 Thy graceful godlike fire outshin'd them all.  
 Eager I long'd in friendship's sacred bands  
 To hold the chief, and join our plighted hands, 215  
 Led him to Pheneus' ancient walls, careft  
 Th' illustrious prince, and claim'd him for my guest.  
 On me, at parting, generous he bestow'd  
 Two golden bridles, that refulgent glow'd,  
 (A glorious present by my son possest,) 220  
 With a rich quiver and embroider'd vest.  
 The peace you ask, we give ; our friendship plight,  
 And, soon as morn reveals the purple light,  
 With our confederate troops, a martial train,  
 Safe I'll dismiss thee from these walls again. 225  
 Now, since as friends you honour our abode,  
 Assist, and pay due offerings to the god.  
 With us pursue the solemn annual feasts,  
 And from this hour commence our constant guests.

\* Hecione.

He said; the bowls replac'd in open view, 230  
 The joyful train the holy rites renew;  
 The hoary king dispos'd his guests around,  
 And plac'd the Trojans on the verdant ground.  
 But for their prince an ample couch was spread;  
 A lion's spoils adorn'd the rural bed. 235  
 Now brought the chosen youths and priests again  
 The sacred banquet to the stranger train;  
 Dispens'd from canisters the bread around,  
 And with the foaming wine the goblets crown'd:  
 The Dardan prince and every Trojan guest, 240  
 Reclin'd at ease, partake the solemn feast.  
 But when the rage of craving hunger fled,  
 Thus to the chief the hoary monarch said:  
 'Tis not for nought we pay these rites divine  
 To great Alcides' ever-honour'd shrine; 245  
 Our worship springs from gratitude sincere,  
 Not heady zeal, nor superstitious fear;  
 Nor are our tribes by blind devotion aw'd;  
 But, fav'd by Hercules, adore the god.  
 For lo! in air yon hanging rock behold! 250  
 See heaps on heaps, on ruins ruins roll'd!  
 See yon huge cavern, yawning-wide around!  
 Where still the shatter'd mountain spreads the ground.  
 That spacious hold, grim Cacus once possess'd,  
 Tremendous fiend! half human, half a beast! 255  
 Deep, deep as hell, the dismal dungeon lay,  
 Dark and impervious to the beams of day.  
 With copious slaughter smok'd the purple floor;  
 Pale heads hung horrid on the lofty door,  
 Dreadful to view! and dropp'd with crimson gore. 260

The fiend from Vulcan sprung; and, like his fire,  
The mighty monster breath'd a storm of fire,  
So fierce he rag'd; till time at length bestow'd  
The presence, aid, and vengeance of a god.  
For now Alcides left the realms of Spain, 265  
Proud of the spoils of huge Geryon slain.  
To these fair shores the bellowing droves he led;  
Along the banks and flow'ry vales they fed.  
The fiend resolves to bear the prize away  
By fraud or force; and meditates the prey. 270  
Four beauteous heifers, four fair bulls he took,  
Inclos'd and lodg'd them in the gloomy rock;  
But by their tails the struggling prey he drew,  
And thought to puzzle the deluded view.  
The turning tracks, inverted, where they tread, 275  
Back from the monster's darksome cavern led.  
Mean time the mighty drove the hero leads  
To fresher pastures, and untrampled meads.  
The parting herds spread wide, and roar around;  
Fields, woods and hills, rebellow to the sound. 280  
When lo! a heifer heard her love complain,  
And roar'd responsive from the cave again;  
From vault to vault the sound in thunder flew,  
And the detected fraud appear'd in view.  
Alcides seiz'd his arms, inflam'd with ire, 285  
Rage in his looks, and all his soul on fire;  
Fierce in his hands the pon'drous club he shook,  
And, mad for vengeance, mounts th' aërial rock.  
Then, first appall'd, the monster we descry,  
Death in his cheek, and horror in his eye. 290

Swift as the wind, with terror wing'd, he fled,  
 And in the gloomy cavern plung'd his head.  
 The pond'rous rock, impenetrably strong,  
 On solid hinges by his father hung,  
 To guard the dreadful dungeon, down he drew: 295  
 The shatter'd chains and bursting barriers flew.  
 Scarce had the fiend let down th' enormous weight,  
 When fierce the god came thund'ring to the gate.  
 He gnash'd his teeth with rage, the passions try'd,  
 And roll'd his eager eyes on every side; 300  
 Now here, now there, a fiery glance he threw,  
 And thrice, impetuous, round the mountain flew;  
 Thrice strove to storm the massy gates in vain;  
 And thrice, o'erspent, sat panting on the plain.  
 A pointed rock behind the cavern stood, 305  
 That to the left frown'd dreadful o'er the flood,  
 Black, rough, and vast; a pile of wond'rous height,  
 A solemn haunt for every bird of night.  
 This, from the right, the god incumbent shook;  
 Fierce from the solid base he heav'd the rock, 310  
 Then push'd convulsive with a frightful peal,  
 The smoking steep rolls thund'ring down the vale.  
 To the loud din, earth, air and heav'n reply;  
 The banks start wide; and back the surges fly.  
 Expos'd to fight the monster's dungeon lay, 315  
 And the huge cave flew open to the day.  
 So, if the bolts of Jove should burst the ground,  
 And opening earth disclose the vast profound,  
 The solemn secrets of the dark abodes,  
 Hell's dreadful regions, dreadful ev'n to gods; 320  
 VOL. LIII. N Full

Full on the black abyfs the beams would play,  
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day :  
As pale (his dungeon storm'd) with wild affright,  
Glares the dire fiend, surpris'd in open light.  
He roars aloud, while thund'ring from above, 325  
Full on the foe the furious hero drove.  
With every vengeful instrument in view,  
Whole trunks of trees and broken rocks he threw.  
Now round the cavern, in despair of flight,  
'Th' enormous monster breathes a sudden night ; 330  
To blind or blast his mighty foe, expires  
Thick clouds of smoke, and all his father's fires.  
With that the vengeful god in fury grew,  
And headlong through the burning tempest flew.  
Fierce on the fiend, through stifling fumes he came, 335  
Through streams of smoke and deluges of flame ;  
There, while in vain he breath'd the fires around,  
His trembling prize the great Alcides found ;  
Limb lock'd in limb, from earth his feet he rends,  
And on the ground his monstrous bulk extends ; 340  
Strangled the struggling foe with matchless might,  
And from their caverns tore the balls of fight.  
Thus the huge fiend, exhausted, breathless, tir'd,  
Loud bellowing, in th' Herculean grasp expir'd.  
The god then burst the gates ; and open lie 345  
The den's vast depths, all naked to the sky.  
'Th' expanded caves dismiss th' imprison'd prey,  
From the black darksome dungeon to the day.  
Forth by the feet the crowds the monster drew ;  
On his huge size they feast their eager view ; 350  
His



His shaggy limbs, his dreadful eyes admire,  
And gaping throat, that breath'd infernal fire.

From that blest hour th' Arcadian tribes bestow'd  
These solemn honours on their guardian god.

Potitius first, his gratitude to prove, 355

Ador'd Alcides in the shady grove ;

And, with the old Pinarian sacred line,

These altars rais'd, and paid the rites divine,

Rites, which our sons for ever shall maintain ;

And ever sacred shall the grove remain. 360

Come then, with us to great Alcides pray,

And crown your heads, and solemnize the day.

Invoke our common god with hymns divine,

And from the goblet pour the generous wine.

He said, and with the poplar's sacred boughs, 365

Like great Alcides, binds his hoary brows ;

Rais'd the crown'd goblet high, in open view :

With him, the guests the holy rite pursue,

And on the board the rich libation threw. }

Now from before the rising shades of night, 370

Roll'd down the sleep of heav'n, the beamy light.

Clad in the fleecy spoils of sheep, proceed

The holy priests ; Potitius at their head.

With flaming brands and offerings, march the train,

And bid the hallow'd altars blaze again ; 375

With care the copious viands they dispose ;

And for their guests a second banquet rose.

The fires curl high ; the Salii dance around

To sacred strains, with shady poplars crown'd.

The quires of old and young, in lofty lays, 380  
 Refound great Hercules' immortal praise.  
 How first, his infant hands the snakes o'erthrew,  
 That Juno sent; and the dire monsters flew.  
 What mighty cities next his arms destroy,  
 Th' Oechalian walls, and stately tow'rs of Troy. 385  
 The thousand labours of the hero's hands,  
 Enjoin'd by proud Eurystheus' stern commands,  
 And Jove's revengeful queen. Thy matchless might .  
 O'ercame the cloud-born Centaurs in the fight;  
 Hylæus, Pholus sunk beneath thy feet, 390  
 And the grim bull, whose rage dispeopled Crete.  
 Beneath thy arm the Nemean monster fell;  
 Thy arm with terror fill'd the realms of hell;  
 Ev'n hell's grim porter shook with dire dismay,  
 Shrunk back, and trembled o'er his mangled prey. 395  
 No shapes of danger could thy soul affright;  
 Nor huge Typhœus, towering to the fight,  
 Nor Lerna's fiend thy courage could confound,  
 With all her hundred heads, that hiss'd around.  
 Hail mighty chief, advanc'd to heaven's abodes! 400  
 Hail son of Jove; a god among the gods!  
 Be present to the vows thy suppliants pay,  
 And with a smile these grateful rites survey.  
 Thus they—but Cacus' cavern crowns the strain,  
 Where the grim monster breath'd his flames in vain.  
 To the glad song, the vales, the woods rebound, 406  
 The lofty hills reply, and echo to the sound.

The sacred rites complete, the numerous train  
 Back to the city bend their course again.

Trembling

Trembling with age, slow moves the monarch on, 410  
Between the hero and his blooming son.

They pass with pleasure the remains of day  
In various converse, that beguiles the way.  
Around th' illustrious stranger darts his sight,  
And views each place with wonder and delight: 415

Curious each ancient monument surveys,  
And asks of every work of ancient days,  
Half sunk in ruins, and by age o'ercome—  
When thus, the founder of majestic Rome :

Know, mighty prince, these venerable woods, 420  
Of old, were haunted by the silvan gods,

And savage tribes, a rugged race who took  
Their birth primeval from the stubborn oak.  
No laws, no manners form'd the barbarous race :  
But wild, the natives rov'd from place to place ; 425

Untaught and rough, improvident of gain,  
They heap'd no wealth, nor turn'd the fruitful plain.

Their food, the savage fruits the forests yield,  
Or hunted game, the fortune of the field,  
Till Saturn fled before victorious Jove, 430

Driv'n down and banish'd from the realms above.

He by just laws embody'd all the train,  
Who roam'd the hills, and drew them to the plain ;  
There fixt ; and Latium call'd the new abode,  
Whose friendly shores conceal'd the latent god. 435

These realms in peace the monarch long controll'd,  
And blest the nations with an age of gold.

A second age succeeds, but darker far,  
Dimin'd by the lust of gain, and rage of war,

Then the Sicanians and Aufonians came, 440  
 And Saturn's realm alternate chang'd her name.  
 Successive tyrants rul'd the Latian plain;  
 Then stern, huge Tybris held his cruel reign.  
 The mighty flood that bathes the fruitful coast,  
 Receiv'd his name, and Albula was lost. 445  
 I came the last, through stormy oceans driv'n  
 From my own kingdom by the hand of heav'n.  
 My mother goddess and Apollo bore  
 My course at length to this auspicious shore.

This said, the prince the gate and altar shows, 450  
 That to his parent, great Carmenta, rose;  
 Whose voice foretold, the sons of Troy should crown  
 With everlasting fame the rising town.  
 Here, Pan, beneath the rocks thy temple flood;  
 There, the renown'd asylum, in the wood. 455  
 Now points the monarch, where by vengeful steel,  
 His murder'd guest, poor, hapless Argus fell!  
 Next, to the Capitol their course they hold,  
 Then roof'd with reeds, but blazing now with gold.  
 Ev'n then her awful sanctity appear'd; 460  
 The swains the local majesty rever'd.  
 All pale with sacred horror, they survey'd  
 The solemn mountain and the reverend shade.  
 Some god, the monarch said, some latent god  
 Dwells in that gloom, and haunts the frowning wood. 465  
 Oft our Arcadians deem, their wondering eyes  
 Have seen great Jove, dread sovereign of the skies;  
 High o'er their heads, the god his ægis held,  
 And blacken'd heaven with clouds, and shook th' im-  
 mortal shield ! .

In ruins there, two mighty towns, behold, 470  
 Rais'd by our fires; huge monuments of old!  
 Janus' and Saturn's name they proudly bore,  
 Their two great founders! — but are now no more!

Thus they convert on works of ancient fame,  
 Till to the monarch's humble courts they came; 475  
 There oxen stalk'd, where palaces are rais'd,  
 And bellowing herds in the proud Forum gràz'd.  
 Lo! said the good old king, this poor abode  
 Receiv'd great Hercules, the victor god!  
 'Thou too, as nobly, raise thy soul above 480  
 All pomps, and emulate the seed of Jove.

With that the hero's hands the monarch prest,  
 And to the mansion led his godlike guest.  
 There on a bear's rough spoils his limbs he laid,  
 And swelling foliage heap'd the homely bed. 485

Now awful night her solemn darkness brings,  
 And stretches o'er the world her dusky wings;  
 When Venus, (trembling at the dire alarms  
 Of hostile Latium, and her sons in arms,)  
 In those still moments, thus to Vulcan said, 490  
 Reclin'd and leaning on the golden bed;  
 (Her thrilling words her melting consort move,  
 And every accent fans the flames of love;)

When cruel Greece and unrelenting fate  
 Conspir'd to sink in dust the Trojan state, 495  
 As Ilium's doom was seal'd, I ne'er implor'd,  
 In those long wars, the labours of my lord;  
 Nor urg'd my dear, dear consort to impart,  
 For a lost empire, his immortal art;

Though Priam's royal offspring claim'd my care, 500  
 Though much I sorrow'd for my godlike heir.  
 Now as the chief, by Jove's supreme command,  
 Has reach'd at length the destin'd Latian land;  
 To thee, my guardian pow'r, for aid I run;  
 A goddess begs; a mother for her son. 505  
 Oh! guard the hero from these dire alarms,  
 Forge, for the chief, impenetrable arms.  
 See, what proud cities every hand employ,  
 To arm new hosts against the sons of Troy;  
 On me and all my people, from afar 510  
 See what assembled nations pour to war!  
 Yet not in vain her sorrows Thetis shed,  
 Nor the fair partner of Tithonus' bed,  
 When they implor'd my lord of old to grace  
 With arms immortal an inferior race. 515  
 Hear then, nor let thy queen in vain implore  
 The gift, those goddesses obtain'd before.

This said; her arms, that match the winter snows,  
 Around her unresolving lord she throws;  
 When lo! more rapid than the lightning flies, 520  
 That gilds with momentary beams the skies,  
 The thrilling flames of love, without control,  
 Flew through the footy god, and fir'd his soul.  
 With conscious joy her conquest she descry'd;  
 When, by her charms subdu'd, her lord reply'd: 525

Why all these reasons urg'd, my mind to move;  
 When such your beauties, and so fierce my love!  
 Long since, at your request, my ready care,  
 In Troy's fam'd fields, had arm'd your son for war.

Nor

Nor did the high decrees of Jove and fate                    530  
 Doom to so swift a fall the Dardan state;  
 But, ten years more, old Priam might enjoy  
 Th' imperial scepter, and the throne of Troy.  
 Yet, if our queen is bent the war to wage,  
 Her sacred cause shall all our art engage.                    535  
 The noblest arms our potent skill can frame,  
 With breathing bellows or the forming flame,  
 Or polish'd steel, refulgent to behold,  
 Or mingled metals, damask'd o'er with gold,  
 Shall grace the chief: thy anxious fears give o'er, 540  
 And doubt thy interest in my love no more.

He spoke; and, fir'd with transport by her charms,  
 Clasp'd the fair goddess in his eager arms;  
 Then pleas'd, and panting on her bosom lay,  
 Sunk in repose, and all dissolv'd away!                    545  
 But rose refresh'd, impatient from the bed,  
 When half the silent hours of night were fled;  
 What time the poor laborious frugal dame,  
 Who plies the distaff, flirs the dying flame;  
 Employs her handmaids by the winking light,                    550  
 And lengthens out their task with half the night;  
 Thus to her children she divides the bread,  
 And guards the honours of her homely bed;  
 So to his task, before the dawn, retires  
 From soft repose the father of the fires.                    555

Amid th' Hesperian and Sicilian flood  
 All black with smoke, a rocky island stood,  
 The dark Vulcanian land, the region of the god.

Here

Here the grim cyclops ply, in vaults profound,  
The huge Æolian forge, that thunders round. 560  
Th' eternal anvils ring, the dungeon o'er;  
From side to side the fiery caverns roar.  
Loud groans the mass beneath their ponderous blows;  
Fierce burns the flame, and the full furnace glows.  
To this dark region, from the bright abode, 565  
With speed impetuous flew the fiery god.  
Th' alternate blows the brawny brethren deal;  
Thick burst the sparkles from the tortur'd steel.  
Huge strokes, rough Steropes and Brontes gave,  
And strong Pyracmon shook the gloomy cave. 570  
Before their sovereign came, the cyclops strove  
With eager speed, to forge a bolt for Jove,  
Such as by heaven's almighty lord are hurl'd,  
All charg'd with vengeance, on a guilty world.  
Beneath their hands, tremendous to survey! 575  
Half rough, half form'd, the dreadful engine lay:  
Three points of rain; three forks of hail conspire;  
Three arm'd with wind; and three were barb'd with fire.  
The mass they temper'd thick with livid rays,  
Fear, wrath and terror, and the lightning's blaze. 580  
With equal speed, a second train prepare  
The rapid chariot for the god of war;  
The thund'ring wheels and axles, that excite  
The madd'ning nations to the rage of fight.  
Some, in a fringe, the burnish'd serpents roll'd 585  
Round the dread ægis, bright with scales of gold;  
The horrid ægis, great Minerva's shield,  
When, in her wrath, she takes the fatal field,



All charg'd with curling snakes the bos they rais'd,  
 And the grim Gorgon's head tremendous blaz'd. 590  
 In agonizing pains the monster frown'd,  
 And roll'd, in death, her fiery eyes around.

'Throw, throw your tasks aside, the sovereign said;  
 Arms for a godlike hero must be made.  
 Fly to the work before the dawn of day; 595  
 Your speed, your strength, and all your skill display!

Swift as the word, (his orders to pursue)  
 To the black labours of the forge they flew;  
 Vast heaps of steel in the deep furnace roll'd,  
 And bubbling streams of brass, and floods of melted gold.

The Lethirens first a glorious shield prepare, 601  
 Capacious of the whole Rutulian war,  
 Some, orb in orb, the blazing buckler frame;  
 Some with huge bellows rouse the roaring flame:  
 Some in the stream the lissing metals draw'd; 605  
 From vault to vault the thund'ring strokes rebound,  
 And the deep caves rebellow to the sound. }  
 Exact in time each ponderous hammer plays;  
 In time their arms the giant brethren raise, }  
 And turn the glowing mass a thousand ways. 610 }

These cares employ the father of the fires:  
 Mean time Evander from his couch retires,  
 Call'd by the purple beams of morn away,  
 And tuneful birds, that hail'd the dawning day,  
 First the warm tunic round his limbs he threw; 615  
 Next on his feet the shining sandals drew.  
 Around his shoulders flow'd the panther's hide,  
 And the bright sword hung glittering at his side.

Two mighty dogs, domestic at his board,  
(A faithful guard) attend their aged lord. 620  
The promis'd aid revolving in his breast,  
The careful monarch fought his godlike guest,  
Who with Achates rose at dawn of day,  
And join'd the king and Pallas on the way.  
Their friendly hands exchang'd, their seats they took  
Amid the hall; and first Evander spoke; 626  
Great prince, the guardian of the Trojan state!  
Who, safe in thee, defies the frowns of fate;  
Small is our force, and slender our relief;  
Far, far unworthy such a glorious chief. 630  
For here, old Tyber bounds our lands; and there  
The stern Rutulians gird our walls with war;  
Yet to our court kind fortune led thy way;  
And mighty aids the willing Fates display;  
By me whole nations, in thy cause ally'd, 635  
Whole hosts in arms shall gather to thy side.  
For near these walls, amid the Tuscan lands,  
Seated on rocks, proud Agyllina stands.  
Rais'd by the Lydian train, sublime in air,  
A martial race, and terrible in war, 640  
For ages flourish'd this distinguish'd town;  
Vast was her wealth, and glorious her renown;  
Till stern Mezentius made her sons obey  
His lawless arms, and arbitrary sway.  
What tongue can such barbarities record, 645  
Or count the slaughters of his ruthless sword?  
Give him, ye gods! if justice you regard,  
Give him, and all his race, the due reward!

'Twas

'Twas not enough, the good, the guiltless bled;  
 Still worse; he bound the living to the dead. 650  
 These, limb to limb, and face to face he join'd,  
 (Oh! monstrous crime of unexampled kind!)  
 Till choak'd with stench the ling'ring wretches lay,  
 And in the loath'd embraces dy'd away.  
 At length, their patience tir'd, his subjects rose, 655  
 Besiege the tyrant, and his walls inclose,  
 Subdue his guards, destroy his friends, and aim  
 Full at the regal towers the vengeful flame;  
 While for defence to Turnus he withdrew,  
 And fast, through all the cloud of slaughter, flew. 660  
 But arm'd by just revenge, the Tuscan band  
 To death the royal fugitive demand.  
 At once Etruria fires her martial train,  
 And all her sons embattled spread the plain,  
 By me dispos'd, shall march these mighty hosts 665  
 Beneath thy conduct, from their native coasts,  
 For now, ev'n now their fleets have reach'd the land,  
 And the tall ships are rang'd along the strand;  
 They wait the signal, for the fight prepare;  
 But thus a sage retards the moving war; 670  
 "Ye chosen martial train, the glorious grace  
 "And flower of all our old Mæonian race.  
 "Though, by just rage inspir'd, your hosts are led  
 "To pour full vengeance on your tyrants' head,  
 "No Lat'ian chief these armies must command; 675  
 "Chuse some brave general from a foreign land."

With that, their forces stop'd in these abodes,  
 Struck with this awful warning of the gods.

To

To me, their chief bold Tarchon sent, before,  
 The crown, and every type of regal pow'r; 680  
 Me they request to lead their armies on,  
 Accept the sway, and fill the vacant throne.  
 But for these silver hairs 'tis far too late  
 To mix in battles, or the cares of state;  
 Vain were the thoughts, so great a war to wage; 685  
 Too rough the task for unperforming age;  
 My son had led them, but his race withstood;  
 Born half a native by the mother's blood.  
 But thou, great prince, whose years and godlike line  
 Stand well approv'd by every pow'r divine, 690  
 Go thou; the high imperial task sustain;  
 Go; to sure conquest lead the vengeful train:  
 And let my Pallas by thy side engage,  
 Pallas, the joy of my declining age.  
 Beneath so great a master's forming care, 695  
 Let the dear youth learn every work of war;  
 In every field thy matchless toils admire,  
 And emulate thy deeds, and catch the glorious fire!  
 Beneath his standard rang'd, a chosen force  
 I send, two hundred brave Arcadian horse; 700  
 And, to support the gathering war, my son  
 Shall lead an equal squadron of his own.

He said; the prince and friend, in cares profound,  
 Long fixt their eyes with anguish on the ground,  
 Sad, and dejected at the short supply; 705  
 Till Venus gave a signal from the sky;  
 Swift from the opening heavens, with awful sound,  
 A sudden splendor broke, and blaz'd around.

A rolling general din they heard from far ;  
And the loud Tyrrhene trumpets rend the air. 710

While thus, amaz'd, they gaze with wondering eyes,  
Peal after peal runs rattling round the skies.

At last bright clashing arms the train behold,  
That flush the skies, and fringe the clouds with gold.

But soon Æneas knew the loud alarms, 715  
The promis'd present of immortal arms.

To me alone, my royal friend, he cries,  
This sign belongs, an omen from the skies.

My mother promis'd these portents in air,  
On the first opening of the wasteful war; 720

To me she brings, through yon ethereal road,  
Those glorious arms, the labour of a god !

Oh ! what a gathering storm of slaughter spreads  
On yonder hosts, and blackens o'er their heads !

How shalt thou, Turnus, my full rage deplore ! 725

How shall thy waves, old Tyber, smoke with gore,  
When all thy streams, incumber'd with the slain,

Roll shields, and helms, and heroes to the main !

Now let the perjur'd train their arms prepare ;  
Since 'tis their wish, I'll give a loose to war ! 730

He said ; and from the sylvan throne retires ;  
Then on Alcides' altar wakes the fires.

Glad he returns, the offering to renew,  
And to the household gods the victims flew.

To the same rites return, with equal joy, 735  
The hoary monarch and the youths of Troy.

Then to the ships he bends his course again,  
There culls the flower of all the warrior train,

To

To wait him to the field; the rest he sends  
 With the glad tidings to his son and friends. 740  
 Smooth o'er the waves the painted vessels glide,  
 And with the stream move gently down the tide.  
 Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan train,  
 And speed their progress to the Tuscan plain.  
 But to their prince a courser was assign'd, 745  
 Of matchless spirit and superior kind.  
 The bounding steed a lion's spoils infold,  
 With paws dependent, sheath'd in shining gold.

Straight through the city flies the loud report  
 Of troops advancing to the Tuscan court. 750  
 The shrieking matrons weary heav'n with pray'r;  
 Near and more near they view, in wild despair, }  
 The horrid image of gigantic war.  
 The good old monarch then embrac'd his son,  
 And with a flood of tender tears begun : 755

Oh! would almighty Jove once more renew  
 That vigorous strength of youth, which once I knew;  
 When, by this hand, beneath her rocky wall,  
 Præneste saw her vanquish'd armies fall;  
 When, victor of the field, and crown'd with fame, 760  
 With piles of hostile shields, I fed the flame,  
 And sent great Herilus, of matchless might,  
 Their martial monarch, to the shades of night;  
 On whom, descended from celestial blood,  
 Three lives his goddesses \* mother had bestow'd. 765  
 Wond'rous to tell! the warrior thrice was slain,  
 As oft reviv'd, and arm'd, and fought again.

\* Feronia.

Thrice, though renew'd for fight, the monarch bled,  
 And thrice, of all his arms I stripp'd the dead.  
 Such were I now—not all these dire alarms,        770  
 Dangers, or deaths, should tear me from thy arms :  
 Nor had Mezentius thus his slaughters spread,  
 Thus heap'd with wrongs thy father's aged head ;  
 Nor thus unpunish'd stretch'd his rage abhorr'd  
 O'er towns, dispeopled by his wasteful sword.        775  
 But hear, ye gods ! and heaven's great ruler, hear,  
 With due regard, a king's and father's pray'r !  
 My dear, dear Pallas, if the Fates ordain  
 Safe to return, and bless these eyes again :  
 With age, pain, sickness, this one blessing give ; 780  
 On this condition I'll endure to live.  
 But oh ! if fortune has decreed his doom,  
 Now, now, by death, prevent my woes to come ;  
 Now, while my hopes and fears uncertain flow ;  
 Now, ere she lifts her hand to strike the blow ;        785  
 While in these feeble arms I strain the boy,  
 My sole delight, my last surviving joy !  
 Ere the sad news of his untimely doom  
 Must bow this hoary head with sorrow to the tomb !  
 With these last words he swoon'd, and sunk away ; 790  
 His servants to the couch their breathless lord convey.  
 Now through the opening gates the warriors ride,  
 Æneas first, Achates by his side.  
 The Trojan chiefs succeed : amid the train  
 Young Pallas towers, conspicuous o'er the plain.        795  
 All bright his military purple flow'd ;  
 His polish'd arms with golden splendors glow'd.

So, bath'd in ocean, with a vivid ray  
 Flames the refulgent star that leads the day :  
 Wide through the sky, before the sacred light 800  
 Break, and disperse the scattering shades of night.  
 High on the battlements the mothers stand,  
 And, from the towers, survey the martial band.  
 Through the thick woods, embody'd in array,  
 The glittering squadrons take the nearest way. 805  
 Loud shouts arise ; the thundering couriers bound  
 Through clouds of dust, and paw the trembling ground.  
 A mighty grove, rever'd for ages stood  
 Where Cære views with pride her rolling flood :  
 Hills clad with fir, to guard the hallow'd bound, 810  
 Rose in the majesty of darkness round.  
 In times of old, the pious Argive train,  
 The first possessors of the Latian plain,  
 To the great \* guardian of the fields, had made  
 For ever sacred the devoted shade, 815 }  
 And, on his solemn day, their annual offerings paid. }  
 Not far from hence the Tuscan host dispread  
 Their mighty camp, with Tarchon at their head.  
 From the tall towering point in full survey,  
 Stretch'd o'er the vale, th' embattled army lay. 820  
 Hither Æneas, with his band, succeeds ;  
 The train refresh'd release the panting steeds.  
 Meantime his beauteous mother, from on high,  
 Had brought the blazing present down the sky.  
 By the cool stream the hero she survey'd 825  
 Within the winding vale, and thus she said :

\* Sylvanus.



Behold the promis'd arms; in every part  
 By Vulcan labour'd with immortal art.  
 Now dare thy foes, collected in thy might,  
 Now call the haughty Turnus to the fight. 830  
 Then the fair queen her joyful son embrac'd,  
 And by an oak, the radiant burthen plac'd.  
 The wondering chief with sudden rapture glow'd,  
 Struck with the glorious labours of the god.  
 Astonish'd at the blazing arms he stands, 835  
 And, one by one, he pois'd 'em in his hands.  
 The sword, with death all pointed, he admires,  
 And the proud helm, that shoots a length of fires.  
 The mighty corset cast a vivid ray ;  
 With scales of brass and sanguine colours gay ; 840  
 And, like a flaming cloud, refulgent shone,  
 Pierc'd with the glancing glories of the sun.  
 The polish'd greaves his manly thighs infold,  
 With mingled metals wrought and ductile gold.  
 With joy the weighty spear the prince beheld ; 845  
 But most admir'd the huge mysterious shield ;  
 For there had Vulcan, skill'd in times to come,  
 Display'd the triumphs of immortal Rome ;  
 There all the Julian line the god had wrought,  
 And charg'd the gold with battles yet unfought. 850  
 Here in a verdant cave's embow'ring shade,  
 The fostering wolf and martial \* twins were laid ;  
 Th' indulgent mother, half reclin'd along,  
 While at her dugs the sportive infants hung, 854 }  
 Look'd fondly back, and form'd 'em with her tongue. }

\* Romulus and Remus.

Next Rome appear'd ; here shriek the Sabine dames,  
Surpris'd, and ravish'd at her solemn games.  
In arms the Cures with their king appear,  
And wage with infant Rome a sudden war.  
At length agreed, from fight the monarchs cease, 860  
And at the shrine of Jove, conclude the peace.  
Each king beside the bleeding victim stands,  
With lifted eyes, a goblet in his hands.  
Here the mad courfers flew the forest o'er,  
And, limb from limb, the perjur'd Metius tore. 865  
As vengeful Tullus drags him through the wood,  
The sculptur'd trees are all bedrop'd with blood.  
Here proud Porfenna, with his martial train,  
Bids Rome receive her banish'd king again.  
Her noble sons, surrounded with alarms, 870  
Fly, in the cause of liberty, to arms.  
While glorious Cocles all his host withstood,  
And Clœlia broke her chains, and swam the flood.  
With furious looks, tremendous to behold,  
The raging monarch frown'd, and storm'd in gold. 875  
There, for the Capitol, brave Manlius strove,  
Fought like a god, and look'd a second Jove.  
There stood thy palace, Romulus, (decreed  
The seat of empire) roof'd with homely reed.  
Here fled the silver goose through courts of gold, 880  
And, cackling loud, th' approaching Gauls foretold.  
Through the thick forest move the hostile pow'rs,  
And, favour'd by the night, invade the tow'rs.  
Fair golden tresses grace the comely train,  
And every warrior wears a golden chain. 885

Embroider'd vests their snowy limbs infold;  
 And their rich robes are all adorn'd with gold.  
 Two Alpine spears with martial pride they wield,  
 And guard their bodies with an ample shield.  
 The Sallii next in solemn garbs advance; 890

And naked here the mad Luperci dance.  
 The pledge of future empire from the sky,  
 The sacred targe strikes dazzling on the eye.  
 In stately cars the pious matrons rode,  
 Who sav'd their country, and appeas'd the god. 895

Far hence remov'd, appear the realms below,  
 The horrid mansions of eternal woe;  
 Where howl the damn'd; where Catiline in chains  
 Roars from the dark abyfs, in endless pains;  
 Sees the grim furies all around him spread, 900  
 And the black rock still trembling o'er his head.  
 But in a separate space the just remain;  
 And awful Cato rules the godlike train.

Full in the midst, majestically roll'd  
 The solemn ocean wrought in figur'd gold: 905  
 But hoary waves curl high on every side,  
 And silver dolphins cut the fable tide.

Amid the flood, two navies rose to fight  
 With beaks of brass; th' immortal Actian fight!  
 All charg'd with war the boiling billows roll'd, 910  
 And the vast ocean flam'd with arms of gold.  
 Here leads divine Augustus, through the floods  
 The sons of Rome, her fathers and her gods:  
 From his high stern the martial scene surveys, 914  
 While streaming splendors round his temples blaze;

His sparkling eyes a keener glory shed,  
Than his great father's star, that glitters o'er his head.

Now, with kind gales, the care of every god,  
Agrippa leads his squadron through the flood.  
A naval crown adorns the warrior's brows, 920  
And fierce he pours amid th' embattled foes.

There brings proud Antony his various bands,  
From distant nations, and from barbarous lands.  
Dispeopled Egypt fills the wat'ry plain,  
And the whole Eastern world o'er spreads the main. 925  
But O;—the curse of Rome, the shame of war,  
His Phœnician comfort follows in the rear!

Rush the fierce fleets to fight! beneath their oars  
And clashing beaks, the foaming ocean roars!  
All big with war the floating castles ride, 930  
In bulk enormous, o'er the yielding tide;  
The frothy surge like moving mountains sweep,  
Or idles uprooted, rolling round the deep.  
Spears, dart, and flames fly furious o'er the main;  
The fields of Neptune take a crimson stain. 935  
The beauteous queen, amidst the dire alarms,  
With her loud tumbrels calls her hosts to arms,  
Flies to the fight, nor sees the snakes, that wait  
And hiss behind, dread ministers of fate!  
Against great Neptune, in his strength array'd, 940  
And beauteous Venus, and the blue-ey'd maid,  
Engage the dog Anubis, on the floods,  
And the lowd herd of Egypt's monster gods,

\* Cleopatra.

In

In polish'd steel, conspicuous from afar,  
 Amid the tumult storms the god of war. 945  
 Her robes all rent, with many an ample stride,  
 Grim Discord stalk'd, triumphant o'er the tide.  
 Next, with her bloody scourge Bellona flies,  
 And leads, in fatal pomp, the furies of the skies.

Mean time, enthron'd on Actium's towering height,  
 The god of day surveys the raging fight, 951  
 And bends his twanging bow. With sudden dread,  
 At the dire signal, all Arabia fled :  
 At once retire, in wild confusion hurl'd,  
 Egypt, and all th' assembled Eastern world. 955  
 Amid the slaughters of the fight was seen,  
 Pale with the fears of death, the Pharian queen ;  
 Aghast, she calls the kind propitious gales  
 To speed her flight ; and spreads her silken sails.  
 The god display'd her figure, full in view, 960  
 As o'er the floods with western winds she flew.  
 While sunk in grief, the mighty Nile bemoans  
 The shame and slaughter of his vanquish'd sons.  
 He saw the rout ; his mantle he unroll'd,  
 Spread forth his robes, and open'd every fold, 965  
 Expanded wide his arms, with timely care,  
 And in his kind embrace receiv'd the flying war.

Now moves great Cæsar (all his foes o'ercome,)  
 With three proud triumphs through imperial Rome ;  
 And pays immortal honours to the skies : 970  
 Behold at once three hundred temples rise !  
 The streets resound with shouts and solemn games ;  
 And to the temples throng the Roman dames

With ardent pray'rs : high altars rise around ;  
 And with the blood of victims smokes the ground. 975  
 He sits enthron'd in Phœbus' Parian fane ;  
 In ranks before him pass the vanquish'd train,  
 While he accepts the gifts that crown his toils,  
 And hangs on high the consecrated spoils.  
 Before the victor move the mighty throngs, 980  
 With different habits and discordant tongues.  
 Here pass, distinguish'd by the god of fire,  
 The sons of Afric in their loose attire ;  
 The Carians march ; the bold Numidians ride ;  
 The Gelons shine with quivers at their side. 985  
 Here crowd the Dææ ; and the nations, there,  
 From earth's last ends assembled to the war.  
 Here with diminish'd pride Euphrates mourns ;  
 There the maim'd Rhine bemoans his broken horns :  
 And fierce Araxes, bridg'd of old in vain, 990  
 Now bends, submissive, to the Roman chain.

Such was the glorious gift in every part  
 By Vulcan finish'd with immortal art :  
 (The forms unknown, that grac'd its ample field ;)  
 The prince with joy surveys the stor'd shield ; 995  
 Aloft he bears the triumphs yet to come,  
 The fortunes of his race, the fates of mighty Rome.

End of the Eighth Book.

V I R G I L's

Æ N E I D.

B O O K IX.

## A R G U M E N T.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, attempts to fire his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs) and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recal Æneas, which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and conclusion of their adventures. In the morning, Turnus pushes the siege with vigour; and, hearing that the Trojans had opened a gate, he runs thither, and breaks into the town with the enemies he pursues. The gates are immediately closed upon him; and he fights his way through the town to the river Tyber. He is forced at last to leap, armed as he is, into the river, and swims to his camp.



## VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

## BOOK IX.

**T**HUS while the prince collects auxiliar hosts,  
 And leads new armies from the Tuscan coasts;  
 Dispatch'd by heav'n's great empress from the skies,  
 The goddess of the bow to Turnus flies;  
 Where, cover'd with the shade, he made abode 5  
 In his old grandfire's consecrated wood;  
 There, as at ease reclin'd the godlike man,  
 Her rosy lips she open'd, and began :

Turnus, this kind auspicious hour bestows  
 What scarce a god could promise to thy vows : 10  
 For lo ! the Trojan chief has parted hence,  
 And for new succours courts th' Arcadian prince.  
 Thence to the Tuscan coasts his course he bends,  
 And leaves expos'd his walls, his fleets, and friends.  
 Now, while the Lydians in his cause unite, 15  
 And the raw peasants gather to the fight;  
 Call, call the fiery couriers, and the car;  
 Fly—storm his camp—and give a loose to war.  
 This said ; with levell'd wings she mounts on high,  
 And cuts a glorious rainbow in the sky. 20

He knew the fair ; his lifted hands he spread,  
 And with these words pursu'd her as she fled :

Bright

Bright beauteous goddess of the various bow,  
 What pow'r dispatch'd thee to the world below?  
 What splendors open to my dazzled eyes!  
 What floods of glory burst from all the skies; 25  
 And lo! the heav'ns divine, the planets roll!  
 Thick shine the stars, and gild the glowing pole!  
 Call'd by these omens to the field of blood,  
 I follow to the war the great inspiring god! 30

Raptur'd he said, and fought the limpid tide,  
 Where gurgling streams in silver currents glide;  
 There cleans'd his hands, then raising high in air,  
 To ev'ry god address his ardent pray'r.

And now, all gay and glorious to behold, 35  
 Rich in embroider'd vests, and arms of gold,  
 On sprightly prancing steed, the martial train  
 Spread wide their ranks o'er all th' embattled plain.  
 The van with great Messapus at their head;  
 The deep'ning rear the sons of Tyrrhens led. 40  
 Brave Turnus flames in arms, supremely tall,  
 Tow'rs in the center, and outshines them all.  
 Silent they march beneath their godlike guide:  
 So mighty Ganges leads, with awful pride,  
 In sev'n large streams his swelling solemn tide: 45  
 So Nile, compos'd within his banks again,  
 Moves in slow pomp, majestic, to the main.

Troy saw from far the black'ning cloud arise:  
 Then from the rampart's height Caius cries:  
 See, see, my friends, yon dusky martial train, 50  
 Involv'd in clouds, and sweeping o'er the plain.

Te

To arms—The foes advance—Your swords prepare ;  
Fly---Mount the ramparts, and repel the war.

With shouts they run ; they gather at the call ;  
They close the gates ; they mount ; they guard the wall.  
For so th' experienc'd prince had charg'd the host, 56  
When late he parted for the Tuscan coast ;

Whate'er befel, their ardor to restrain,  
Trust to their walls, nor tempt the open plain.  
There, tho' with shame and wrath their bosoms glow, 60  
Shut in their tow'rs, they wait th' embattled foe.

But mighty Turnus rode with rapid speed,  
And furious spurr'd his dappled Thracian steed ;  
Eager before the tardy squadrons flew  
To reach the wall ; and soon appear'd in view 65  
(With twice ten noble warriors close behind) ;  
His crimson crest stream'd dreadful in the wind.  
Who first, he cry'd, with me the foe will dare ?  
Then hurl'd a dart, the signal of the war.

Loud shout his train ; deep wonder seiz'd them all, 70  
To see the Trojans skulk behind their wall ;  
Safe in their tow'rs their forces they bestow,  
Nor take the field, nor meet th' approaching foe.

Now furious Turnus, thund'ring round the plain,  
Tries every post and pass, but tries in vain. 75  
As, beat by tempests, and by famine bold,  
The prowling wolf attempts the nightly fold ;  
Lodg'd in the guarded field beneath their dams,  
Safe from the savage, bleat the tender lambs ;  
The monster meditates the fleecy brood ; 80  
Now howls with hunger, and now thirsts for blood ;

Round

Roams round the fences that the prize contain,  
 And madly rages at the flock in vain :  
 Thus, as th' embattled tow'rs the chief descries,  
 Rage fires his soul, and flashes from his eyes : 85  
 Nor entrance can he find, nor force the train  
 From the close trench to combat on the plain.  
 But to their fleet he bends his furious way,  
 That, cover'd by the floods and ramparts, lay  
 Beside the camp—He calls for burning brands, 90  
 And rais'd a pine all-flaming in his hands.  
 His great example the bold troop inspires ;  
 They rob the hearths ; they hurl the missive fires ;  
 The black'ning smokes in curling volumes rise,  
 With hov'ring clouds of cinders, to the skies. 95  
 O say, ye muses, what celestial pow'r  
 Preserv'd the navy in that dreadful hour,  
 And stopp'd the progress of the furious flame ?  
 The tale is old, yet of immortal fame !  
 The Trojan chief, prepar'd to stem the tide, 100  
 Had built his fleet beneath the hills of Ide ;  
 When thus to Jove, in heav'n's supreme abodes,  
 Spoke the majestic mother of the gods ;  
 Hear, and our first request, my son, accord,  
 The first, since heav'n has own'd you for her lord. 105  
 To our great name, and honour'd by our love,  
 On lofty Ida tow'rs a stately grove ;  
 Tall firs and maples there for years have stood,  
 And waving pines, a venerable wood !  
 To build his navy, I bestow'd with joy 110  
 The hallow'd forest on the chief of Troy.

Now

Now anxious fears disturb my soul with care :  
 But thou, my son, indulge a mother's pray'r :  
 Bid seas and tempests spare the ships divine ;  
 Be this their safety, that they once were mine: 115

Thus she—and thus replies her son, who rolls  
 The golden planets round the spangled poles :  
 What would our mother's rash request intend ?  
 To turn the Fates from their determin'd end ?  
 How ! an immortal state would you demand 120  
 For vessels labour'd by a mortal hand ?  
 And shall the chief in certain safety ride,  
 O'er rocks, o'er gulfs, and o'er th' uncertain tide ?  
 A pow'r so high we never yet bestow'd ;  
 No—'tis a pow'r too boundless for a god ! 125  
 But this we grant—when, all his labours o'er,  
 The Trojan prince shall reach the Latian shore,  
 Whatever ships the friendly strand shall gain,  
 Sav'd from the storms, and the devouring main,  
 Know, we will take the mortal form from these ; 130  
 Each ship shall launch, a goddess of the seas ;  
 And with her sister Nereids shall divide  
 The silver waves, and bound along the tide.  
 This said ; the lord of thunder seal'd the vow  
 By his dread brother's awful streams below ; 135  
 By the black whirlpools of the Stygian flood ;  
 Then gave the sanction of th' imperial nod ;  
 The heav'ns all shook, and fled before the god. }

Now was the hour arriv'd, th' appointed date,  
 Fixt by the high eternal laws of fate ; 140  
 When

When the great mother of the thund'rer came  
To guard her sacred vessels from the flame.

First from the glowing orient they descry  
A blazing cloud that stretch'd from sky to sky;  
The golden splendors doubly gild the day, 145  
And high in air the tinkling cymbals play.  
At length, with wonder, and religious fear,  
A deep majestic voice the list'ning nations hear:

Forbear, forbear, ye sons of Troy, nor lend  
Your needless aid, our vessels to defend. 150  
The proud Rutulian shall, with greater ease,  
Burn to their beds profound the wat'ry seas;  
Launch you, my ships; be Nereids of the floods;  
So wills the mighty mother of the gods!

Swift at the word, the sacred ships obey, 155  
From their loose anchors break, and bound away;  
Like sportive dolphins plunge beneath the main,  
Then (wond'rous!) rise in female forms again.  
So many nymphs launch swiftly from the shore,  
As rode tall gallies in the port before. 160

The fierce Rutulians shook with wild affright,  
Ev'n brave Messapus trembled at the sight, [flight. }  
Nor could he rule his steeds, nor check their rapid }  
Old murmur'ing Tyber shrunk with sudden dread,  
And to his source the hoary father fled. 165

All, but the valiant Daunian hero, shook,  
Who rais'd their drooping souls, while thus he spoke:  
These omens threat our foes (O glorious day!):  
Lo! Jove has snatch'd their last relief away!

Lo!

Lo! from our dreaded arms their ships retire, 170  
 And vanish swift before our vengeful fire;  
 To Troy, imprison'd in yon narrow coast,  
 The wat'ry half of all the globe is lost.  
 Their flight, the seas and hostile armies bar;  
 The land is ours; and Italy from far 175 }  
 Pours forth her sons, by nations, to the war.  
 Her favouring oracles let Ilion boast:  
 On Turnus all those empty vaunts are lost.  
 To 'scape the seas, and reach the Latian land,  
 Was all, their fates or Venus could demand. 180  
 My fates now take their turn; and 'tis in mine;  
 For my lost spouse, to crush the perjurd line.  
 Like brave Atrides, I'll redeem the dame;  
 The same my cause, and my revenge the same.  
 Will Troy then venture on a rape once more, 185  
 Who paid so dearly for the crime before?  
 Sure they have long ago the thought declin'd,  
 Forsworn the sex, and curst the costly kind!  
 Fools! will they trust yon feeble wall and gate,  
 That slight partition betwixt them and fate, 190  
 Who not long since beheld their Troy renown'd,  
 Their god-built Troy, lie smoking on the ground!  
 Fly then, my friends, and let us force the foe;  
 Seize, storm the camp, and lay their ramparts low.  
 Nor want we, o'er these dastards to prevail, 195  
 Arms forg'd by Vulcan, and a thousand sail;  
 Though to support their desp'rate cause should join  
 Arcadia's sons with all the Tuscan line:

Nor need the wretches fear, with vain affright,  
The sacred thefts or murders of the night. 200  
A robb'd palladium, and an ambush'd force  
Lodg'd in the caverns of a monstrous horse.  
A conquest in the dark my soul disclaims ;  
No—let us gird by day their walls with flames.  
Soon shall they find no Argive host appears, 205  
Whom Hector baffled ten revolving years.  
Now go, my valiant friends, and pass away  
In due repast the small remains of day :  
But rise, rise early with the dawning light,  
Fresh from repose, and vig'rous for the fight. 210  
    Meantime it falls to great Messapus' care,  
The ramparts to surround with fire and war.  
Twice sev'n Rutulian leaders head the bands ;  
An hundred spears each valiant chief commands :  
Proudly they march, in gold and purple gay, 215  
And crimson crests on every helmet play.  
They watch, they rest by turns ; and, stretch'd supine  
On the green carpet, quaff the gen'rous wine.  
The fires gleam round, and shoot a ruddy light ;  
In plays and pleasures, pass the jovial night. 220  
    This scene the Trojans from their trenches view ;  
All seiz'd their arms, and to their ramparts flew ;  
In wild affright to guard the gates they pour,  
Join bridge to bridge with speed, and tow'r to tow'r.  
Thus while th' endanger'd bulwarks they maintain, 225  
Mnestheus and brave Sereftus fire the train.  
(The prince had left to their experienc'd care,  
If aught befel, the conduct of the war.)

Now



Now all the soldiers to their posts were flown,  
And in their turns, successive, guard the town. 230

The valiant Nisus took his lot, to wait  
Before the portal, and defend the gate.  
From Ida's native woods the warrior came,  
Skill'd with the dart to pierce the flying game :  
With him Euryalus, who match'd in arms 235  
Troy's bravest youths; and far excell'd in charms ;  
So young, the springing down but just began  
To shade his blooming cheeks, and promise man.  
These boys in sacred friendship were ally'd,  
And join'd in martial labours, side by side ; 240  
In ev'ry danger, ev'ry glory shar'd ;  
And both alike were planted on the guard.

Has heav'n (cry'd Nisus first) this warmth bestow'd ?  
Heav'n ? or a thought that prompts me like a god ?  
This glorious warmth, my friend, that breaks my rest ?  
Some high exploit lies throbbing at my breast. 246  
My glowing mind what gen'rous ardors raise,  
And set my mounting spirits on a blaze !  
See the loose discipline of yonder train ;  
The lights, grown thin, scarce glimmer from the plain :  
The guards in slumber and debauch are drown'd ; 251  
And mark !—a gen'ral silence reigns around :  
Then take my thought ; the people, fathers, all,  
Join in one wish, our leader to recall.  
Now, wou'd they give to thee the prize I claim, 255  
(For I cou'd rest contented with the fame—)  
An easy road, methinks, I can survey  
Beneath yon summit to direct my way.

The brave Euryalus, with martial pride,  
 Fir'd with the charms of glory, thus reply'd : 260  
 And will my Nifus then his friend disclaim ?  
 Deny'd his share of danger and of fame ?  
 And can thy dear Euryalus expose  
 Thy life, alone, unguarded to the foes ?  
 Not so my father taught his gen'rous boy, 265  
 Born, train'd and season'd in the wars of Troy.  
 And, where the great Æneas led the way,  
 I brav'd all dangers of the land and sea.  
 Thou too canst witness that my worth is try'd ;  
 We march'd, we fought, we conquer'd side by side. 270  
 Like thine, this bosom glows with martial flame ;  
 Burns with a scorn of life, and love of fame ;  
 And thinks, if endless glory can be fought  
 On such low terms, the prize is cheaply bought.  
 Let no such jealous fears alarm thy breast : 275  
 Thy worth and valour stand to all confess'd.  
 But let the danger fall (he cries) on me :  
 For this exploit, I durst not think on thee !  
 No :—as I hope the blest ethereal train  
 May bring me glorious to thy arms again ! 280  
 But should the gods deny me to succeed,  
 Should I—(which heav'n avert !) but should I bleed ;  
 Live thou ;—in death some pleasure that will give ;  
 Live for thy Nifus' sake ; I charge thee, live.  
 Thy blooming youth a longer term demands ;— 285  
 Live, to redeem my corse from hostile hands ;  
 And decent to the silent grave commend  
 The poor remains of him who was thy friend :

Or raise at least, by kind remembrance led,  
 A vacant tomb in honour of the dead. 290  
 Why should I cause thy mother's soul to know  
 Such heart-felt pangs ? Unutterable woe !  
 Thy dear fond mother, who, for love of thee,  
 Dar'd every danger of the land and sea !  
 She left Acestes' walls, and she alone, 295  
 To follow thee, her only, darling son !

In vain, he cry'd, my courage you restrain ;  
 My soul's on fire, and you but plead in vain.  
 Haste—let us go—He said—and rais'd the guard ;  
 By turns their vacant posts the centries shar'd. 300  
 With eager speed the gen'rous warriors went,  
 Inflam'd with glory, to the royal tent.

In silence hush'd the whole creation lay,  
 And lost in sleep the labours of the day,  
 Not so the chiefs of Ilion, who debate 305  
 In solemn council on th' endanger'd state ;  
 Propp'd on their spears, their bucklers in their hand,  
 Amid the camp the hoary fathers stand,  
 And vote an instant message may be sent  
 To their great chief, their ruin to prevent. 310  
 The friends now beg admision of the court,  
 The business arduous, and of high import.  
 The prince commands them to inform the train ;  
 And first bade Nisus speak, who thus began :

Attend, nor judge, ye venerable peers ! 315  
 Our bold adventure by our tender years.  
 As yonder bands in sleep and wine are drown'd,  
 We, by kind chance, a secret path have found,

Close by the gate, that near the ocean lies ;  
 The fires are thinn'd, and clouds of smoke arise. 320  
 If you permit, since fair occasion calls,  
 Safe can we pierce to great Evander's walls.  
 Soon shall our mighty chief appear again,  
 Adorn'd with spoils, and striding o'er the plain,  
 Lord of the field ; nor can we miss the road, 325  
 But know the various windings of the flood ;  
 For, as we hunt, we see the turrets rise,  
 Peep o'er the vales, and dance before our eyes.

Then thus Alethes, an illustrious sage,  
 Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age : 330  
 Ev'n yet, ye guardian gods, your pow'rs divine  
 Will spare the relicks of the Trojan line,  
 Since you the bosoms of our youths inspire  
 With such high courage, such determin'd fire.  
 Then in his arms the boys by turns he took 335  
 With tears of joy ; and panting, thus bespoke :  
 Oh ! what rewards, brave youths, can be decreed,  
 What honours, equal to so great a deed ?  
 The best and fairest, all th' applauding sky,  
 And your own conscious virtue, shall supply ; 340  
 The next, our great Æneas will bestow,  
 And young Ascanius' riper years shall owe.  
 Whatever boon such merit can receive,  
 The friend, the monarch, and the man, will give.

And I, brave Nisus ! crys the royal boy, 345  
 Swear by the sacred guardian pow'rs of Troy,  
 My hopes, my fortunes, are repos'd in you ;  
 Go then, your gen'rous enterprize pursue.

Oh !

Oh! to these longing eyes my fire restore ;  
 From that blest hour my sorrows are no more. 350  
 Two silver bowls, whose ample margins shine,  
 All rais'd with costly sculpture, shall be thine ;  
 The same my conqu'ring father brought away,  
 When low in dust the fair Arisba lay :  
 Two glitt'ring tripods, beauteous to behold, 355  
 And two large talents of the purest gold :  
 With these a goblet, which the queen of Tyre  
 Bestow'd in Carthage on my royal fire.  
 And, when these vanquish'd kingdoms are our own ;  
 When my great father mounts the Latian throne ; 360  
 When our victorious hosts by lot shall share  
 The rich rewards, and glorious spoils, of war ;  
 What late thou saw'st when Turnus took the field,  
 His prancing courser, helm, and golden shield ;  
 That courser, shield, and helm, of skill divine, 365  
 Exempt from lot, brave Nisus, shall be thine.  
 My fire will give twelve captives with their arms ;  
 Yet more—twelve females of distinguish'd charms ;  
 And, to complete the whole, the wide domain  
 Of the great Latian lord, a boundless plain. 370  
 But thee, dear youth, not yet to manhood grown,  
 Whose years but just advance before my own,  
 No fortune henceforth from my soul shall part,  
 Still at my side, and ever at my heart,  
 My dangers, glories, counsels, thoughts, to share ; 375  
 My friend in peace, my brother in the war !  
 All, all my life, replies the youth, shall aim,  
 Like this one hour, at everlasting fame,

Though fortune only our attempt can bless,  
 Yet still my courage shall deserve success. 380  
 But one reward I ask, before I go,  
 The greatest I can ask, or you bestow.  
 My mother, tender, pious, fond, and good,  
 Sprung, like thy own, from Priam's royal blood;  
 Such was her love, she left her native Troy, 385  
 And fir'd Trinacria, for her darling boy;  
 And such is mine, that I must keep unknown  
 From her, the danger of so dear a son:  
 To spare her anguish, lo! I quit the place  
 Without one parting kiss, one last embrace! 390  
 By night, and that respected hand, I swear,  
 Her melting tears are more than I can bear!  
 For her, good prince, your pity I implore;  
 Support her, childless; and relieve her, poor;  
 Oh! let her, let her find (when I am gone), 395  
 In you, a friend, a guardian, and a son!  
 With that dear hope, embolden'd shall I go,  
 Brave ev'ry danger, and defy the foe.

Chaim'd with his virtue, all the Trojan peers,  
 But more than all, Ascanius melts in tears, 400  
 To see the sorrows of a dutious son,  
 And filial love, a love so like his own.  
 I promise all, heroic youth! he said,  
 That to such matchless valour can be paid;  
 To me, thy mother still shall be the same 405  
 Creüsa was, and only want the name.  
 Let fortune good or ill success decree;  
 'Tis merit, sure, to bear a son like thee!

Now

Now by my head, my father's oath, I vow,  
 Whate'er rewards I purpose to bestow, 410  
 When safe return'd, on thee, the same shall grace  
 Thy mother, and thy whole surviving race.

So spoke the prince; and, weeping at the word,  
 Gave to the pious youth his costly sword:  
 The sword with wond'rous art Lycaon made; 415  
 An ivory scabbard sheath'd the shining blade.  
 To Nisus, Mnestheus gave a lion's hide;  
 And a new helm Alethes' care supply'd.  
 Thus arm'd, they quit the tent; th' assembly waits,  
 With high applause, their progress to the gates. 420  
 Mature in wisdom, far above his years,  
 The fair Iulus in the train appears,  
 And sends his father many an ardent pray'r;  
 All lost in wind, and scatter'd wide in air!

Now, favour'd by the shade, the warriors go, 425  
 Pass the deep trenches, and invade the foe.  
 But, ere their dang'rous enterprize is o'er,  
 With what large slaughter shall they bathe the shore!  
 All drench'd in wine and sleep, lie stretch'd around,  
 The careless soldiers on the verdant ground, 430  
 Amid a pile of traces, wheels and reins,  
 And empty cars, incumbring all the plains.  
 Here lie the scatter'd arms; the goblets there;  
 A mad confusion of debauch and war.

Now, now, cries Nisus first, thy courage call; 435  
 The place, the hour, my friend, demands it all.  
 Here lies our road: while I the passage find,  
 Stay thou, and cautious watch the foe behind.

From

From side to side, whole squadrons will I slay,  
Thro' death and horrors op'ning wide thy way. 440

With that, the youth in silence drew his sword,  
And stabb'd proud Rhamnes, a distinguish'd lord;  
In ev'ry deep prophetic art approv'd,  
A king and augur, and by Turnus lov'd.

On the rich couch in slumbers deep he lay, 445  
And, labouring, slept the full debauch away.  
The fate of others he had still foreshewn,  
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own.

Then on the 'squire of Remus fierce he flew,  
And, as they slept, his three attendants flew. 450

The driver next; and cut his neck in twain,  
As, midst the steeds, he slumber'd on the plain;  
Last on their lord employ'd the deadly steel;  
Swift flew the head; and mutter'd as it fell.

The purple blood distains the couch around; 455  
The welt'ring trunk lies beating on the ground.

Next Lamyus and Lamus meet their doom:  
Serranus last, in all his sprightly bloom:

By the large draught o'erpow'r'd, outstretch'd he lay, }  
Full half the night already spent in play; 460 }  
Far happier had it been, if lengthen'd to the day.

Thus o'er th' unguarded fence by hunger bold,  
Springs the grim lion, and invades the fold.  
All dreadful, growling in the midnight hours,  
The trembling flock he murders and devours; 465  
While wrapt in silence lies the fleecy brood,  
The savage rages in a foam of blood.



Nor with less rage Euryalus employ'd  
 The deadly sword ; but nameless crowds destroy'd.  
 Hebeſus, Faduſ, as they ſlept, he goar'd ; 470  
 But wakeful Rhæſuſ ſaw the ſlaught'ring ſword :  
 Behind a goblet he retir'd in vain ;  
 For as the foe, detected, roſe again,  
 The furious youth, with all his force impreſt,  
 Plung'd the whole ſword, deep-bury'd in his breaſt ; 475  
 With blended wine and blood, the ground was dy'd ;  
 The purple ſoul came floating in the tide.

So vents the youth his vengeance on his foes,  
 And ſcatters death and ſlaughter as he goes.  
 Now when to brave Meſſapuſ' tents they came, 480  
 The fires juſt glimmer'd with a quiv'ring flame.  
 The train lie ſcatter'd, while the ſteeds, unbound,  
 Expatiate wide, and graze the verdant ground.  
 Then Niſuſ warn'd him ; for he ſaw the boy  
 Too fierce for blood, too eager to deſtroy ; 485  
 Enough of death—our ſwords have hew'd the way—  
 We ſtand detected by the dawning day.

They part ; and leave, in piles confuſ'dly roll'd,  
 Bright arms, embroider'd robes, and bowls of gold.  
 But yet the fond Euryaluſ would ſlay, 490  
 Reſolv'd to ſeize one rich diſtinguiſh'd prey ;  
 The ſhining trappings Rhamneſ' courſers bore,  
 And the broad golden belt the monarch wore,  
 Of old, to Remuluſ was ſent the prize  
 By Cædicuſ, the pledge of ſocial ties ; 495  
 Which with his grandſon at his death remain'd,  
 And laſt by war the fierce Rutulians gain'd.

This belt he bore, exulting, from the plain,  
 And in gay triumph wore, but wore in vain !  
 Next, with Messapus' helm, his brows he spread, 500  
 Adorn'd with plumes, that nodded o'er his head.  
 Then, flush'd with slaughter and the glorious prey,  
 They quit the camp, and seek a safer way.

Meantime, the Daunian hero to support,  
 Advanc'd a legion from the Latian court; 505  
 Three hundred horse, while slow the foot succeed,  
 Fly swift before, with Volscens at their head.  
 Now to the camp the warriors bend their way,  
 And, on the left, the hapless youths survey.  
 Euryalus' bright helm the pair betray'd, 510  
 On which the moon in all her glory play'd.

'Tis not for nought, those youths appear ; declare  
 (Cries the stern gen'ral) who, and whence you are ; }  
 And whither bound ; and wherefore arm'd for war ? }  
 Nought they reply, but took their sudden flight 515  
 To the thick forests, and the shades of night.

But the fierce warriors spur'd their steeds, and stood  
 All round, to guard the op'nings of the wood.  
 O'ergrown and wild, the darksome forest lay,  
 And trees and brakes perplex'd the winding way. 520  
 Hither, incumber'd with his gaudy prize,  
 Distress'd Euryalus for shelter flies ; }  
 But miss'd the turnings, in his wild surprize. }

Not so, swift Nisus, who the foes declin'd,  
 Nor knew th' endanger'd boy was left behind ; 525  
 Beyond the once-fam'd Alban fields he fled,  
 Where the fleet courfers of Latinus fed.

There

There stood the mournful youth ; and from the plain,  
 Cast a long look, to find his friend, in vain !  
 Where is Euryalus, my only joy ? 530  
 Where shall I find (he cry'd) the hapless boy ?  
 Then he retrac'd his former steps, and trod,  
 Once more, the winding mazes of the wood,  
 The trampling steeds and warriors pour behind,  
 And the loud cries come thick in ev'ry wind. 535  
 Here, while he paus'd, a general shout he heard ;  
 And lo ! his lov'd Euryalus appear'd,  
 Surrounded by the foe : the gloomy night,  
 And pathless thickets, intercept his flight.  
 With joyful clamours croud the gath'ring train 540  
 Around the captive, who resists in vain.  
 What can his friend attempt, what means employ,  
 What arms, what succours, to redeem the boy ?  
 Or through th' embattled squadrons shall he fly,  
 And, prest by hostile numbers, nobly die ? 545  
 Then on the moon he cast a mournful look,  
 And in his hand the pointed jav'lin shook ;  
 Great guardian goddess of the woods ! (he cries)  
 Pride of the stars, and empress of the skies !  
 If e'er with gifts my father hung thy shrine 550  
 For his dear son, and fought thy pow'r divine,  
 Or I increas'd them with my sylvan toils,  
 And grac'd thy sacred roof with savage spoils ;  
 Direct my lance, nor let it fly in vain,  
 But, wing'd with death, disperse the hostile train. 555  
 This said ; with all his strength the spear he threw ;  
 Swift through the parting shade the weapon flew.

In Sulmo's back the point all-quiv'ring stood;  
 And pierc'd his heart, but left the broken wood.  
 He pour'd a purple flood, as prone he lay; 560  
 While in thick fobs he gasp'd his soul away.  
 The crouds gaze round; when lo! a second flies,  
 Fierce as the first, and sings along the skies.  
 Through Tagus' temples, o'er the shrinking train,  
 It flew, and sunk deep-bury'd in the brain. 565  
 Now, mad for vengeance, Volscens storm'd, nor found  
 The daring author of the distant wound:  
 But thy curst blood shall pay for both, he said;  
 'Then rush'd impetuous with the flaming blade  
 Against the trembling boy—with wild affright, 570  
 All pale, confus'd, distracted at the sight,  
 From his close covert Nisus rush'd in view;  
 And sent his voice before him as he flew:  
 Me, me, to me alone, your rage confine;  
 Here sheath your javelin; all the guilt was mine. 575  
 By yon bright stars, by each immortal god,  
 His hands, his thoughts, are innocent of blood!  
 Nor could, nor durst the boy the deed intend;  
 His only crime (and oh! can that offend?)  
 Was too much love to his unhappy friend! 580 }

In vain he spoke, for ah! the sword, address'd  
 With ruthless rage, had pierc'd his lovely breast.  
 With blood his snowy limbs are purpl'd o'er,  
 And, pale in death, he welters in his gore.  
 As a gay flow'r, with blooming beauties crown'd, 585  
 Cut by the share, lies languid on the ground;

Or

Or some tall poppy, that o'er-charg'd with rain  
 Bends the faint head, and sinks upon the plain;  
 So fair, so languishingly sweet he lies,  
 His head declin'd and drooping, as he dies ! 590

Now midst the foe, distracted Nisus flew;  
 Volscens, and him alone, he keeps in view.  
 The gath'ring train the furious youth surround;  
 Dart follows dart, and wound succeeds to wound;  
 All, all, unfelt; he seeks their guilty lord; 595  
 In fiery circles flies his thund'ring sword;  
 Nor ceas'd, but found, at length, the destin'd way;  
 And, bury'd in his mouth, the faulchion lay.  
 Thus cover'd o'er with wounds on ev'ry side,  
 Brave Nisus slew the murd'rer as he dy'd; 600  
 Then, on the dear Euryalus his breast,  
 Sunk down, and slumber'd in eternal rest.

Hail, happy pair ! if fame our verse can give,  
 From age to age, your memory shall live;  
 Long as th' imperial Capitol shall stand, 605  
 Or Rome's majestic lord the conquer'd world command !

The victors first divide the gaudy prey;  
 Then to the camp their breathless chief convey:  
 There too a scene of gen'ral grief appears; 609  
 There, clouds of slaughter'd princes claim their tears.  
 Stretch'd o'er the plain their hapless friends they found,  
 Some pale, in death, some gasping on the ground.  
 With copious slaughter all the field was dy'd,  
 And streams of gore run thick on ev'ry side.  
 All knew the belt and helm divinely wrought; 615  
 But mourn the fatal prize, so dearly bought.

Now,

Now, dappled streaks of light Aurora shed,  
 And ruddy rose from Tithon's saffron bed :  
 Then fiery Phœbus, with his golden ray,  
 Pour'd o'er the op'ning world a flood of day. 620  
 When furious Turnus gave the loud alarms ;  
 First arm'd himself ; then call'd the host to arms.  
 The chiefs their soldiers to the field excite,  
 In flame their rage, and lead them to the fight.  
 On pointed spears, a dreadful fight ! they bore 625  
 The heads of both the hapless youths, before ;  
 With barb'rous joy survey the bloody prize,  
 And shout, and follow with triumphant cries.

The 'Trojans, on the left, sustain the fight  
 From their high walls ; the river guards the right. 630  
 They line the trenches, and the tow'rs maintain ;  
 Thick on the ramparts stand the pensive train,  
 And know the heads too well, though cover'd o'er  
 With sanguine stains, and all deform'd with gore.

Now to the mother's ears the news had fled, 635  
 Her son, her dear Euryalus, was dead :  
 The vital warmth her trembling limbs forsook ;  
 She dropp'd the shuttle, and with horror shook ;  
 With hair dishevell'd from the walls she flies,  
 And rends the air with agonizing cries ; 640  
 Breaks through the foremost troops in wild despair,  
 Nor heeds the darts, or dangers of the war.

And is it thus, the comfort of my years,  
 Thus, thus, my dear Euryalus appears ?  
 And could'st thou fly, my child, to certain harms ? 645  
 To death (oh cruel !) from thy mother's arms ?

So

So fond a mother?—nor thy purpose tell?  
 Nor let me take my last, my sad; farewell?  
 A prey to dogs, alas! thy body lies;  
 And ev'ry fowl that wings the Latian skies! 650  
 Nor did thy mother close thy eyes in death,  
 Compose thy limbs, nor catch thy parting breath;  
 Nor bathe thy gaping wounds, nor cleanse the gore,  
 Nor throw the rich embroider'd mantle o'er;  
 The work that charm'd the cares of age away, 655  
 My task all night, my labour all the day;  
 The robe I wove, thy absence to sustain,  
 For thee, my child;—but wove, alas! in vain.  
 Where shall I find thee now? what land contains  
 Thy mangled members and thy dear remains? 660  
 How on thy face these longing eyes I fed!  
 Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!  
 For that, o'er lands and oceans have I gone?  
 Is that, the sole sad relic of my son?  
 That bloody ball!—No more!—ye foes of Troy, 665  
 Come all, a poor abandon'd wretch destroy;  
 Here, here, direct, in pity; ev'ry dart,  
 Plant ev'ry jav'lin in this breaking heart:  
 Or with thy bolts, O Jove! conclude my woe,  
 And plunge me flaming to the shades below. 670  
 Strike—and I'll bless the stroke, that sets me free;  
 'Tis ease, 'tis mercy, to a wretch like me!

Her loud complaints the melting Trojans hear,  
 Sigh back her sighs, and answer tear for tear.  
 Their courage slackens; and the frantic dame 675  
 With her wild anguish damps the martial flame.

But young Ascanius, while his sorrows flow,  
 And his full eyes indulge the gush of woe,  
 With great Ilioneus, commands the train  
 To bear the matron to her tent again. 680

Now the shrill trumpet's dreadful voice from far,  
 With piercing clangors animates the war.  
 The troops rush on; the deaf'ning clamours rise,  
 And the long shouts run echoing round the skies.  
 Strait, in a shell, their shields the Volsians threw; 685  
 And the close cohorts march, conceal'd from view,  
 To fill the trenches which the camp furround,  
 And tug th' aspiring bulwarks to the ground.  
 Where thinly rang'd appear the op'ning pow'rs,  
 They fix their scaling engines in the tow'rs. 690  
 From far the Trojans missive weapons throw,  
 And with tough poles repel the rising foe;  
 Thus wont, of old, th' advancing Greeks to dare,  
 And guard the ramparts in their ten years war.  
 Long with huge pointed stones, they strove in vain, 695  
 To burst the cov'ring of the hostile train.  
 Yet still the bands maintain the fight, below  
 The brazen concave, and defy the foe.  
 At length the Trojans with a mighty shock,  
 Roll'd down a pond'rous fragment of a rock; 700  
 Full where the thick-embod' d squadron spreads,  
 Th' enormous mass came thund'ring on their heads,  
 Broke through the shining arch, and crush'd the train;  
 And with a length of slaughter smok'd the plain.  
 In this blind fight no more the foes engage, 705  
 But with their darts a distant combat wage.

There



There with a blazing pine Mezentius came,  
 And toft within the works the dreadful flame;  
 Tremendous chief!—while bold Meffapus calls  
 To fcale the tow'rs; and thunders at the walls. 710

Ye facred nine, infpire me to record  
 What numbers fell by 'Turnus' flaught'ring fword.  
 What foes each hero plung'd to hell, declare,  
 Each death difplay; and open all the war!  
 Thofe mighty deeds which you alone can know, 715.  
 Repeat; ye mufes! to the world below.

Full o'er the wall a turret rofe on high,  
 Stage above ftage, unrivall'd, to the fky.  
 This fort to gain, the Latians bend their care,  
 Point their full ftrength, their whole collected war. 720  
 Vaft fragments from above the Trojans throw,  
 And through the walls their jav'lins gaul the foe.  
 A blazing torch the mighty Turnus flung;  
 Clofe to the fides the flaming mifchief hung;  
 Then, thund'ring through the planks, in fury grew, 725  
 Swell'd in the wind, and round the ftructure flew.  
 With headlong fpeed th' imprifon'd troops retire,  
 Throng'd in huge heaps, before the fpreading fire.  
 While on one fide their weight incumbent lay,  
 The beams all burft, the crackling walls give way, 730  
 The pond'rous pile comes tumbling to the ground,  
 And all Olympus trembled at the found.  
 With the proud ftructure fall the Trojan train,  
 Wrapp'd in the fmoky ruins, to the plain,  
 Their fouls crush'd out, the warriors bury'd lie; 735  
 Or on the points of their own lances die.

Sav'd from the general fate, but two remain,  
 And ah ! those hapless two were sav'd in vain !  
 Unblest'd Helenor, most advanc'd in years,  
 At once encompass'd by the foe appears ; 740  
 Him to the Lydian king, his beauteous slave  
 Lycimnia bore ; unfortunately brave.  
 Though born of servile blood, the gen'rous boy  
 In arms forbidden fought the wars of Troy.  
 With glory fir'd he took the dang'rous field ; 745  
 Light was his sword ; and unadorn'd his shield.  
 At first with wild surprise the youth descri'd  
 The gath'ring Latian troops on ev'ry side ;  
 Then (bent on death) where thick the jav'lins rise,  
 Fierce on the close embattled war he flies. 750  
 So the stern savage, whom the train surrounds  
 Of shouting hunters, steeds, and op'ning hounds,  
 On death determin'd, and devoid of fears,  
 Springs forth undaunted on a grove of spears.  
 But swifter Lycus urg'd his rapid way, 755  
 Though jav'lins hiss, and swords around him play ;  
 Flies to the walls and battlements again,  
 Leaps high, and reaches at his friends in vain.  
 For close behind the furious Turnus flew :  
 Fool ! couldst thou hope to 'scape when I pursue, 760  
 Though swifter than the wind ? (aloud he cries)  
 Then by the foot he seiz'd his trembling prize ;  
 And, as he hung aloft in dire dismay,  
 Tugg'd him with half the shatter'd wall away.  
 So Jove's imperial bird, through fields of air, 765  
 Snatches the snowy swan or quiv'ring hare :

So the grim prowling wolf, amidst her play,  
 Leaps on the lamb, and rends the tender prey ;  
 Wild roams the bleating mother round the plain,  
 Seeks, and laments her slaughter'd child in vain. 770  
 Now with loud shouts they rend the tortur'd air,  
 Fill the deep trench, and lay the bulwarks bare.  
 Some load with hostile fires their vengeful hands,  
 And at the turrets tofs the blazing brands.

As to the gates the bold Lucetius came, 775  
 Tow'r'd in the front, and shook the waving flame ;  
 The great Ilioneus with vigour threw  
 A rocky fragment, and the warrior flew.  
 Young Liger's certain spear, Emation sped ;  
 Asylas' shaft laid Chorinæus dead. 780

Ortygius bleeds by Cæneus' fatal steel,  
 But by great Turnus' hand the victor fell ;  
 Clonius with him, and Dioxippus falls,  
 And hapless Idas, while he guards the walls.  
 Sagar, the next, with Promulus was slain ; 785  
 And Capys stretch'd Privernus on the plain ;  
 First slightly wounded by Themilla's dart ;  
 (The shield thrown by) to mitigate the smart,  
 His hand the warrior to the wound apply'd ;  
 Swift flew the second dart, and nail'd it to his side : 790  
 Its fatal course through all his vitals held ;  
 And the pale corse lay panting on the field.

All-bright in arms, the son of Arcens stood,  
 Bred in the grove of Mars the warrior god ;  
 From where Palicus' loaded altars flame, 795  
 In gold and purple gay, the blooming hero came.

Mezentius mark'd him, as he tow'r'd on high ;  
 Then seiz'd a sling, and laid the jav'lin by ;  
 Thrice whirl'd around, the whistling bullet threw ;  
 The glowing metal melted as it flew ; 800  
 Through both his temples cut its dreadful way ;  
 And, roll'd in dust, the beauteous warrior lay.

Then first in sight the young Ascanius bore  
 His bow ; employed on beasts alone before.  
 His vengeful shafts a royal victim found, 805  
 And stretch'd the bold Numanus on the ground.  
 Not long before the haughty chief had led  
 Brave Turnus' sister to his bridal bed :  
 Now, of his high alliance vain and proud,  
 He stalks before the troops, and vaunts aloud : 810

What shame, ye Phrygians, ye twice-vanquish'd train,  
 To lie beleaguerr'd in your walls again !  
 All pale and trembling, in yon tow'rs to wait !  
 That rise, ye cowards, between you and fate !  
 Brave chiefs ! bold heroes these !—who come so far 815  
 To gain their brides by violence and war !  
 From Troy what god, what madness, call'd you o'er,  
 To fall and perish on a foreign shore ?

Far other foes than Atreus' sons appear ;  
 No crafty talking Ithacus is here. 820

We plunge our infants in the hard'ning streams,  
 And season in the frost their tender limbs.

Our boys the forest range, and lead the course,  
 Bend the tough bow, and break the prancing horse.  
 Long thirst, long hunger, our bold youths can bear, 825  
 Plough, fight, or shake embattled towns with war.

We

We live in steel; in arms our hinds appear;  
 And the turn'd jav'lin goads the lab'ring steer.  
 Nor flags our gen'rous warmth, by years declin'd;  
 Still flames the noble ardour of the mind. 830  
 Ev'n the grave fire with martial vigour glows,  
 And crushes with the casque his hoary brows.  
 All, all, engag'd alike in warlike toils,  
 Subsist on rapine, and divide the spoils,  
 While you, the fugitives, the dregs of Troy, 835  
 Your hours in pleasures, and the dance employ:  
 Warm purple robes defend (ye dastard bands!)  
 Your heartless breasts and unperforming hands,  
 Your female souls the manly form disgrace—  
 Hence then, ye women, to your native place— 840  
 Hence—to your Phrygian Dindymus away!—  
 With eunuchs there on pipes and timbrels play!  
 Go—the great mother's rites attend you there—  
 But leave to men the bus'ness of the war.

Thus while he spoke in scornful strains, no more 845  
 The young Ascanius the proud boaster bore.  
 He fits an arrow to the well-strung bow;  
 But first to Jove address'd his solemn vow:  
 My bold attempt, almighty fire, succeed;  
 A milk-white heifer at thy shrine shall bleed; 850  
 Majestic shall he stalk, and paw the ground,  
 Push with his gilded horns, and spurn the sands around.

He said—and, to the left, the fire on high  
 Roll'd the big thunder through an azure sky.  
 At once his twanging bow Ascanius drew, 855  
 And, hissing fierce, the feather'd arrow flew;

Nor flew the winged wrathful shaft in vain,  
 But pierc'd his head, and stung him to the brain.  
 Go—and once more a valiant race defy!  
 Thus the twice-vanquish'd Phrygians, thus reply. 860  
 No more he said;—loud shouts and clamours rise;  
 And transport lifts the Trojans to the skies.

High on a cloud, inthron'd in open air,  
 Apollo sat, and thence survey'd the war.  
 Then to the conqu'ring royal boy he cries; 865  
 Rise, glorious youths; in valour ever rise;  
 Rise thus in time to heav'n's supreme abodes,  
 The son, and father, of a race of gods!  
 Who, great in arms, victorious by their swords,  
 Shall rule mankind, the world's majestic lords! 870  
 Go—mount from fame to fame, auspicious boy;  
 Proceed, and scorn the narrow bounds of Troy!

He said; then down th' ethereal road he flies  
 With rapid speed, and cleaves the liquid skies;  
 Assumes old Butes' figure and attire, 875  
 Anchises' long-try'd friend and faithful 'squire  
 In fields of old; and now the chief of Troy  
 Had trusted to his care the royal boy.  
 Like this sage guardian to the youth he came;  
 His voice, his visage, and his arms the same. 880

Then to the victor boy aloud he cries;  
 Enough, young warrior—Let it now suffice  
 That unreveng'd the great Numanus dies:  
 Apollo, pleas'd thy first attempts to crown,  
 Gives to thy bow the glories of his own: 885

Now

Now tempt no more the dangers of the war,  
 Too daring youth—he said; and past in air,  
 Past in a moment from his wond'ring eye;  
 And the loose shape dissolv'd into the sky.  
 The founding shafts the leaders heard, o'er-aw'd 890  
 With the loud quiver, and confess the god;  
 Then urge the fiery youth, no more to dare,  
 Since great Apollo's voice forbade the war.

While, prodigal of life, to fight they fly,  
 All nobly fixt, to conquer or to die; 895  
 Stones, spears, and jav'lines, from the works they flung;  
 From tow'r to tow'r the shouts and clamours rung;  
 Helms clash with helms, the rattling shields resound;  
 Thick fly the darts, and cover all the ground; 899 }  
 While loud the battle roars, and thunders all around: }  
 Thick, as from western clouds, all charg'd with rain,  
 Pours the black storm, and smokes along the plain;  
 Thick as the gather'd hail, tempestuous, flies  
 O'er the wide main, and rattles down the skies,  
 When all the frowning heav'ns are blacken'd o'er; 905 }  
 When Jove discharges all his wrathful store, }  
 And, deep from ev'ry cloud, the bursting thunders roar! }

Pand'rus and Bitias at the portal stood,  
 Two giant brethren, born in Ida's wood;  
 From great Alcanor and Hiera sprung, 910  
 The champions rose conspicuous o'er the throng.  
 The mighty champions, of prodigious frame,  
 Tow'r'd like the groves and mountains whence they came,  
 Their prince, when parting from the Tuscan state,  
 Appointed these, the guardians of the gate. 915  
 Proud

Proud of their strength, the daring heroes throw  
 Th' enormous folds wide-open to the foe.  
 Within, all-bright in arms, on either hand  
 Before the tow'rs the haughty warriors stand:  
 On their bright helms sat Horror plum'd; on high 920  
 Their nodding crests float dreadful in the sky.  
 So where the fields fair Athesis divides,  
 Or Po tumultuous rolls his swelling tides,  
 With heads unshorn, two mighty oaks appear,  
 Wave to the winds, and nod sublime in air! 925  
 Soon as the foes an open entrance spy,  
 The war breaks in; but soon their leaders fly,  
 Repell'd by hosts; or in the portal die. }  
 Quercens, Equiculus all-bright in steel,  
 Hæmon and daring Tmarus, fled, or fell. 930  
 To dire extremes the rising rage proceeds;  
 The slaughter swells, and the fierce battle bleeds.  
 No more imprison'd in their walls they wait;  
 All Troy at once came pouring to the gate:  
 Now, flush'd with blood, in bold excursion far 935  
 Rush the stern bands, and mix in closer war.  
 But in a distant quarter long engag'd,  
 Amidst the foes the Daunian hero rag'd:  
 When to the prince a messenger relates,  
 That Troy had open'd wide her massy gates; 940  
 And, heaps on heaps the late imprison'd train  
 Broke forth, and stretch'd the slaughter o'er the plain,  
 This heard, with fury sparkling in his eyes,  
 Fierce to engage the giant chiefs he flies.



First, by his lance, Antiphates lay dead, 945  
 Sarpedon's offspring by a Theban bed;  
 The whizzing lance, with all his force address'd,  
 Transfixt the foe, and panted in his breast:  
 Warm'd in the lungs the heaving jav'lin stood:  
 Wide gapes the wound, and pours a purple flood. 950  
 Now Erymanthus, now brave Merops fell;  
 Then sunk Aphydnus to the shades of hell.  
 Next, while he threats revenge with fiery eyes,  
 Beneath the chief the mighty Bitias dies:  
 No vulgar lance the valiant victor tost 955  
 (In that huge bulk a vulgar lance was lost);  
 A strong, vast, weighty spear, the hero threw,  
 A spear that roar'd like thunder as it flew.  
 Not two bull-hides, within the buckler roll'd,  
 Nor double pond'rous plates, and scales of gold, 960  
 Th' impetuous weapon, wing'd with death, could stay;  
 But stretch'd in dust the giant warrior lay:  
 As the huge champion falls, the fields resound,  
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.  
 So from the Bajan mole, whose structures rise 965  
 High o'er the flood, a massy fragment flies;  
 The rapid rolling pile all-headlong sweeps,  
 With one vast length of ruin, to the deeps;  
 Thick boil the billows; and on ev'ry side,  
 Work the dark sands, and blacken all the tide: 970  
 The trembling shores of Prochyta resound,  
 And burning Arime shakes wide around;  
 The mass, by Jove, o'er huge Typhœus spread;  
 The giant hears the peal; and, seiz'd with dread,  
 Starts, turns, and bellows on his fiery bed. 975 }  
 Now

Now Mars himself inspires the Latian band,  
 Warms ev'ry heart, and strengthens ev'ry hand ;  
 And, while he turns their trembling foes to fight,  
 The kindling legions gather to the fight ;  
 Danger nor death their furious course controls, 980  
 And all the god came rushing on their souls !

His brother slain when Pandarus beheld,  
 And saw the changing fortune of the field,  
 He sets his ample shoulders to the weight,  
 And turns th' enormous hinges of the gate ; 985  
 But left, unmindful, as the folds he clos'd,  
 A croud of friends to certain death expos'd ;  
 And, with himself, includes the trembling train  
 Of troops, who rush'd tumultuous from the plain.  
 Fool ! not to see the dreadful Turnus there, 990  
 Mix'd with the crouds amidst the flying war ;  
 But in the walls the furious chief to hold,  
 Like some fierce tyger midst the trembling fold !  
 Loud clash his arms ; and, as he tow'rs on high,  
 Flash the keen flames from his tremendous eye ; 995  
 Nods his proud crest, and formidably plays ;  
 And from his shield the streamy lightnings blaze.

Too soon, with dire surprise, the Trojans know  
 The dreadful front of their victorious foe.  
 Strait fir'd with vengeance for his brother slain, 1000  
 Springs forth fierce Pandarus, and thus began :

Behold the Trojan camp, a fatal scene !  
 No bridal palace of the Latian queen,  
 No native Ardea, prince, you here descry,  
 But hostile walls ; and 'tis in vain to fly. 1005  
 In

In that vast bulk if any soul reside,  
 Come, try thy might (the prince sedate reply'd ;)  
 Go, and old Priam's trembling spirit tell,  
 A new Achilles plung'd thy soul to hell.

Then, first, his knotted spear the Trojan threw ; 1010  
 Rough with the bark the pond'rous weapon flew ;  
 But mighty Juno caus'd it far to glance,  
 And in the portal fixt the quiv'ring lance.

But hope not thou to 'scape this sword of mine,  
 Aim'd by a surer, stronger hand than thine, 1015  
 The hero cry'd—Then flies against the foe  
 With the bright blade ; and rises to the blow ;  
 Sudden the sword tempestuous cleaves in twain  
 His cheeks, and sinks deep-bury'd in the brain.  
 Distain'd with blood, his clashing arms resound, 1020  
 And, as he fell, he shook the purpled ground :  
 There, as the mighty bulk lay stretch'd along,  
 In equal shares the parted visage hung.

Pale with new horror at the dreadful sight,  
 On ev'ry side the Trojans urge their flight. 1025  
 Then had the victor broke the barriers down,  
 And call'd his social troops to storm the town,  
 That day had seen their warlike labours o'er ;  
 And ruin'd Troy had been a name no more.  
 But the mad chief with boundless slaughter glows, 1030  
 And rage insatiate drives him on the foes.  
 First, valiant Phalaris ; next Gyges fell ;  
 Deep through his knee he drove the pointed steel.  
 Then from the dead the reeking darts he drew,  
 And in their backs transfix'd the flying crew. 1035  
 New

New strength, new courage, Juno still supply'd :  
 And now brave Halys and great Phegeus dy'd :  
 Alcander, Prytanis, Noemon fall,  
 With warlike Halius, on th' embattled wall,  
 High on the works engag'd in other fight— 1040  
 Next flew his flaming faulchion to the right;  
 And struck bold Lynceus as he call'd around  
 For aid, and brav'd him on the lofty mound.  
 At one just stroke his head and helmet fly  
 Before the sword, and far at distance lie. 1045  
 Then fierce, on Amycus the warrior came,  
 Whose fatal arrow pierc'd the savage game;  
 Who dipp'd th' envenom'd steel with matchless art,  
 And double arm'd with death the pointed dart.  
 Next Clytius fell, though sprung of race divine; 1050  
 Soft Cretheus last; the darling of the nine;  
 Well was he skill'd, in sacred strains to sing,  
 Tune the sweet lyre, and sweep the trembling string;  
 Arms, and the toils of heroes; to recite,  
 The plunging furious steeds; and thunder of the fight. 1055  
 Now heard the chiefs, who led the Trojan band,  
 What numbers fell by Turnus' conqu'ring hand;  
 Fierce they advance; when soon appear in fight,  
 The slaught'ring hero, and their troops in flight.  
 And where? (great Mnestheus rais'd his voice on high)  
 Where, to what other ramparts would you fly; 1061  
 Shall one, and he inclos'd within your wall,  
 One rash, imprison'd warrior vanquish all?  
 With rage resistless, half an host destroy;  
 And open ev'ry bleeding vein of Troy? 1065  
 Calm

Calm you look on, and see the furious foe  
 Plunge crouds of heroes to the shades below;  
 Still shall your king, ye base abandon'd train,  
 Your country, and your gods, demand your aid in vain!

Rous'd by these words, they rally from afar, 1070  
 Breathing revenge, and gath'ring to the war:  
 The Daunian chief shrinks backward from the foes,

Where round the works the mighty river flows:  
 The Trojans shout; and, with new transport fir'd,  
 Rush on embody'd, as the prince retir'd. 1075

As when with tilted spears the clam'rous train  
 Invade the brindled monarch of the plain,  
 The lordly savage from the shouting foe  
 Retires, majestically stern, and slow.

Though singly impotent the croud to dare, 1080  
 Repel, or stand their whole collected war;  
 Grim he looks back; he rolls his glaring eye;  
 Despairs to conquer; and disdains to fly.

So Turnus paus'd; and by degrees retir'd;  
 While shame, disdain, and rage, the hero fir'd. 1085  
 Yet twice, ev'n then, he flew amid the train,  
 And twice he chas'd them o'er their walls again.

But now from all the camp their forces ran  
 Full on the chief; an army on a man!

Nor longer heav'n's great empress from on high 1090  
 Dares with new strength th' exhausted prince supply:  
 For winged Iris from the realms above

Brought the severe decree of angry Jove,  
 That bad, with threats, th' imperial queen recal  
 Her favour'd hero from the Trojan wall. 1095

Now

Now his tir'd arm refus'd the sword to wield;  
 Now flew the darts, and planted all his shield.  
 The stones now rattle; now the jav'lins sing,  
 Indent his arms, and on his helmet ring.  
 A thousand weapons round his temples lay,      1100  
 And strike the honours of his crest away.  
 Thick and more thick the foes their lances sped,  
 With mighty Mneſtheus thund'ring at their head.  
 Pale, breathleſs, faint, and black with duſt, in ſtreams  
 The ſweat deſcends from all his trembling limbs. 1105  
 Arm'd as he was (thus prefs'd on ev'ry ſide),  
 He plung'd at laſt, undaunted, in the tide.  
 The ſacred river, for the welcome load,  
 Spreads his wide arms, and wafts him down the flood:  
 The hero to his hoſt the ſurges bear,      1110  
 Cleans'd from the horrid ſtains of ſlaughter, blood, and  
 war.

End of the Ninth Book.